LIPPINCOTT'S POPULAR SERIES

SIXTH READER

BY MARCIUS WILLSON

F. THOMPSON,
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125

Lizzie Carter

THE SURRENDER OF GRANADA.

[See page 433.]

LIPPINCOTT'S POPULAR SERIES.

THE

SIXTH READER

OF THE

POPULAR SERIES.

BY

MARCIUS WILLSON.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

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PREFACE.

It will be observed by those who have examined the preceding books, and who notice the plan of the present number, that we have deferred, to the very last, the formal consideration of the subject of Elocution. Occasionally, however, in the early books, we have *indicated* some of the more important emphatic words and inflections, by their appropriate signs; and this we believe to be all that is desirable for the supposed age and capacity of the pupils. Some object to any use, whatever, of italics and inflection marks in Reading Books; but they should remember that the modulations indicated by such signs are just as natural, and just as important, as are the pauses which have *their* signs to indicate the grammatical construction.

In order to make the elocutionary portions of the present Reader the more available, we have adapted them to the purposes of regular reading lessons, in which we have endeavored to present, and exemplify, the leading principles of vocal expression by a great variety of appropriate selections, rather than by laying down *rules* that are seemingly arbitrary, and to which, from the nature of the subject, there must be numerous exceptions. We would recommend that these elocutionary lessons be read, as occasional class exercises, perhaps alternating with the regular reading lessons in the body of the work.

When pupils can read at sight, fluently and naturally, and when they have some adequate appreciation of the higher beauties of language, they may study the principles of elocution and rhetoric with profit, and apply them intel-

ligently to the set pieces in which they find their most striking illustrations; but to introduce, earlier, anything more than the mere elements of these subjects, when their higher principles cannot be comprehended, usually tends to destroy that natural ease and grace in reading which are its greatest charm, and to introduce, in their stead, an affected mannerism, which is always the result of a rigid adherence to rules and system,—to which the natural expression of sentiments and emotions can never be reduced.

We believe that the greatest advantage to be derived from the study of elocution is, that it will give the student —or ought to give him—a more just idea, than he would otherwise obtain, of the vast scope and versatility of both written and spoken language, and of the wonderful power of the latter to express all possible varieties and shades of thought and emotion. Let the student be indoctrinated with correct ideas of the nature of such thoughts and emotions, rather than with arbitrary rules for expressing them; then, when he reads aloud, let him put aside all directions laid down in the books, and simply endeavor to give expression, in the most *natural* manner possible, to what he supposes the author intended to embody in his writings. His elocutionary studies will then be an aid to him, instead of being a detriment as they frequently are.

The notices, herein, of some of the most distinguished authors in our language have been written from an historical stand-point, and are presented in chronological order for the sake of unity of view; and we have made them part of the reading lessons, with intermediate chapters of selections from other writers for the purpose of introducing greater variety thereby. We have also thought it desirable to give, in this prefatory manner, a very brief outline of the prominent characteristic features of English literature, as it will serve as an introduction to the biographical sketches, and may be a useful guide to teachers and pupils in their future reading.

INTRODUCTORY OUTLINE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.—*The Feudal Epoch.*

The Feudal epoch of English literature embraces an early but indefinite period of English history, in which what may be called the Gothic forms of art prevailed; but it had its great splendor during the reign of Edward the Third (1327–1377), whose feudal court Chaucer illuminated with the Canterbury Tales, and Froissart with his pageants of Chivalry. Chaucer has been compared to the appearance of "a genial day in spring, preceded and followed by dark clouds and wintry blasts." After Chaucer there is a barren period of more than a century, when, says an old historian, "the bells in the church steeples were not heard for the sound of drums and trumpets."

II.—*The Renaissance Period.*

With the foregoing exception, English literature may be said to begin with the time of Elizabeth (1558–1603). Then it burst upon the world with magnificent grandeur, beginning the period of the *Renaissance*. This term is used to indicate that revival of letters and the fine arts which ensued upon the dispersion of the Greeks through Western Europe, at the fall of Constantinople (in 1453), and upon the recovery, through them, of the works of the ancient authors. The influence of classical Greek upon Europe was prodigious. Like a boy with new-found treasure, the age was overjoyed with its acquisition. It did not criticise its new possession, nor ask its value or tendency, but it revelled in the parade of it. The descendant of the light-haired, blue-eyed, warlike worshipper of Odin put on the classical garment and thought himself a Greek; he filled his mind with legends of Hellas; he larded his speech with classical allusions; he masked his pageants as Grecian spectacles. He did not imitate, he mimicked; but he

could not revive the ancient life. Though he ransacked its recesses, to bring out and use its garniture, he was still a sturdy, tempestuous Goth.

During the Renaissance period, the two forms of literature—the classic and the Gothic—were not kept distinct, but were welded together by the ardent enthusiasm of youth. The Gothic genius is strongest in Shakspeare, who is the creator of the new type of art. He has no prototype, he obeyed no prescription. He was a law unto himself. When he enters the domain of classical legend and story, wherever his scenes may lie, or whatever garb his characters may wear, he draws for us the unconventionalized, passion-tossed child of English skies. In the vigorous sweep of his imagination anachronisms are nothing, incongruities are nothing, abrupt transitions in time and space are nothing. Metaphor is piled on metaphor, Comedy arrests the course of Tragedy, and Tragedy makes Comedy serious. His audacious spirit roams the world for themes. He overwhelms us with the prodigality of his genius.

Milton is the last great poet of the Renaissance. His wealth of learning is amazing; his mind is filled with classical images and epithets; his verse betrays the influence of ancient measures; but he is prodigal of thought, and heedless of incongruous things. If his imagination is not so wide-reaching as Shakspeare's, it dares loftier flights, and descends to greater depths. No guise of classical speech can conceal from us the soul of the invincible Puritan, the insatiable English spirit. Under the Renaissance, imagination and feeling are everything: classical learning only furnishes new illustrations and new modes of expression.

III.—*The Classical School.*

The second great epoch in English literature begins with the restoration of the Stuarts (1660), and Dryden marks the transition. This age became critical, and began to formulate rules for composition. Dryden was one of the first

of theoretical critics. Louis the Fourteenth was then on the throne of France, and under him the nation achieved pre-eminence in Europe, not only in politics, but in manners, learning, and taste. The influence of the Stuart kings upon English society led to the acceptance of French standards, which were founded upon classical models. The characteristics of English classical taste at this period are unity of plot, correctness in versification and rhyme, and inversion of epithets and phrases. Its topics usually grow out of the customs and conduct of men; they belong to society rather than to nature. In its highest form, as exemplified by Pope, this school is rigid, concise, measured, and monotonous. Its charm lies in harmonious proportions. This school is not extinct yet. Rogers and Holmes are among its disciples: to it belong Campbell, Goldsmith, Gray, Thomson, and Pierpont among the poets, and Addison, Johnson, Macaulay, Everett, and Prescott among the prose writers. Byron is classical in form, but is an anachronism, having the turbulence, prodigality, and passion of the Renaissance, although with that inward view of things and reflection that belong to a later age.

IV.—*The Romantic School.*

While the classical school has continued to the present generation, the songs of Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, and Southey have introduced, in a third epoch, a new type of art. It is known as the Romantic school, a name derived from the old Troubadour minstrels, who, reciting in a Romance tongue, in feudal courts, gave Europe its earliest forms of modern poetry. This is, properly, the Native school, embodying, as it does, the Gothic genius of our ancestors of the Teuton race. It gives us the poetry of sentiment, and therefore abounds in lyrics, rather than the drama. It seeks freedom for the imagination; it portrays the moods of the human heart under the varying influences of nature. It allows itself license in measure and rhyme,

knowing, as Bryant said of Fitz-Greene Halleck, "that the rivulet is made musical by the obstructions in its channel." The chief writers who have conquered this freedom for versification are Coleridge, Southey, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Poe, Longfellow, and Lowell. This school reflects the human soul not in its achievements, but in its life; its harmonies are innate rather than external. It delights in legends that excite the imagination, and in scenes that arouse *trains* of feeling. It tends to revery and reflection. In Scott's songs of the Border and Chivalry, in Southey's gorgeous tales of the Orient, in Burns's simple touches of nature, in Wordsworth's spiritualizing of lowly things, in Poe's mysteriousness, in Emerson's transcendentalism, in Lowell's mysticism, may be seen the wide compass of its powers.

Modifications of the Romantic School.

Two tendencies are at work in this school,—that of philosophy, and that of belles-lettres or polite literature. Reflection makes metaphysical poets: cultivation elaborates and moulds the forms of expression. In the reflective wing are Coleridge, Shelley, Browning, and Bryant; in the literary wing the great masters are Tennyson and Longfellow. In the former division are the philosophical poets, in the latter the artistic. With both of these, classical culture has had influence, not to prescribe rules and ordain models for imitation, but to awaken a taste for perfecting the forms in which the genius native to the race may express itself.

In thus tracing the history of English literature as an art, we have found our examples chiefly among the poets, because prose, adapting itself to the innumerable demands of social life, does not lend itself readily to classification, and because the rhythm of poetry belongs only to the higher moods of the human spirit, and, therefore, illustrates the perfected art of utterance.

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THE SIXTH READER.

PART FIRST.

PRINCIPLES AND EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION AND RHETORIC.

[ELOCUTION is the art of expressing thought and feeling by voice and action. The essentials of good *reading*, as an elocutionary exercise, are generally embraced under the following heads:—Articulation, Accent, Pauses, Emphasis, Inflections, and Tones or Modulations. The subject of ORATORY embraces, in addition to the foregoing, the employment of appropriate *action* or *gesture* in public speaking.

Correct articulation, accent, and pauses are usually learned very readily by imitation, so that, at an early period, they become a *habit;* and little further instruction on these points will be needed if the child is taught to speak and to read *distinctly*. Rules and directions as to the nature and use of *gestures* (except to correct bad habits) are now generally regarded as of doubtful utility at the best, if not positively detrimental to naturalness of manner. We shall therefore treat, in this portion of the work, only of *Emphasis, Inflections*, and *Tones* of the voice. Although inflections and modulations always accompany emphasis, we have thought that the latter may be best studied, in the first instance, without any regard to the former.]

CHAPTER I.—EMPHASIS.

LESSON I.

1. EMPHASIS is that distinction which is given to a certain word or words in a sentence (generally by a special stress or force of voice), for the purpose of indicating more distinctly, thereby, the sense and feelings of the author. Emphatic words are often printed in *italics;* but when different degrees of force are to be expressed, the higher degrees may be indicated by the use of capitals—SMALLER or LARGER according to the intensity of emotion required.

The design, character, and different phases of emphasis may be shown by the following selections:—

2. *a.* "Prosperity *gains* friends, and adversity *tries* them."

b. "I do not so much *request*, as *demand* your attention."

c. "The corruption of the *best* things produces the *worst*."

d. When our vices *leave us*, we flatter ourselves we *leave them*."

e. "The *prodigal* robs *his heir*, the *miser* robs *himself*."

f. "*Excess* of ceremony shows *want* of breeding."

g. "Give us liberty *with laws*, and government *without oppression*."

3. *a.* "He that cannot *bear* a jest, should never *make* one."

b. "It is not so easy to *hide* one's faults, as to *mend* them."

c. "He that planted the ear, shall he not *hear?* he that formed the eye, shall he not *see?* he that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he *correct?* he that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he *know?*"

d. "The thing that *hath* been, it is that which *shall* be; and that which *is* done, is that which *shall* be done, and there is no *new* thing under the sun."

e. "Although we cannot always *win* success, we may at least endeavor to *merit* it."

4. *a.* "Each man builds his *own* statue,—builds himself;
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last when *Egypt's* fall."

b. "A *day*, an *hour*, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole *eternity* in bondage."

c. "To *arms!* they *come!* the *Greek!* the *Greek!*"

d. "And Agrippa said unto Paul, *Almost* thou persuadest

me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God that not only *thou*, but also *all* that hear me this day, were both *almost* and ALTOGETHER such as *I* am, except these bonds."

LESSON II.

1. Upon a little examination we shall see that the emphasis, when correctly applied, always falls upon words that are in *opposition* to other words, or that *suggest* opposition in some form. Opposition of words or sentiments occurring in the same sentence is called *antithesis*. Although the exact nature of this opposition is not always apparent at first sight, yet it always exists.

2. In the following sentence,—"Evil communications corrupt good manners,"—not a single word need be made emphatic; but change it to the following,—"*Evil* communications corrupt good manners," with emphatic force on the first word, and an idea of opposition—that is, of the opposite effect of *good* communications—is at once suggested. In all the foregoing examples of emphatic force, this antithesis, either expressed or implied, may be found.

3. In the several examples of emphasis in the following verse, the antitheses are numerous, and are expressed in every instance. Without emphasis the antitheses would be meaningless.

> "Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
> Appear in *writing*, or in *judging* ill:
> But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
> To *tire* our *patience*, than *mislead* our *sense*;
> Some *few* in *that*, but *numbers* err in *this*;
> *Ten censure* wrong, for *one* who *writes* amiss."—*Pope.*

4. Here we have, in the second line, *judging* opposed to *writing;* in the fourth line, *mislead* opposed to *tire*, and *sense* to *patience;* in the fifth line, *few* opposed to *numbers*, and *this* to *that*. In the last line, *one* is opposed to *ten*, and *writes* to *censure;* but as *wrong* and *amiss* convey the same idea,

they have no opposition to each other, and therefore should not be made emphatic.

5. It may be observed here, that, in pronouncing emphatic words of more than one syllable, the extra force is given to but *one* syllable of the word, and that is the accented syllable. When that syllable has been pronounced, the voice falls to the level of the unemphatic words in the sentence. This will be apparent from the following examples:—

6. *a.* He is a *sol*dier, not a phi*los*opher; a poli*ti*cian, not a *states*man.

b. Are not my ways *e*qual, and are not your ways *un*equal?

c. There is a material difference between *giv*ing and *for*giving.

d. One man finds more resources in his *pov*erty to signalize his *mer*cy, than another in his *rich*es to satisfy his *cru*elty.

e. Some words are ex*clam*atory, others are inter*rog*atory; some sentences are *spi*rited, others are *tame* and mo*not*onous.

LESSON III.

1. When the antithesis is not plainly expressed, but is left to be supplied by the understanding, the word or words that ought to be emphasized are not always easily discovered, and nothing but a thorough knowledge of the meaning of the sentence can lead to them,—and nothing but this can lead to the correct reading of the sentence. For illustration, let us take the following example:—

> "And if each system in gradation roll,
> Alike essential to the amazing whole,—
> The least confusion but in one, not all
> That system only, but the whole must fall."—*Pope.*

2. If this be read without emphasis on the words that

should be emphatic, the whole will be tame and spiritless, and almost meaningless; but by laying a strong emphasis on the word *one* in the third line, and giving but little less force to the words *that* and *whole* in the last line, we fully express the meaning, which is,—"that the least confusion, not in several parts or in a great many parts of the universe, but even in *one* part, would bring confusion on the whole."

3. In Gray's celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-Yard we have a striking instance of required emphasis, where only one part of the antithesis is expressed. The writer is foretelling what some hoary-headed swain may say of *him*, when he lies numbered among the unhonored dead:—

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for *thou canst* read) the lay
Graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn."

4. Here the words *thou canst* should be made emphatic. But what is the other part of the antithesis? Evidently, the words *I cannot*. Then we have the whole antithesis that was in the mind of the speaker;—"*thou canst* read, but *I cannot*;"—"a beautiful way," says Walker, "of hinting the simplicity of the swain from his ignorance of the written characters of his language."

LESSON IV.

1. But words are made additionally or *variedly* emphatic, so as to bring out the sense and give variety and beauty to expression, by other ways than by *mere force* of voice. In the enunciation of tender and pathetic pieces

the emphasis is often rendered more impressive by a *prolongation* of sound on the emphatic word. This is very apparent in Eve's lamentation, in Paradise Lost:—

"Must I thus *l-e-a-v-e* thee, Paradise? thus *l-e-a-v-e*
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both."

2. So, also, in the morning hymn:—

"Join *a-l-l* ye creatures to extol *H-i-m* first,
H-i-m last, *H-i-m* midst, and without end.
H-a-i-l u-ni-ver-sal L-o-r-d! *B-e* bounteous *s-t-i-l-l*
To give us *o-n-l-y g-o-o-d;* and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it as *n-o-w* light *d-i-s-p-e-l-s* the dark."

3. Sometimes a pause *before* the emphatic word or phrase is very beautiful and effective, as it awakens curiosity and excites expectation, and thus prepares the mind to attach increased importance to what follows. This is one of the rhetorical pauses, and may be called the *emphatic* pause.* The following selections furnish good illustrations of it:—

4. *a.* "Earth's highest station ends in—'*Here he lies.*'"
b. "But *mercy* is *above* this sceptred sway;
It is *enthroned* in the *hearts* of kings;
It is an attribute—to God himself."—*Shakspeare.*
c. "And Nathan said unto David—*Thou* art the man."
d. "With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted—Victory!"—*W. Scott.*
e. "She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
Must be—to *loathe* her."
f. "'What were they *made* for, then, you *dog*?' he cries:
'*Made?*' quoth the fellow, with a smile—'*to sell.*'"

* See the *cæsural* pause illustrated, near the close of Lesson VIII.

g. "And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—*dead.*"

5. If, in the following, a pause be made immediately before the last clause, and that clause be pronounced in a deep monotone, a considerable degree of grandeur and beauty will be given to the rendering of the passage:—

"And now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
No pale gradations quench *his* ray;
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disk like battle-target red
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—*and all is night.*"

Here the emphatic clause will naturally be pronounced in a deep monotone, by which the impression of emphasis is more deeply felt than if the clause had received great additional *force* in the delivery.

LESSON V.

1. Where it is evidently necessary to emphasize some word, in order to bring out the sense, and to give variety, beauty, and force to the reading, the antithesis, if not sufficiently apparent, may be sought for in some word or phrase that is in opposition or contradistinction to some given word, and, at the same time, in harmony with the general sense of that particular portion of the work. The point, then, is to ascertain what *is* the general sense of the passage in question; and we should be careful not to attribute a trite or common meaning to it, if the whole tenor of the context is of an elevated character.

2. Thus, in the following brief extract, in which Marcus,

a character in Addison's Cato, expresses his indignation at the behavior of Cæsar, he says,—

> "I'm tortured even to madness when I think
> Of the proud victor."

One might suppose that Marcus means to say,—

> "I'm tortured even to *madness* when I think
> Of the proud victor."

3. But this would be trite and commonplace; and it will be well to look for a rendering that is less common, and more in harmony with the dignity and elevation of sentiment of such a writer as Addison. We therefore try the following:—

> "I'm tortured even to madness when I *think*
> Of the proud victor."

This implies, that not only "when I hear or discourse of Cæsar, but even when I *think* of him, I'm tortured even to madness." We now say, at once, This is, evidently, the meaning intended, and the right word has been emphasized.

LESSON VI.

1. Sometimes the emphatic *pause* is needed, not for embellishment only, but for the correct rendering of the author's meaning. Thus, it should be introduced immediately after the word *green* in the following passage; and the succeeding word *one* should be made emphatic; otherwise, the meaning will be wholly lost. It is the scene in which Macbeth, contemplating his blood-stained hands, after the murder of Duncan, says,—

> "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hands? No—these my hands will, rather,
> The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
> Making the green—*one* red."—*Shakspeare.*

Here Macbeth means, that his hands are so deeply stained with blood, that, should he wash them in the wide ocean, it would make it one *sea of red.*

2. In Shakspeare's tragedy of Othello we have a line which, if pronounced without the emphatic word and emphatic pause, amounts to nothing, but which contains a volume of meaning when both are used. The jealous Othello, soliloquizing when about to kill his suspected, but innocent, sleeping wife, says,—

"Put out the light, and then—put out *the* light:"—

that is, put out the taper, and then—kill Desdemona.

3. We exhibit the full meaning of the following passage in like manner, by the use of the emphatic pause, which here separates the two emphatic words:—

"Canst thou believe thy Prophet, or, what's more,
That Power Supreme that made *thee—and* thy Prophet?"

In the following brief extract the emphasis should gradually rise higher and higher in pitch, until the emphatic pause is reached, when the voice should fall to a deep monotone:—

"We may *die;* die *colonists;* die *slaves;* die *ignominously,*—and on the *scaffold.*"

LESSON VII.

1. If the sense of what is read requires the frequent use of emphasis, it will generally be found desirable to vary it in force, in pitch, in quantity or prolongation of sound, or in any other manner which delicate feeling and a correct ear may deem appropriate, but for which no general rules can be given. In the following, from Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," it adds greatly to the beauty to pronounce the emphatic words with gradually increasing force:—

"Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the *brave*,
None but the brave,
None *but* the brave deserves the fair."—*Dryden.*

2. So, also, in Hamlet's description of man:—

"What a piece of work is man! in form and moving how *express* and *admirable!* in action, how like an ANGEL! in apprehension,—how like a GOD!"—*Shakspeare's Hamlet.*

The following examples show considerable variety in the application of emphatic force, with the occasional use of the emphatic *pause*:—

"Now let the watchword be,
Country, HOME, and LIBERTY!"

3. *a.* "The war is *inevitable*—and—LET IT COME! I repeat it, sir—LET IT COME!"

b. "I know not what course *others* may take; but as for *me*, give me LIBERTY, or give me DEATH!"—*Patrick Henry.*

c. "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I *never* would lay down my arms—NEVER, NEVER, *never!*"—*Pitt.*

d. "I warn you, do not DARE to insult me thus!"

e. "Thou *slave*, thou WRETCH, thou COWARD!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!"—*Shakspeare.*

f. "I will not endure this,—*never*, NEVER, NEVER!"

4. And yet, after all that may be said or written about emphasis, and notwithstanding its great importance for correctly expressing the sentiments and feelings designed to be indicated in written language, it must be admitted that the best critics sometimes differ respecting its application. Thus, in the impressive ghost scene in Hamlet, the

actor Garrick pronounced the question thus:—"Did you *speak* to it?" while Kemble gave it the rendering—"Did *you* speak to it?" with a peculiar, tremulous expression on the word *you*, which it would be difficult to describe. But the two forms expressed different feelings, and both may have been equally true to nature; although *both* could *not* have expressed what Shakspeare intended.

CHAPTER II.—INFLECTIONS.

LESSON I.—Direct Questions.—Rising Inflection.

1. INFLECTIONS are turns or slides of the voice, that are applied to particular words in a sentence, rather than to the whole sentence. They are natural accompaniments of all reading, and are generally necessary, to exhibit the author's meaning; but sometimes they are merely ornamental. In the former case, the rules of their application are usually very definite; in the latter, their use must be left to the taste of the reader.

2. There are two principal slides of the voice, the upward and the downward. The former (′) is called the *rising inflection*, the latter (‘) is called the *downward inflection*. Although the inflection, like emphasis, is on the accented syllable of the word to which it is applied, yet the indicative mark is often placed at the end of the word, for convenience.

3. [Rule I.] As a general rule, most direct questions—those that may be answered by *yes* or *no*—are good examples of the rising inflection, and their answers, of the falling inflection. This is very apparent in the following examples:—

"Did you see William′? Yes‘.—Did you ask him to come and see me′? No‘, I did not‘.—Do you think he will come′?

Yes\', I think he will\'.—Are you going to town to-day′? No\'. I intend to go to-morrow\'."

4. *a.* "Shall we be stronger the next week′, or the next year′? Will it be when we are totally disarmed′, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house′?"

b. "Will the Lord cast off forever′? and will he be favorable no more′? Is his mercy clean gone forever′? doth his promise fail for evermore′? Hath God forgotten to be gracious′? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies′?"—*Psalm* lxxvii. 7–9.

c. "Are they Hebrews′? so am I\'.—Are they Israelites′? so am I\'.—Are they the seed of Abraham′? so am I\'.—Are they ministers of Christ′? I am more\'."—II. Cor. xi. 22–23.

5. The ghost scene in Hamlet, to which we have already referred, furnishes good illustrations of the rule:—

Did you *speak* to it′?	My lord, I did\'.
Hold you the watch to-night′?	We do\', my lord.
Arm'd′, say you′?	Arm'd\', my lord.
From top to toe′?	My lord, from head to foot\'.
Then saw you not his face′?	O yes\', my lord.
What,—looked he frowningly′?	A countenance more in sorrow than in anger\'.
Pale′?	Nay, *very*\' pale.

6. "Is this a time to be gloomy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around′?
When even the deep-blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground′?"

7. "To purchase heaven, has gold the power′?
Can gold remove the mortal hour′?
In life, can love be bought with gold′?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold′?
No\'; all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought."

8. When Macbeth inquires of the doctor how his patient, the conscience-troubled Lady Macbeth, is, and is answered

that "she is troubled with thick-coming fancies," Macbeth adds,—

"Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased′?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow′;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff?"

9. There are some apparent, rather than real, exceptions to the rule of which we are treating. For example, when the direct question becomes an *emphatic* appeal, it loses its interrogatory character, while the interrogatory form remains. Thus:—

a. "Is he not a *splendid*\ actor?"
b. "Is not that a *beautiful*\ sight?"
c. "*Can* such cruelties be tolerated\?"
d. "Is this *reason*\? Is it *law*\? Is it *humanity*\?"
e. "*Will* you persist in your *disobedience*\? Is it *right*\? Is it *just*\ that you should *do*\ so?"

10. If the following direct question be asked in the ordinary manner, it will have the rising inflection at the close:—

"Mr. Webster, did you speak of the *poor*′ on that occasion′?"

But if the question is not understood, and is repeated with emphasis, the inflection will be changed,—thus:—

"I say, Mr. Webster, did you speak of the *poor*\ on that occasion\?"

11. Also, when the answer to a direct question is given with seeming indifference, or an apparent reservation of something in the mind of the speaker that *implies* more than is said, such answer often takes the *rising* inflection. The principle of unfinished, or incomplete thought, here comes in, which will be referred to hereafter. There are some fine examples of this in the following selection.

Observe how Othello's suspicions are awakened, and his jealousy aroused, first by the question of the villain Iago, and then by his replies.

Iago. My noble lord′—

Othello. What dost thou say′, Iago′?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady, know of your love′?

Oth. He did′,[a] from first to last`: why dost thou ask`?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought′:[b] no further harm′.[b]

Oth. Why of thy thought`, Iago′?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted` with it.

Oth. O′, yes`; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed`?[c]

Oth. Indeed`!* ay, *indeed`! Divinest thou aught in that′? Is he not honest′?

Iago. Honest′[d], my lord′?

Oth. Ay, honest`.

Iago. My lord′, for aught I know′.[e]

Oth. What dost thou think`?

Iago. Think′,[f] my lord′?

Oth. Think, my lord? By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some *monster* in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost *mean* something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that—
When Cassio left my wife: *What′* didst not like`?—
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed′?*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

---

[a] Iago's question had excited a little surprise in Othello, and the latter, instead of returning a positive answer, with the falling inflection, says, "He did′,"—implying, "What of it?"

[b b] Here Iago, by not returning a positive answer, leaves it to be inferred by Othello that he withholds something which the latter ought to know.

[c] Here the character of the reply, whether it have the rising or the falling inflection, is calculated to arouse Othello's suspicions still more.

[d e f] Iago continues his tantalizing answers, by which, as will be seen, he soon produces the desired effect upon the mind of Othello.

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some *horrible* conceit: If thou dost *love* me,
Show me thy thought.—*Shakspeare's Othello, Act III.*

12. We close this lesson with the remark, that, while a *parenthesis* is usually read in a lower tone of voice than the other parts of the sentence, the last *word* of the parenthesis should have the inflection that is given to the last word or words immediately preceding its commencement. Thus:—

a. "If there's a power above us' (and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works'), he must delight in virtue."

b. "Beneath a mountain's brow' (the most remote and inaccessible by shepherds trod'), in a deep cave' (dug by no mortal hand'), a hermit lived."

LESSON II.—Indirect Questions.—Falling Inflection.

1. [Rule II.] Those questions called *indirect*—such as cannot be answered by *yes* or *no*—have the rising inflection on the *interrogatory word* or phrase, and the falling, generally, on the last emphatic word in the sentence, as in the following examples:—

2. *a.* "When' did you see\ him? Yesterday\.—At what time' will he come again\? To-morrow\."

b. "Who' say the people\ that I am? They, answering, said, John the Baptist\; but some say Elias\; and others say that one of the old prophets is risen again."

c. "What' is boasting\, then? It is excluded\.—Who first seduced\ them to that foul revolt\? The infernal serpent\."

3. *a.* "What, Tubero', did that naked sword\ of yours mean\, in the battle of Pharsalia\? At whose breast\ was it aimed? What was the meaning of your arms\, your spirit\, your hands\, your ardor of soul\?"—*Cicero.*

b. "Where, now', is the splendid robe of the consulate\? Where' are the brilliant torches\? Where' are the applauses

and dances\', the feasts and entertainments\'? Where′ are the coronets and canopies\'? Where′ the huzzas of the city\', the compliments of the circus\', and the flattering exclamations of the spectators\'?—All these have perished\'."

4. "When will you, my countrymen′, when will you rouse from your indolence′, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done\'? What think you′ of the disgraces which are already come upon\' you? How long′ will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news, as you ramble idly about the streets\'? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state and lord it over Greece\'?"—*Demosthenes.*

5. "What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil′, aspired to be the head\'?
What if the head, or eye, or ear′, repined
To serve, mere engines to the ruling mind\'?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains."—*Pope.*

6. Many questions may be changed from one form to the other—direct to indirect, and the contrary—by the change of only a single word. Observe how slight a change in phraseology changes the inflection, so that, in the first instance, only a single word is required for the answer, and, in the second, an entire sentence. Thus:—

1st. "Can he exalt his thoughts to anything great and noble′, who only believes that′, after a short turn on the stage of this world′, he is to sink into oblivion′, and to lose his consciousness forever′?"

2d. "How′ can he exalt his thoughts to anything great and noble\', who only believes that\', after a short turn on the stage of this world\', he is to sink into oblivion\', and to lose his consciousness forever\'?"—*Addison.*

7. There are some apparent, rather than real, exceptions

to this rule also; for we find that when the indirect question is one asking, with emphasis, a *repetition* of what was not at first understood, it takes the *rising* inflection at the close, the same as a *direct* question. Thus:—

a. "*When*′ do you expect to be here again‵? Next week‵. *When*, did you say′?"

b. "*Where*, do you say, the man can be found′?"

8. So, also, the questions in the second verse of the foregoing may be changed in like manner, when they ask, with emphasis, a repetition of what was not at first understood; —thus:

"*When*‵ was it that you saw him′?—*When*‵ did you see him′?—At *what*‵ time will he come again′?"

9. That this is only an apparent exception, appears from the fact, that the *repetition* is merely an inverted form of a *direct* question. Thus:—Change "*When*, did you say′?" to "Did you say when′?" and the question becomes direct, and, hence, takes the rising inflection in accordance with Rule I.

LESSON III.—General Principles Involved in the Inflections.

Division I.—*Incomplete, and Completed Sense.*

1. [Rule III.] It is a rule of very general application, that wherever a phrase or clause depends, for its full meaning, upon what follows, so that it is apparent that there is to be a continuation of sense in the passage, the voice will naturally indicate that continuation by the rising inflection at the end of such phrase or clause. The converse of this rule is equally true,—that the *completion of the sense*, whether at the close or any other part of the sentence, requires the falling inflection.

2. The principle involved in the first of the foregoing cases is, that inasmuch as something more is about to be added, the voice rises, and is momentarily suspended, as if preparatory to another effort; but in case of a completion of the sense, the voice is inflected downward, as if coming

to a rest. These inflections are applied, without any teaching, by every one who speaks or reads naturally; but a knowledge of the principle will be useful in cases that are either apparent or real exceptions to it. We first give examples of rising inflections that are governed by the rule,—adding the caution, that they should not be made any more prominent than the sense requires:—

3. *a.* "His father dying′, and no heir being left except himself′, he succeeded to the estate."

b. "The question having been fully discussed′, and all objections fully refuted′, the decision was unanimous."

c. "To be pure in heart′, to be pious and benevolent′, constitutes human happiness."

d. "The pains of getting′, the fear of losing′, and the inability of enjoying‵ his wealth′, have made the miser a mark of satire in all ages."

In this latter example the word *enjoying* has the falling inflection, for the sake of harmony. It will thereby be made somewhat emphatic, and thus will add force to the statement.

4. *a.* "The great′, the good′, the honored′, the noble′, the poor′, the wealthy′, alike pass away."

b. "Friends′, Romans′, countrymen′, lend me your ears."

c. "Ye hills and dales′, ye rivers′, woods′, and plains′,
And ye that live and move′, fair creatures′, tell‵,
Tell, if ye saw′, how came I thus‵, how here‵."

5. "To build′, to plant′, whatever you intend′,
To rear the column′, or the arch to bend′,
To swell the terrace′, or to sink the grot′,—
In all′, let *Nature*‵ never be forgot."—*Pope.*

6. "The Medal′, faithful to its charge of fame′,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods′, Emperors′, Heroes′, Sages′, Beauties‵ lie."—*Pope.*

7. "If some of the branches of the tree be broken off′, and thou′, being a wild olive-tree′, wert grafted in among them′, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive-tree′, boast not against the branches."

8. "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom′,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines′;—
The labor of the olive shall fail′;
And the fields shall yield no meat′;—
The flock shall be cut off from the fold′,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls′;—
Yet I will rejoice′ in the Lord\,
I will joy′ in the God of my salvation\."

9. "Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost′!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest′!
Ye eagles′, playmates of the mountain storm′!
Ye lightnings′, the dread arrows of the clouds′!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements′!
Utter forth God\, and fill the hills′ with praise\."

DIVISION II.—*Causes that Change the Inflections.*

1. It is a principle that both emphasis and inflection may be varied from the rules of general application, in order to promote beauty and harmony of expression, when the change does not affect the sense of the passage; and these exceptions to the rules are so numerous, that they seem to render Elocution one of the most uncertain of sciences. But most of these changes are apparent rather than real exceptions to the principles involved.

2. Negative sentences sometimes *imply* a continuance of thought, without expressing it; and here, although the rule may be seemingly violated, the principle is not. Thus, the following sentences, although apparently ending with a completion of the sense, take the rising inflection, *because* they imply something additional in the mind of the speaker:—

3. *a.* "True politeness is not a mere compliance with arbitrary cus'tom'."—(Do you think it is'?)

b. "Do not suppose that I would *deceive*' you'."—(Did you *distrust* me'?)

c. "But, sir, the poor must not *starve'*: they must be taken *care*' of'."

d. "These things do not *control*' the government'."—(Do they?)

4. If I speak the sentence, "I did not say he was a good *citizen'*," and give it the rising inflection at the end, I thereby show that I have, also, an affirmative declaration in my mind. The entire paragraph might be, "I did not say he was a good *cit*'izen', I said he was a good *sol*'dier."

5. When negation is attended with deep and strong feeling, especially in Biblical precepts, the falling inflection is generally required, to give force and solemnity to the passage, although in seeming violation of the principle advanced in Rule III.; but even here there is a kind of suspension, and slight elevation, of voice, on the last syllable of the inflected word, sufficient to intimate that the sense is not completed. Thus:—

"Thou shalt not glean thy vineyard': neither shalt thou gather every grape' of thy vineyard': thou shalt leave' them to the poor stranger'."

6. It is thus that emphatic stress often changes what would otherwise have been the rising inflection, to the falling, as in the following examples:—

a. "O *Hubert'! Hubert'! save*' me from these men."

b. "The *blind*' see; the *lame*' walk; the *lepers*' are cleansed; the *deaf*' hear; and to the *poor'*, the gospel' is preached."

c. "Our *disordered hearts*', our *guilty passions*', our *violent prejudices*', our *misplaced desires'*, are the instruments of the trouble' which we endure."

7. In some cases, as in the following, it is difficult to tell

whether a completion of the sense is intended at the end of each clause, or not; but if the several clauses are emphatic, they will naturally take the falling inflection:—

"He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man\; the field is the world\; the *good seed* are the children of the kingdom\; but *the tares* are the children of the wicked\ one; the enemy that sowed them is the devil\; the *harvest*\ is the end of the world', and the *reapers* are the angels\."

8. "Charity suffereth long', and is kind\; charity *envieth*\ not; charity *vaunteth*\ not itself; is not puffed up\; doth not behave itself *unseemly*\; is not easily provoked', thinketh no evil."

But even in these cases, either the last member of the series of particulars, or the last but one, usually takes the rising inflection, for the sake of variety and harmony, unless the member is made quite emphatic. As a general rule, the rising inflection is used at the pause that precedes the cadence or fall at the close of the sentence.

9. Although sentences that are merely declarative take the falling inflection at the close, because then the sense is complete, yet strong emphasis and the falling inflection *near* the end of a sentence often require the rising inflection at the very close. If the following examples be first read without emphatic expression, they will have the falling inflections, and these will be slight in degree:—

a. "If the enemy should make their appearance, what would you do\?"

b. "*Cassius.* What night is this\?
Casca. A very pleasing night to honest men\."

c. "This is the course rather of our enemies, than of friends of our country's liberty\."

d. "If the witness does not believe in God, or a future state, you cannot swear him\."

10. But give these examples the emphasis and the inflections which properly belong to them, and how great the change in meaning occasioned thereby!

a. "If the enemy *should*\ make their appearance′, *what*\ would you do′?"

b. "*Cassius.* What night is this\?
Casca. A very pleasing night to *honest*\ men′."

c. "This is the course′ rather of our enemies\, than′ of *friends*\ of our country's liberty′."

d. "If the witness does not believe in God, or a future state, you cannot *swear*\ him′."

LESSON IV.—Tender Emotion.—Strong Emotion.

[Rule IV.] Expressions of *tender* emotion, such as moderate grief, pity, kindness, gentle joy, a gentle reproof, gentle appeal, are naturally spoken in a gentle manner, and with the *rising* inflection; while expressions of *strong* emotion are to be spoken with more force, and, generally, with the *falling* inflection. One could hardly read the following pathetic passages without giving them the rising inflection:—

1. "Is your *father* well′?—the *old man*′ of whom you spake′? Is *he*′ yet alive′?"

2. "My mother′! when I learned that thou wast dead′,
Say\, wast thou conscious′ of the tears′ I shed′?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son′,
Wretch even then′, life's journey just begun′?
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day\,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away′,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window′, drew
A long, long sigh′, and wept a last adieu\."—*Cowper.*

3. "I would not live alway′; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way′;

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin′,
Temptation without, and corruption within′."

4. "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said: O my son Absalom′! my son′, my son Absalom′! Would God′ I had died for thee′, O Absalom′, my son′. my son′!"

5. "He bleeds′! he falls′! his death-bed is the field′!
His dirge the trumpet′, and his bier the shield′!
His closing eyes the beam of valor speak′,
The flush of ardor lingers on his cheek′;
Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes′,
Then for his country breathes a prayer′—*and dies.*"

And yet if this latter selection be read with emphatic force, as it may be without impropriety, its several statements will receive the falling inflection.

6. The following examples of strong emotion could not be read with any appreciation of the sense and feelings intended to be expressed, without giving them emphatic force and the falling inflection:—

a. "Come *one*\, come *all*\!—This *rock*\ shall fly
From its firm base\, as soon as I."

b. "*Woe*\ unto you, Pharisees\! *Woe*\ unto you, scribes\!"
c. "I *dare*\ accusation. I *defy*\ the honorable gentleman."

d. "I'd rather be a *dog*\, and bay the *moon*\, than *such*\ a Roman′."

7. "Throw years away′?
Throw *empires*\, and be blameless\; *moments*\ seize,—
Heaven's\ on their wing! A *moment*\ we may wish′
When *worlds*\ want wealth to buy. Bid *day*\ stand still,—
Bid him drive *back*\ his car, and *reimport*\
The period past\,—*regive*\ the given hour.
O for *yesterdays*\ to come!"

LESSON V.—Comparison or Contrast. [Antithesis.[a]]

Division I.—*Rhetorical Pauses.*

1. [Rule V.] It is well known that a speaker, in contrasting words and phrases with each other, will, if he speak naturally, make a longer pause than the grammatical construction would require (a *rhetorical* pause it may be called), between the contrasted parts; and when the contrast is formed between two persons or two things, each of which begins a member of a sentence, he will make the rhetorical pause after both.

2. Further than this, he will speak the first part of the contrast in a tone of voice somewhat higher than the other part, while the rising inflection will generally prevail in the former, and the falling inflection in the latter. The rising inflection is more apparent when the contrast is between *words*, than when it is between *sentences*. In the latter case the voice is often merely suspended at the prevailing pitch, rather than elevated by inflection. The following examples will fully illustrate these several points:—

3. "Sink′— or swim‵, live′— or die‵, survive′— or perish‵, I give my heart and hand to this vote."

"There are also *celestial* bodies′,— and bodies *terrestrial*‵; but the glory of the celestial is *one*′,— and the glory of the terrestrial is *another*‵. There is one glory of the *sun*′, and another glory of the *moon*′, and another glory of the *stars*‵; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So, also, is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in *corruption*′,— it is raised in *incorruption*‵; it is sown in *weakness*′,— it is raised in *power*‵; it is sown a *natural* body′,— it is raised a *spiritual*‵ body. There is a *natural* body′,— and there is a *spiritual*‵ body."—I. Cor. xv. 40–44.

4. "By honor′— and dishonor‵; by evil report′— and good‵ report; as deceivers′,— and yet true‵; as unknown′,— and

[a] For *Antithesis* as a "figure of speech," see p. 90.

yet well‵ known; as dying′,— and behold we live‵; as chastened′,— and not killed‵; as sorrowful′,— yet always rejoicing‵; as poor′,— yet making many rich‵; as having nothing′,— and yet possessing all things."—II. Cor. vi. 8–10.

"This world, 'tis true,
Was made for *Cæsar*—but for *Titus* too;
And which′ more blest‵? Who *chained his country′*,— say‵,
Or he whose virtue sighed— to *lose‵ a day?*"—*Pope.*

Division II.—*Antithesis.—Description of Pompey.*

5. "He waged more wars′— than others had read‵ of; conquered more provinces′— than others had governed‵; and he had been trained up, from his youth′, to the art of war‵; not by the precepts of others′, but by his own commands‵; not by miscarriages in the field′, but by victories‵; not by campaigns′, but by triumphs‵."—*Cicero.*

Homer and Virgil.

6. "Homer— was the greater genius′, Virgil— the better artist‵. In the one— we most admire the man′, in the other— the work‵. Homer— hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil— leads us with attractive majesty: Homer— scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil— bestows with a careful munificence: Homer,— like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil,— like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream.

7. "When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer′,— boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases: Virgil,— calmly daring, like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. Homer′— seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightning, and

firing the heavens; Virgil',– like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation."—*Dr. Johnson.*

8. When the antithesis is of the character in which *negation* is opposed to *affirmation*, the former, when it is the less positive idea, takes the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection, in whatever order the clauses occur. Thus:—

"I said he was a good *soldier*\,– not\, a good *citizen*'."
"He will not come *to-day* ',– but *to-morrow*\."
"He did not call *me*',– but *you*\."
"He means *du*tiful\,– not *un*dutiful'."

"This is no time for a tribunal of justice',– but for showing mercy\; not for accusation',– but for philanthropy\; not for trial',– but for pardon\; not for sentence and execution',– but for compassion and kindness\."

But if the reader or speaker thinks the *negative* clause should be the most positive, he will make it so by giving it the greater emphasis, and the falling inflection. Thus:—

"We are perplexed',– but *not in despair*\; persecuted',– but *not forsaken*\."

9. That the *rhetorical pause*, and *prolongation* of voice on the preceding word, are frequently used, with happy effect, to embellish delivery, where the grammatical construction does not require any pause, will be evident from the following examples:—

a. "Some– place their bliss in action\, some– in ease\;
Those– call it pleasure, and contentment– these."
b. "Seas roll– to waft\ me, suns,– to light me, rise\;
My footstool– earth'; my canopy– the skies\."—*Pope.*

If the two preceding extracts were of a light and trivial

character, they might take the rising inflection throughout, except at the end of each.

10. In poetry there is what is called the *cæsural* pause, which is a rhetorical pause that the voice naturally makes after certain syllables in a line. In English heroic verse (which has ten *feet* or syllables to the line), the principal cæsural pause falls most naturally after the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh syllable; and the farther it is removed from the beginning of the line, the more is the melody changed, from a brisk and spirited movement, to one of constantly increasing gravity. This rhetorical pause requires only a *very slight* suspension of the voice, and yet the reading becomes very spiritless without it. In the following extract the pause falls twice after the ninth syllable:—

11. "Nature to all things– fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed– proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land,– while here the ocean gains,
In other parts– it leaves wide sandy plains:
Thus in the soul,– while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding– fails;
Where beams of warm imagination– play,
The memory's soft figures– melt away."—*Pope.*

LESSON VI.—The Circumflex, or Double Inflection.

1. [Rule VI.] As all sincere and earnest thoughts require the *direct* slides, either upward or downward, so thoughts implying more than is expressed, and all *ironical* expressions,—sarcasm, jest, ridicule, mockery, and insinuation or double meaning,—require a *double inflection*, which is formed by a union of the rising and the falling slide, called the *circumflex*. This is either, first, downward and then upward (ˇ), or the contrary (ˆ), called, respectively, the *rising* circumflex, and the *falling* circumflex. They are, properly, *waves* of the voice; and sometimes more than two inflections are combined on the same word.

2. The circumflex is, frequently, only a slight variation

from the inflection denoted by its ending, and is chiefly distinguished by the sarcastic manner in which the words to which it is applied are spoken. The direction to read such passages in a natural but *sarcastic* manner, without paying particular attention to the kind of circumflex that is used, will be of more worth to most persons than any definite rules, for a greater or less degree of emphasis on the particular words to which it is applied, and slight variations in the meaning, will greatly control the character of the inflections.

3. It is chiefly for these reasons, and from the fact that so much is expressed by peculiar tones of the voice that cannot be described, that elocutionists differ so much in their application of the circumflex. Thus, the irony in the following paragraph has been expressed by the two forms of the circumflex here given:—

1st. "And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Crŷ alŏud; for he is a gŏd: either he is tălking, or he is pursûing, or he is on a jôurney, or peradventure he sleêpeth, and must be awăked!"

2d. "Cry alôud; for he is a gôd! Either he is tâlking, or he is pursûing, or he is on a jôurney, or peradventure he sleêpeth, and must be awâked!"

4. Bearing this in mind, we may repeat, in the language of another, that "these inflections, without always being understood, are practised by all, intuitively, though differently, when the stronger emotions are excited; and if persons could strictly follow the dictates of nature in the use of the inflections, they would never err in their application." The following examples show the principal uses of the circumflex in expressing ideas ironically:—

5. *a.* "They tell *ŭs* to be moderate; but thĕy, *thĕy* are to revel in profusion."

b. "Surely, thou art a *prĕcious jŭdge.*"

c. "I did it myself', sir.—Surprising! *Yôu* did it!"

d. "From what you *săy*, it appears that *you* are very

wîse men, and deeply learned in the trûth; but *we* are *wéak, contémptible, méan* persons."

e. "I grant you I was dŏwn, and out of breath; and so was he."

f. "And but for these vile gŭns, he would himself' have been a soldier`."

g. "*Queen.* Hamlet', you have your father much offended.
Hamlet. Madame', *yôu* have my father much offended."

6. *a.* "*Thĕy*— follow an adventurer whom they *féar;* wĕ— serve a monarch whom we *lóve*, a God whom we *adôre.*"

b. "They boast that they come but to *imprôve* our state, to *enlárge* our thoughts, and *frée* us from the yoke of *êrror!* Yês, *thĕy* will give enlightened *fréedom* to *ôur* minds, who are themsĕlves the *slaves* of passion, avarice, and pride. They' offer us *protéction!* Yês, *sŭch* protection as vŭltures give to lămbs! Tell our invaders we ask *no`* change—and, least of all, *sŭch* change as *thĕy* would bring us."

Jesting.—From Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.

7. "*Marcellus.* You, sir, what trade` are you?

1*st Citizen.* Truly, sir, in respect of a *fĭne* workman', I am, as you would say, a *côbbler.*

Mar. But what trade *art`* thou? Answer me directly.

2*d Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe *cŏnscience';* which is, indeed, sir, a *mênder'* of bad *sôles.*

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, *what`* trade?

2*d Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not *ŏut* with me: yet if you *bê* out, sir, I can *mĕnd* you'.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? *Mend* me, thou saucy fellow'?

2*d Cit.* Why, sir, *côbble* you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler`, art thou'?

2*d Cit.* Truly, sir, *ăll* that I live by is with the *ăwl.* I am, indeed, sir, a *sŭrgeon'* to old *shôes;* when they are in great *dănger',* I *recôver* them.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy *shop'* to-day`? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2d Cit. Truly, sir, to wear *ŏut* their shoes, to get myself into more *wôrk*.—But, indeed, sir, we make holiday\, to see Cæsar\, and to rejoice\ in his triumph."

In the last paragraph the citizen stops jesting, and therefore uses the *direct* inflections.

8. There is no doubt that, if the foregoing had been a dialogue in real life, the right inflections would have been given to it by these citizens, for they are such modulations of the voice as are used by all men, even the most ignorant, —and by children too, though they may never have been explained to them. And if children will enter fully into the spirit of the dialogue, they will read it aright, although they may not adhere strictly to the inflection marks above given, as even the best elocutionists will differ as to the reading of some of the passages. The reason is, they do not give the same interpretation to some of the lighter shades of thought attributed to the speakers; and some of the circumflex variations are not always distinguishable, by untrained ears, from the direct rising and falling slides.

LESSON VII.—The Meaning often dependent upon Emphasis and Inflection.

1. Of the fact that the printed language, unmarked by emphasis or inflection, is not always a very plain indication of what the writer or speaker intended, we have had a few illustrations in the preceding lessons; but the principle may be made further apparent by the examples that follow.

2. We will take an old and familiar example for our first illustration, and call attention to a few, only, of the many meanings that may be attributed to it. If we ask,—

"Do you intend to ride to town to-day'?"

and ask for information merely, without any expression of passion, feeling, sarcasm, or astonishment, it will have only the rising inflection at the end, and the answer will be a simple "Yes," or "No."

3. But if the questioner wishes to give some *emphatic*

phase to the question, while it is still limited to an unimpassioned request for information merely, he may ask it in any one of the following ways:—

a. "Do you intend to ride to town *to-day'?*"—(No: I intend to go *to-morrow.*)

b. "Do you intend to ride *to town* to-day'?"—(No: I intend to ride *into the country.*)

c. "Do you intend to *ride* to town to-day'?"—(No: I intend *to walk.*)

d. "Do *you* intend to ride to town to-day'?"—(No: I intend to send *John.*)

4. But if the questioner, having received no answer to his question, or an unsatisfactory one, should feel vexed, and should repeat the question, he would be likely to express his feelings somewhat emphatically, by a change of tone and inflection:—

"Do you intend to ride to town *to-day`?*"

But if he had been filled with surprise and astonishment at the answer received, and should repeat the question, he would give it a still different expression:—

"Do you intend to ride to town *to-dăy?*" (That is,—Is it pŏssible' that you intend to ride out on this cold, blustering day'?)

Additional changes, in this one question, might be continued to a considerable extent.

5. A very nice distinction in sense sometimes depends upon the right use of the inflections, as in the following examples:—

"I did not give a *sĭxpence'*."

The rising circumflex on *sixpence* implies that I gave something, but that it was either more or less than that sum. But if I say,—

"I did not give a *six`pence,*"

the falling inflection on the same word implies that I gave nothing at all.

6. A physician says of a patient, "He is better`." This

implies a positive amendment. But if he says, "He is bĕtter′," it denotes only a partial and perhaps doubtful amendment, and implies, "But he is still dangerously sick."

"Hume said he would go twenty miles to hear *Whĭtefield* preach′."

Here the circumflex implies a contrast,—that Hume would go a great distance to hear *Whĭtefield* preach′, but he would take no pains to hear an *ordinary* preacher.

7. *a.* "A man who is in the daily use of ardent spirits, if he does not become a *drunkard*ˋ, is in danger of losing his health and character." If we put the rising inflection on *drunkard*, we pervert the meaning wholly, and assert that, in order to preserve health and character, one must become a drunkard.

b. "The dog would have *dĭed*, if they had *not* cut off his head." The falling inflection on *died* would make the cutting off of his head necessary to the saving of his life.

8. If one should say, "In chŭrch, I am unable to suppress evil thoughts," the inference would be, that, although he might suppress them elsewhere, he could not in church. The passage should be read with strong emphasis and the falling inflection on *church*. Thus:—"In *church*ˋ I am unable to suppress evil thoughts."

9. Macbeth, while revolving in his mind the contemplated murder of Duncan, but fearing the possible consequences that may result from the atrocious crime, says,—

> "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly."

10. If the passage be read in this form, without special emphasis on any word, it conveys either no idea, or a very absurd one. But Macbeth means,—If, when the crime is committed, no evil consequences will result from it, the sooner it is perpetrated, the better. To convey this idea, it is necessary to elevate the voice on the word *done*, and make it emphatic, thus:—

"If it were *done'*, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

11. If a man should raise the cry of *fire*, and give the word the rising inflection, thus:—"*fire'*, fire', fire'," we might think his shouting indicated a bonfire, and should not imagine that his own house was in flames: but if he should make the word decidedly emphatic, with the falling inflection,—*fire`*, *fire`*, *fire`*,—we should at once heed the cry as a warning of danger.

12. In the following example, the meaning depends very much upon the emphatic manner in which the *small* words in a sentence are pronounced. In Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, Bassanio thus apologizes to his wife for having given, to a friend, a ring which he had received from her:—

"If you did know *to* whom I gave the ring,
If you did know *for* whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for *what* I gave the ring,
And how *unwillingly* I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted *but* the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure."

13. In St. John's Gospel, xix. 6, Pilate is represented as saying to the chief priests and officers, who were determined to imbrue their hands in the blood of Jesus, "Take ye him, and crucify him; for I find no fault in him." As this is usually read, the absurd idea is conveyed, that Pilate delivered up Jesus *because* he found no fault in him. But if the word *ye* be made prominent in the reading, and *I* still more so, with the rising circumflex, probably the true meaning will be conveyed. Thus:—"Take *ye* him, and crucify him; for Ĭ find no fault in him:"—as much as to say, "Therefore I will have nothing to do with his crucifixion."

14. The foregoing examples—both those in this lesson, and those in the preceding lessons—well illustrate the importance, to students, of thoroughly studying their reading

selections, so as to obtain a thorough knowledge of all the phases of meaning, sentiment, and emotion, designed to be expressed by them, before attempting to read them aloud.

CHAPTER III.—THE SPEAKING TONES, AND THEIR APPLICATIONS.

Besides Emphasis and Inflections, there are certain characteristic modulations of voice, called Tones, that are prompted in part by the thoughts, but more by the emotions and feelings, which they are designed to express. These modulations are as numerous and as varied as are the emotions themselves, yet they may all be embraced in five great divisions,—Quality, Tone, Pitch, Movement, and Quantity of Voice. Although these are often combined in expressing thought and feeling,—each in some one of the almost numberless varieties or degrees in which it may be applied,—yet it is most convenient to treat, first, of each separately.

LESSON I.—Quality of Tone.

Quality of tone has reference to the *kind of sound* uttered. Thus, there may be the *pure* tone, the *ō'rotund*, the *aspirate*, the *pectoral*, the *guttural*, the *nasal*, etc., with as many variations of each as there are notes in the musical scale. Of these, the *pure* tone stands first in rank and importance, because it is that which is most needed in common speech, —in the ordinary affairs of life.

Division I.—*Pure Tone.*

1. *Pure tone*, in its most common form, may be described as that quality of voice that has its resonance in the back part of the roof of the mouth, and in which all the breath is converted into a clear, smooth, musical sound. Accord-

ing to the sentiments and feelings expressed, it may be produced at a high or a low *pitch*, with great or with small *volume* of sound, with slow or with rapid *movement*, and with much or with little *force* of utterance; but it is most appropriate for narrative, descriptive, and didactic pieces, and such as express either tranquil or joyful emotions. No one will use harsh tones when his thoughts are pleasant, when he is unmoved by passion, and when his feelings are pure, for the tone of one's voice is generally the faithful index of the mind. Wirt's narrative and descriptive piece, *The Blind Preacher*,[a] should be read in the pure tone, but with sufficient life and spirit to show a decided interest in the subject.

2. The following, also, are appropriate examples for the use of great purity of tone:—

[1.] *Soliloquy of Douglas.—Solemnity.*

"This place,—the centre of the grove:—
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood:
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon unclouded holds her way
Through skies where I could count each little star;
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour—
If ancestry may be in aught believed—
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown."—*Home.*

[2.]. *From "The Voice of Spring."—Joyful Emotion.*

"I come, I come! Ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;

[a] See II., chapter xxxvii.

Ye may trace my steps o'er the wak'ning earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass."—*Mrs. Hemans.*

[3.] *From "The May Queen."—Tender and Pathetic.*

1. "I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

2. "O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

3. "O sweet and strange it seems to me, that, ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?—

4. "Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."—*Tennyson.*

Division II.—*The Orotund.*

The *O'rotund* is also a pure quality of voice, in which the tones are full and musical, but rounder and deeper than the Pure Tone proper, as the orotund has the resonance in the upper part of the chest. It is, therefore, a *chest tone*, and is peculiarly appropriate for the delivery of bold, grand, and lofty thoughts, whether in sermons, speeches, or impassioned poetry. There are few pieces, however, in which the orotund can be properly maintained throughout, as *harmony* will occasionally require the expression to pass into the *pure* tone before described. The following verse from Derzhavin's famous *Ode to God* may be used as one of its best illustrations. Observe how different the tones are here, from those appropriate to the preceding selections:—

[1.] *Ode to God.—Sublime and Reverential.*

"O thou Eternal One! Whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone:
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er;
Being whom we call God, and know no more!"

[2.] *From Gray's Elegy.—Grand, but Pathetic and Gloomy.*

1. "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2. "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

3. "Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign."

[3.] *From a Supposed Speech of John Adams.—Grand and Lofty Sentiments.*

"Read this declaration at the head of the army: every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there. Let them hear it who heard the roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support."—*Daniel Webster.*

[4.] In the following extract from *The Bells*, the tone is indicative of that kind of *alarm* which, instead of paralyzing the faculties, intensifies them into bursts of feeling which show that the whole soul is alive with awe-inspiring terror. It should be read in slow time, and in full, deep, orotund tones.

From "The Bells."—Alarm!

"Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
O the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and crash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows,—
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!"

Edgar Allan Poe.

[5.] In the scene between Dolabella and the Egyptian Queen, in Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, we find place for the orotund in the dialogue form, where Cleopatra gives an enthusiastic and almost sublime description of Antony.

"*Cleo.* I dreamed, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol. If it might please you,—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walked crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates[a] dropped from his pocket."—*Act V. Scene* 2.

Division III.—*Aspirated Tone.*

Leaving the subject of *pure* tones, we next consider the *Aspirated* tone, which is most fully exemplified in the *whisper*. Something of this tone may be noticed in the whispered utterance of secrecy and awe, in that of suppressed fear, and also in connection with the various phases of the *orotund*, the lower chest or *pectoral* tones, and the *guttural* or throat tones.

[1.] *From Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.*

"I fear thee, ancient mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand,
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand;

[a] Silver money.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."

[2.] The aspirate is more strongly marked in the following:—

a. "And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Did ye not hear it?"—

b. "While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, 'The foe! They come!
They come!'"—*Byron.*

[3.] In the following, the slightly aspirated tone may be blended with the orotund, to give increased effect to sentiments of sublimity and awe:—

The Closing Year.

"Tis midnight's solemn hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! On the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moon-beams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks,—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the fair wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever."—*G. D. Prentice.*

[4.] The aspirated orotund may also be used in giving expression to sudden horror and alarm, as in the following, where Macbeth is confronted by the ghost of Banquo :—

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with."

Division IV.—*Pectoral Tone.*

What is called by some the *Pectoral* tone may be considered a low and impure orotund. It has a harsh, husky sound, is low in pitch, usually slow in time, and is used in giving expression to feelings not unlike those for which the orotund is employed. It is apparent in the following examples when spoken in a slow manner without abruptness. Immediately after the famous dagger scene, Macbeth, about to proceed, in the dead of night, to the perpetration of the murder, thus communes with himself:—

Soliloquy.—From Macbeth.

[1.] "Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it."

[2.] After the murder, when Macbeth is struck with

horror as he views his bloody hands and shows them to his alike guilty wife, he exclaims:—

"*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more.*
MACBETH *doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep—*
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast:—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more,* to all the house:
GLAMIS *hath murdered sleep; and therefore* CAWDOR
Shall sleep no more—MACBETH *shall sleep no more!*"
Act II. Scene 1.

As Macbeth is thane of Glamis and of Cawdor, he shows that the horror of his guilty deed is trebly impressed upon him, by declaring that neither GLAMIS, CAWDOR, nor MACBETH shall sleep more!

[3.] In the following, less of horror is expressed than in the foregoing, but more of sublimity and awe:—

The Dream of Darkness.

1. "I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions, in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.

2. "And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crownéd kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,

Were burnt for beacons: cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes,
To look once more into each other's face.
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.
A fearful hope was all the world contained;
Forests were set on fire; and hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash,—and all was black.

3. "The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clinchéd hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again,
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth, and howled."—*Byron.*

[4.] In the following extracts from the ninetieth and the one hundred and second psalm, profound sublimity is combined with reverential awe:—

"Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same; and thy years shall have no end."

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday

when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up: in the evening it is cut down, and withereth."

Division V.—*Guttural Tone.*

The *Guttural* tone, which is more rough, harsh, and discordant than the pectoral, has a growling sound, with the resonance in the lower part of the throat. It is used to express settled hate, deep-seated revenge, intense loathing, contempt, scorn, aversion, supplication, disgust, etc. It is too forced and too tragical to be common; but the following examples will illustrate its character:—

[1.] *Hate of the Bowl.*

"Tell me I *hate* the bowl?
HATE is a feeble word:
I *loathe*, ABHOR! my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell!"

[2.] *From Shakspeare's Coriolanus.*

"You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt the air, I banish you;
And here remain, with your uncertainty!"

[3.] *From Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice.*

"*Bassanio.* If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink

with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto? Who comes here?"

[4.] In the following speech of Hotspur, in the First Part of Shakspeare's *Henry the Fourth*, the passions of vexation, anger, and contempt are blended in the use of the mingled pectoral and guttural tones:—

"I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what;—
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (heaven save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier."

[5.] In the next selection, in which Lady Macbeth reproaches her husband with want of manliness, her strong feelings of scorn and contempt are properly expressed in a low but full guttural tone. The occasion is that in which the ghost of Banquo, who had been murdered by the order of Macbeth, makes its appearance, and takes a seat at the table in Macbeth's chair. The latter, appalled at the sight, exclaims to the apparition,—

"Thou canst not say *I* did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me!"

Lady Macbeth, equally guilty in intent with her husband,

but of a bolder spirit, and attributing his strange conduct to the madness of a diseased brain, thus scornfully addresses him:—

"O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fears:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool."

[6.] In the following, from Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, the conscience-stricken king, Claudius, gives voice to his feelings in the guttural tone, which is here strongly marked with the *tremor* of supplication and despair:—

"*O*, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—
A *brother's murder!* *O*, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
Bow, stubborn knees! and heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well."

LESSON II.—Force or Stress of Voice.

1. It is evident that the sound of the voice may be sent forth from the vocal organs with greater or less degrees of intensity, and with a greater or less degree of loudness, throughout all the varieties of the pure, orotund, aspirate, pectoral, and guttural tones; although less *volume* of sound can be given to the aspirate than to any of the other forms.

2. It is the *power of voice* that most requires to be disciplined and strengthened by cultivation, and this discipline can be had only through much practice, whether it be by repeating the vowel sounds, words, and sentences, through

their many variations, or by much public speaking. It will be found a good exercise to repeat, six or eight times, each vowel and word given in the table below, beginning with the most delicate and pure sound that can be uttered, and on a low pitch, and then gradually increasing the force and volume of sound, without variation of pitch, until the utmost power of the voice on that pitch has been reached. Then the same exercises should be repeated, at different degrees of pitch.

3. As might be expected, all possible degrees of vocal force are employed in giving expression to the almost innumerable varieties of thought and emotion that language attempts to embody in words. Thus, a moderate degree of force is appropriate for the expression of pathetic, solemn, serious, and tranquil thoughts; a little greater degree for narrative, descriptive, and didactic pieces; and, where the orotund is employed, still more force, and greater volume of sound; while joy, gladness, and mirth, grandeur and sublimity, oratory, exciting appeals, denunciation, defiance, etc., often require the higher degrees of impassioned force: but the reader or speaker must be governed, in the use of force and volume of sound, wholly by his own feelings of fitness and propriety. We may say, however, that the more familiar the reader or speaker becomes with appropriate examples in the various kinds of style indicated, the better will he be able to modulate his voice to meet all the demands that may be made upon it.

Exercise on Force of Voice.

1.	ā	also ale	aim	bane	pain	pale
2.	ă	" add	man	mad	bank	fat
3.	ē	" eve	mean	leave	mete	beat
4.	ī	" ice	dive	dine	fire	live
5.	ō	" old	go	moan	note	both
6.	ū	" use	lute	tune	mute	tube
7.	ŭ	" us	tub	tun	gun	mud

The first two of the following four selections—all of which are of a tranquil, pathetic, or solemn nature—are adapted to *subdued* force; the others, to a little greater degree of force and volume of sound, but not ranging beyond the milder tones of ordinary conversation:—

Division I.—*Tender and Pathetic.*

Burial of a Yale Student.

1. "Ye've gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all there,
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of you all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

2. "Tread lightly, comrades! we have laid
His dark locks on his brow—
Like life, save deeper light and shade:
We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful,
The blue-veined eyelids sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull;—
Its slumber we will keep."—*N. P. Willis.*

The following is similar in style to the foregoing, and requires to be read in very low tones, and tender pathos:—

1. "Tread softly—bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

2. "No mingling voices sound;
An infant wail alone,—
A sob suppressed; again
That short, deep gasp, and then—
A parting groan."—*Mrs. Southey.*

DIVISION II.—*Grave and Solemn.*

WE ARE ONLY WAITING.

"Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray;
Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come."—*Anon.*

DIVISION III.—*Descriptive and Contemplative.*

FADING INTO CHANGE.

"A gradual failing in the summer light;
Bright sunsets dying in the crimson west;
Brown leaves that fall in quiet autumn night;
A swift decay in flowers we love the best;
A flush of life, slow-deepening into rest;
A wintry wind beneath a threatening sky;
Snow-flakes that fall, and gather, and then die!
Spring, with its changing winds and leafy vest;
Full summer, with its wealth of flowers that lie
Sparkling like gems upon a monarch's crest;

Then round to autumn!—so our brief years fly;
So run our days!—sometimes in sunshine drest,
And oft in cloud! so fleeteth fitfully
Each little life into the great eternity!"

Chambers's Journal.

It will be seen, from the foregoing, that even tranquil and subdued force is adapted to considerable variety in the expression, and in the feelings. It may be compared to the flowing of a gentle stream that meets with no impediments in its course:—it may be the mere brook that goes purling through the meadow gay with flowers, or odorous with the scent of new-mown hay; or it may be the mighty river that rolls its flood of waters grandly but tranquilly onward to the ocean, without a murmur, and without a ripple to disturb its peaceful bosom.

Division IV.—*Oratorical.*

In the following oratorical extract, it is very apparent that the orotund quality of tone will be chiefly used, and more force or energy, and greater volume of voice, than are found in the tones of ordinary conversation.

Eulogium on Washington.

1. "It matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! How bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us!

2. "In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were,—splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master."—*Charles Phillips.* (A celebrated Irish barrister.)

Still greater degrees of force are naturally employed in the violent emotions, such as anger, scorn, defiance, revenge,—excessive joy or gladness,—and the utterance of arousing and exciting appeals. In such cases the voice generally passes beyond that purity and clearness which are indicative of tranquillity of mind, and the aspirate, pectoral, and guttural tones add harshness and intensity to the expression. The following selection, if properly read, will well illustrate the application of these several qualities of voice:—

Division V.—*Anger, Scorn, and Defiance.*

The Seminole's Defiance.

"Blaze with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls ye well may dread the lightning of its blow.
I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain!

I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and 'blood'—my battle-cry!"—*G. W. Patten.*

STRESS.—The particular *kind* of force employed in expelling the breath is sometimes denominated *stress* of voice; for this force may either be exerted in a continuous unbroken flow, as is most frequently heard in oratorical delivery, or may burst forth in abrupt and unequal gushes of sound. It will be evident, from the very nature of the feelings expressed, that abrupt force—often with an abrupt jerk on the emphatic syllable, is appropriate to impatient command, anger, defiance, and indignation, while smooth stress is suitable for the more gentle emotions. The following selections require more of this abrupt, jerky character of voice, than the preceding one:—

[1.] "*Hence! home*, you idle creatures, get you *home!*
You *blocks*, you *stones*, you WORSE than senseless *things!*
Run to your *houses*, fall upon your *knees*,
Pray to the *gods* to *intermit* the *plague*
That *needs must light* on this *ingratitude.*"

In the following invective, feelings of scorn are boldly and abruptly expressed, and the aspirate quality of tone will be naturally applied to the emphatic words:—

[2.] "The right honorable gentleman has called me 'an unimpeached traitor.' I ask, why not 'traitor,' unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he *dare* not. It was the act of a *coward*, who raises his arm to *strike*, but has not courage to give the *blow*. I will not call him *villain*, because it would be *unparliamentary*, and he is a privy *councillor*. I will not call him *fool*, because he happens to be Chancellor of the *Exchequer;* but I say he is one

who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering of language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a *blow*. I care not how *high* his situation, how *low* his character, how *contemptible* his speech; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, my answer should be *a blow*."—*Speech of Henry Grattan against Mr. Corry.*

LESSON III.—Pitch of Voice.

By *Pitch* of voice is meant what musicians understand by its *key-note;* and the natural pitch for each person is the degree of elevation of the key-note in ordinary conversation,—the one that a person naturally adopts when he reads or speaks most easily and familiarly. Not only are the voices of different individuals pitched on different keys, as one may speak in a high tenor tone, rising, in old age,

> "to childish treble,
> That pipes and whistles in the sound,"

while the natural voice of another may be a low bass tone; but two persons may read the same selection at different and equally appropriate degrees of pitch. Yet, for the same voice, quite different degrees are suitable for reading different styles of composition.

Division I.—*Medium Pitch.*

What may be called *Medium* pitch, is that moderate elevation of tone that is usually employed in expressing thought with little or no emotion, as in ordinary narration and description; and it is that which is most appropriate in reading the first three selections under the head of Force. The following examples will further illustrate the character of the writings to which medium pitch is adapted:—

[1.] *Narrative and Descriptive.*

"It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported, on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine."—*Southey.*

[2.] *Descriptive and Didactic.*

"Day is for evil, weariness, and pain.
Let us to prayer! calm night is come again:
The wind among the ruined towers so bare
Sighs mournfully: the herds, the flocks, the streams,
All suffer, all complain; worn nature seems
Longing for peace, for slumber, and for prayer."
Victor Hugo.

The medium pitch is often weak in those not accustomed to public speaking, and then it needs cultivation for the attainment of *power*. A person of weak voice should, therefore, read or speak much in this middle tone, gradually increasing to as much loudness and volume of sound as possible, without suffering the voice to rise into a higher key. A good practice is to speak animated passages to a real or imaginary audience *near by;* for then the voice is not so apt to rise into a higher key, as when it is directed to some one at a distance.

Division II.—*High Pitch.*

We naturally use a *high pitch* in calling to or addressing persons at a distance; and all animated reading and speaking has a tendency to run into it. Every one can speak in a high key, but when the voice is not well cultivated the high notes are apt to be thin and squeaking. Speaking in the open air is a good exercise for strengthening this tone,

—a tone which is specially adapted alike to animated and joyous thoughts, and to alarm, shouting, impassioned command, etc. The following two selections will illustrate the use of very high pitch, with impassioned force:—

[1.] *Shouting: Joyful Tones.*

"Go, ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout 'freedom!' till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With 'glory!' for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise 'our glorious liberty.'"—*Whittier.*

[2.] *Great Excitement and Alarm.*

"A *horse!* a *horse!* my KINGDOM for a horse!
—Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be *six* RICHMONDS in the field!
Five have I slain to-day instead of *him.*
A horse! a horse! my KINGDOM for a horse!"
Shakspeare's King Richard III.

DIVISION III.—*Low Pitch.*

The low pitch which falls below the tone of ordinary conversation, is used to express awe, reverence, and sublimity, especially in the *monotone;* sometimes to express indignation, scorn, and derision; and it is also adapted to the tender emotions. It is the appropriate pitch for the first three selections under TONE. It is most effective when a change in sentiment or feeling allows it to follow the high pitch, so as to form a contrast. Thus:—

"'Charge! Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion."— *W. Scott.*

[1.] In the following extract the voice naturally takes a high pitch at the beginning of the speech of Cassius, and thus it continues until the passion changes to one of sorrowful indignation at "O, I could weep," when the voice falls into a harsh guttural tone, and the whole passage is thereby rendered very effective:—

Speech of Cassius.

Pure tone. High Pitch.
"Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:—
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,
Checked by a bondman, all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth.—O, I could weep
Guttural tone. Low Pitch.
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius."

Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.

[2.] Here is an example in which the change from high pitch and full pure tone, to subdued force, low pitch, and guttural tone, is still more marked:—

The Inquiry.

"Tell me, ye wingéd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?

Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered—'No.'"—
Mackay.

[3.] In the following passage, which should begin with a plaintive tone and medium pitch, rise on the words "*to them*," then drop into a solemn tone, and at the period before the last rise to a high pitch, the changes in pitch and tone are very effective. The speaker is showing of how little avail is honest counsel, when once vice and luxury have gained the ascendant in a state.

Oratorical Debate.

Medium Pitch. Plaintive. "If there are in this new Parliament any men devoted to their private interests, and who prefer the gratification of their passions to the safety and happiness of their country, who can riot without remorse in the plunder of their constituents, who can forget the anguish of guilt in the noise of a feast, the pomp of a drawing-room, or the glare of an equipage, and think expensive wickedness and the gayeties of folly equivalent to the fair fame of fidelity and the peace of virtue—*to them*'— I shall speak to no purpose; for I am far from imagining any power in my words to gain those to truth who have resigned their hearts to avarice or ambition, or to prevail upon men to change opinions, which they have indeed never believed, though they are hired to assert them. For there is a degree of wickedness which no proof or argument can reclaim, as there is a degree of stupidity which no instruction can enlighten."—*Parliamentary Debates.*

Low and Solemn.

High.

In Tennyson's famous *Bugle Song*, the changes required in pitch, to adapt the expression to the sentiment, are extreme, and very striking in their effects. The first four lines of the first verse, being descriptive, require only medium pitch; the first four of the second, which are exclamatory, take a higher pitch; while the first four of the third naturally fall to the same pitch and tone as those in the first verse: but the lines in italics rise to a very high, shouting, uniform pitch, with exceedingly clear, ringing tones, and with very long quantity on the words "*b-l-o-w*," "*b-l-o-w*." The voice again falls to a low pitch on "answer, echoes," quickly rises again on the first "*dying*," and then takes a slow, falling gradation,— "*dying*', *dying*,– *dying*`." The description, throughout, is so vivid that the "splendor" of the scene is painted, to the imagination, in unrivalled brilliancy of coloring; and the echoes seem to be almost heard, reverberating among the mountains, faintly responsive from the "purple glens," and dying away in the distance.

Bugle Song.

1. "The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
B-l-o-w, bugle, b-l-o-w! set the wild echoes flying;
B-l-o-w, bugle!—answer, echoes,—*dying*',– *dying*,– *dying*`.–

2. "O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
B-l-o-w! let us hear the purple glens replying;
B-l-o-w, bugle! answer, echoes,—*dying*',– *dying*,– *dying*`.–

3. "O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on field, on hill, on river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever, and forever.
B-l-o-w, bugle, b-l-o-w! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer—*dying',— dying,— dying'*.—"

LESSON IV.—Movement of Voice.—Time.

There are those who are naturally slow speakers, and others who are rapid speakers; but, besides this, there are slow, medium, and rapid movements of voice, that are adapted each to its particular kind and style of composition. While solemn, grave, and devotional thoughts, profound reverence, adoration and amazement, sublimity and awe, are naturally expressed in a slow and measured manner, unimpassioned but earnest thoughts move with a little more force and motion; while the gay, the animated, and the joyous—and sometimes fear and indignation—attain a rapidity of utterance that is measured only by the rapid flow of the feelings which strive for expression. Therefore, movement in speech, as in music, will be found to pass through almost infinite gradations, as illustrated in the slow and solemn funeral march on the one hand, and in the animation of the dance on the other.

Division I.—*Slow Movement.*

Very slow movement is, evidently, well adapted to the reading of such pieces as Prentice's *The Closing Year*, Derzhavin's *Ode to God*, and Byron's *Dream of Darkness*, from which we have already taken extracts, for other purposes. The following, in which the distinguished author has made a commonplace subject sublime, by his exquisite handling of it, requires a movement but little less slow than those mentioned:—

[1.] "*Break! Break! Break!*"

1. "Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

2. "O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play;
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

3. "And the shapely ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand!
And the sound of a voice that is still.

4. "Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."—*Tennyson.*

[2.] *Triumph of Virtue.*

"As some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Swells from the plain, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."—*Goldsmith.*

Division II.—*Rapid Movement.*

The following extracts, which the most indifferent reader can scarcely read without falling, at once, into a rapid movement, are in a style that is in striking contrast with that employed in the foregoing:—

[1.] *From Campbell's "Lochiel."*

"False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one;
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock;
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock;
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws,
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array."

[2.] *From Byron's "Mazeppa."—The Wild Tartar Horse.*

"From out the forest prance
A trampling troop—I see them come;
A thousand horse, and none to ride;
With flying tail and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod:
A thousand horse—the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Come thickly thundering on.
They stop, they start, they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then, plunging back with sudden bound,
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye."

[3.] *From "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."*

"Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Re-buckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit."—*Browning.*

LESSON V.—Quantity, or Time on Vowel Sounds.

Quantity, in Elocution, is neither the *amount* nor the *loudness* of sound uttered; but the word is used in its grammatical sense to denote the long or short quantity of a vowel or syllable, or, *the time in which separate words are pronounced.* It has reference, especially, to a *prolongation* of sound in the utterance of syllables and words, and, though not the same as "Movement of Voice," is closely allied to it.

Division I.—*Long Quantity.*

We naturally *prolong*—that is, lengthen out—the vowel sounds in reading passages that are expressive of solemnity, grandeur, adoration, etc., generally with low pitch, medium force, and pure quality of sound, as in the following selection:—

[1.] *From Poe's "Bells."*

"Hear the tolling of the bells, iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night, how we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats from the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people; they that dwell up in
the steeple
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling, in that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman, they are neither brute
nor human,
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls; and he rolls, rolls, rolls,
rolls
A pæan for the bells! and his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells! and he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells."

[2.] There are occasional passages, however, in which high pitch and great force are combined with long quantity, as in Satan's call to his Legions:—

"Princes! Potentates!
Warriors! The flower of heaven! once yours, now lost,—
If such astonishment as this can seize eternal spirits,
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen."—*Milton.*

[3.] The deepest passions sometimes find expression in long quantity, slow movement, and energetic force, as in the following:—

"O, could my dying hand but lodge a *sword*–
In *Cæsar's bosom'*, and *revenge'* my country',
I could *enjoy'* the pangs' of *death'*, and *smile*–
In *agony'!*"

Division II.—*Short Quantity.*

Short quantity, which is the quick—almost instantaneous—utterance of syllables and words, is employed in giving expression to a great variety of thoughts and emotions. In the following selections it is seen to be natural, alike, to excited command and defiant threats, and is connected with high pitch and impassioned force:—

[1.] "Quick! man the life-boat! see yon bark,
That drives before the blast!
There's a rock ahead! the fog is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast."—*Anon.*

[2.] Long and short quantity are often intermingled in writings of a dramatic character, thus forming sudden transitions from one style to another, even when spoken by the same voice, as in the following selection,—the first four and a half lines of which require short quantity, and the remainder long quantity:—

"O hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks!
He comes! I see his glaring eyes!
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes!
Help! help!— —He's gone! O, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain! I know, I know
I am not mad—but soon shall be!"
"*The Maniac.*"—*M. G. Lewis.*

Walter Scott's description of the interview between Marmion and Douglas, which will be found in chapter xxxi., begins with the descriptive and ends with the narrative style; but, otherwise, the quantity, time, pitch, and quality are quite varied. The reader will readily distinguish those

passages in which short, quick, and abrupt tones are most natural to the excited passions of the speakers.

LESSON VI.—The Monotone.

The *monotone*, which is a succession of words on a uniform key or pitch—sometimes high, but more frequently low—is often employed in passages of solemn denunciation or sublime description, and in such as express deep reverence and awe. The movement is generally *slow*, the quality *pure*, and the volume of sound *full*. The monotone style becomes *monotonous*, as its name implies, when indulged in to any great extent; but it is very properly employed in the following selections:—

1. "And one cried unto another, and said, Hōly, hōly, hōly, is the Lōrd Gōd of hōsts. The whōle eārth is fūll of his glōry.—Blēssing, hōnor, glōry, and pōwer be ūnto hīm that sītteth upon the thrōne, and ūnto the Lāmb, for ēver and ēver."—*Isa.* vi. 3, and *Rev.* v. 13.

2. "In thōughts from the vīsions of the nīght, when dēēp slēēp fālleth on mēn, fēar cāme upōn mē, and trēmbling, which māde āll my bōnes to shāke. Thēn a spīrit pāssed befōre my fāce; the hāir of my flēsh stōōd ūp. It stōōd stīll, būt I cōuld not discērn the fōrm thereōf: an īmāge was befōre mine eȳes, there was sīlence, and I heārd a vōice, sāying, Shāll mōrtāl mān be mōre jūst than Gōd? Shāll a mān be mōre pūre than his māker?"—*Job* iv. 13–17.

Ossian's Address to the Sun. [An Apostrophe.]

3. "O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun? thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. The mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but

thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

4. "When the world is dark with tempests; when thunders roll, and lightnings flash, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more;[a] whether thy yellow hairs float on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth!"—*Macpherson's "Ossian."*

5. "High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat."—*Milton's "Paradise Lost."*

CHAPTER IV.—FIGURES OF SPEECH.

LESSON I.—Introductory.

1. A *Figure of Speech* is the use of a word or sentence in a sense different from its ordinary acceptation.

Thus, when we say a lemon has a sour taste, or an apple a sweet taste, we use the word *taste* in its ordinary acceptation; but when we apply it to intellectual relish, as when we say that a man has *a fine taste for painting, poetry*, or *music*, we use it in a figurative sense. So, also, when we use epithets that express some quality not literally appropriate to the words to which they are applied, as when we

[a] Ossian here alludes to his blindness.

speak of the *faithful* plough, the *expecting* soil, *glad* errands, *living* gold, *angry* tides, *drowsy* night, etc., we use figurative expressions.[a]

2. When we speak of listening to the *voice* of conscience, the *voice* of nature, etc., we depart from the literal and primary use of the word *voice;* but, as the figure is an appropriate one, we thereby add an additional charm to the thought, by the beauty of the language in which we clothe it. Figures form the constant language of poetry, and when properly applied they add ornament, dignity, and grace to prose, and often make it poetical. When Job, speaking of thunder as the *voice* of God, says, "Canst thou thunder with a *voice* like him?" and when the Psalmist says, "The floods lifted up their *voice*," the thought becomes all the more impressive by its poetical rendering.

3. To say that "the sun rises," is trite and common; but the idea becomes a magnificent image when expressed in the glowing language of the poet Thomson:—

> "But yonder comes the powerful *king* of day,
> *Rejoicing* in the east."

To say that "all men are alike subject to death," is but a common saying, and excites no emotion; but the thought rises and fills the imagination when painted thus:—

> "With equal pace impartial fate
> Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate."—*Horace.*

"It is to the figurative use of words," says Walker, "that language owes its peculiar force and beauty."

LESSON II.—The Simile.

1. What is called the *sim'i-le* is merely a poetical or imaginary *comparison* between one subject and another sub-

[a] See Fifth Reader, page 15, "Figurative Language."

ject or object different in kind from the former, but resembling it in some striking particular. It is considered one of the most sparkling, as it is one of the most common, ornaments of composition, and is employed in prose to enforce thought, and in poetry to enliven and embellish it.

2. Thus, if we would describe the steady, unmoved position of a body of soldiers in line of battle, we may do it very effectively by comparing it with some *resembling* object that will tend to dignify the subject, as, "The soldiers stood *like* statues, unmoved by the cannon's roar." So, a man's courage is sometimes compared to that of a lion, as we say, "He is *as* bold as a lion;" and eloquence is exalted in our imagination by comparing it to a river overflowing its banks and sweeping everything in its course. The principle of gratitude is beautifully illustrated by the following simile:—"As a river rolls its waters to the sea, whence its springs were supplied, *so* the heart of a grateful man delights to return a benefit received."

3. In the following, two objects that resemble each other in their *effects* only upon the mind, are very happily brought into comparison in describing the nature of soft and melancholy music:—"The music of Caryl was, like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul." The music of Caryl might have been compared, very naturally, to the voice of the nightingale, or the murmur of the stream; but a much stronger impression is made by the unexpectedness of the resemblance here introduced.

4. While the subject which the simile illustrates is to be read in such pitch and tone as are adapted to its character, it will be observed that, in a simile of much length, the reading naturally begins in a low and contemplative tone, and then gradually slides into a higher pitch, with varied inflections as the mind warms with the subject. The simile is generally introduced by the words *like*, *so*, *as*, or *thus;* but these words frequently introduce the subject also, when the simile precedes it.

The following are appropriate and beautiful similes, in which the comparison may be easily traced:—

I.—*Fraternal Concord.*

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard,—even Aaron's beard;—that went down to the skirts of his garment."—*Psalm* cxxxiii.

II.—*The Minds of the Aged.*

"The minds of the aged are like the tombs to which they are approaching; where, though the brass and the marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery has mouldered away."

III.—*Philip, last king of the Wampanoags.*

"He lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest,—without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle."—*Irving.*

IV.—*The Shadows on Loch Katrine.*

"The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye."—*W. Scott.*

V.—*The Poetry of Milton.*

"The poetry of Milton, exhibiting the most sublime conceptions and elevated language, intermingled with passages of uncommon delicacy of thought and beauty of expression, reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy-land, are embosomed in its most

rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche."

LESSON III.—The Metaphor.

A *metaphor* is a simile that may often be reduced to a single word; or, it may be said to be a similitude without the signs of comparison. Thus, if we say, "That man *is like* a fox," we make use of a simile; but if we say, "That man *is* a fox," we employ a metaphor to illustrate the character of the man. Hence, a simile may be literally true in a limited sense, but a metaphor must be literally *false*.

1. It was said of Demosthenes, that "He was the *bulwark* of Athens." This is an appropriate and striking metaphor; and if it be asked why it is so, we answer, by resolving it into a simile, thus:—"Because, *as* a bulwark guards a place from its enemies, *so* Demosthenes, by his eloquence, guarded the Athenian state." Let the following metaphors be explained in a similar manner.

2. In the poems long attributed to Ossian, a hero is described in the following language:—"In peace thou art the gale of spring; in war the mountain storm."—*Macpherson.*

3. The following is said of a vain woman:—"She was covered with the light of beauty; but her heart was the house of pride."

4. Byron has the following striking metaphor:—

"Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."

5. "The giant, man, long crushed by usurpers of divine right, is flinging off the Etna from his mangled breast.[a] His limbs are not yet drawn from under the quaking and groaning, fire-spouting mass."—*Dr. Bethune.*

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[a] The allusion, here, is to the fabled giant *Enceladus*. See Fifth Reader, p. 409.

6. Of *party strife*, it has been said, "Into this turbid maelstrom, from which virtue and conscience never come forth without a stain, good but ambitious men, of facile morality and feeble purposes, are ever ready to plunge."—*Dr. Olin.*

7. In the following extract from a speech of Daniel Webster at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, in 1825, the rising of South America into the light of intellectual and political freedom is illustrated by the metaphor of a continent emerging from the waters of the ocean into the light of day:—

"When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. Borne down by colonial subjugation, monopoly, and bigotry, those regions of the South were hardly visible above the horizon. But in our day there has been, as it were, a new creation. The southern hemisphere emerges from the sea. Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out in beauty to the eye of civilized man, and at the mighty bidding of the voice of political liberty the waters of darkness retire."

8. The following, in which ancient oratory is represented as *a flood*, etc., is a beautiful and forcible metaphor, however extravagant the statement may be:—

"The mighty flood of speech rolls on in a channel ever full, but which never overflows. Whether it rushes in a torrent of allusions, or moves along in a majestic exposition of enlarged principles, descends hoarse and headlong in overwhelming invective, or glides melodious in narrative and description, its course is ever onward and entire—never scattered, never stagnant, never sluggish."—*Lord Brougham.*

9. A metaphor is sometimes used to detract from the importance of the subject to which it is applied; thus:—

"It was in self-defence that Puritanism began those transient persecutions of which the excess shall find in me

no apologist; and which yet were no more than a train of mists hovering, of an autumn morning, over the channel of a fine river, that diffused freshness and fertility wherever it wound."—*George Bancroft.*

10. But metaphors should not introduce comparisons that are inconsistent with the subject, and impossible. Hence the following incongruous metaphor is very objectionable—and ludicrous:—

"The apple of discord is now fairly in our midst, and if not nipped in the bud it will burst forth into a conflagration which will deluge the sea of politics with an earthquake of heresies."

An *apple*, certainly, could not burst forth into a *conflagration;* nor could a conflagration *deluge* a *sea* with *heretical earthquakes!*

LESSON IV.—The Allegory.

1. *An Allegory* is the representation of one thing by another that is described in its stead, and hence it is a continued *allusion* to something that is not mentioned.

2. When the prophet Hosea said, "Israel *is* an empty vine," he employed a metaphor; if he had said, "Israel is *like* an empty vine," he would have made use of a simile: but when the prophets describe "an empty vine," or "an unfruitful vine," as they frequently do, while all the time they *mean* Israel, the comparison, thus hidden, becomes an allegory. We have an allegory of this kind in the eightieth Psalm:—

3. "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt. Thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river. Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her? The

boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it. Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts; look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine, and the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted."

4. Allegories are numerous; volumes might be filled with them; and among them may be found some of the choicest gems of language. The parables of the New Testament are allegories. Other good specimens are *The Hill of Science*, by Dr. Aiken; Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress; The Vision of Mirza*, by Addison; and *The Celestial Railroad*, by Hawthorne. Riddles and fables are allegories; but while a fable asserts what is generally impossible, the allegory *might* be true.

LESSON V.—Antithesis.

1. *Antithesis* is a figure of speech by which two or more objects, words, or sentiments are compared by being brought into *contrast*. Hence, like the simile, the metaphor, and the allegory, it is founded on *comparison;* but, as in the metaphor, the comparison is not expressed.

2. In the simplest forms of antithesis, single words or objects are brought into contrast, as in the following example:—[a]

> "Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
> *Pale*,— but *intrepid; sad*,— but *unsubdued*."

Here "pale" is contrasted with "intrepid," and "sad" with "unsubdued."

3. The comparison between "the living great" and "the sordid dust" of mortality, as suggested by the marble monument, is forcibly expressed by the following antithesis:—

> "Here lies the great— false marble, where?
> Nothing but sordid dust lies here!"

[a] See, also, Lesson V. p. 40, for further examples, and suggestions for the reading of antitheses.

4. Antithesis compares things that are alike in some respects, for the purpose of showing, to better advantage, some of their striking differences; and the greater the contrasts while the resemblances are also apparent, the greater the beauty of the figure. Thus:—"Cæsar died a violent death, but his empire remained: Cromwell died a natural death, but his empire perished." As these men were alike in being great generals, and in each having founded an empire, the contrasts stated are thereby rendered the more striking.

5. The book of Proverbs abounds in antitheses. Thus:—

a. "Open rebuke is better than secret love."

b. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are as bold as a lion."

c. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

6. In the following, the antithesis is composed of two similes:—

"The style of Canning is like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed: that of Brougham is like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus."

7. An antithesis may extend from mere words, and short passages, to pages of description. It is a beautiful and forcible figure when properly employed, but monotonously tiresome when carried to excess. It has been well remarked, in a truthful metaphor, that "antithesis may be the blossom of wit; but it will never arrive at maturity unless *sound sense* be the trunk, and *truth* the root."

LESSON VI.—Hyperbole and Irony.

1. An *hyperbole* is an extravagant expression, which, if literally understood, means either more or less than the

writer intends to utter; as when we call a tall person a giant; or say of a lean man, he is a mere skeleton, or shadow; or when we use expressions like the following:— as swift as the wind; as quick as lightning; as bright as the sun: they are swifter than eagles; they are stronger than lions. Hyperbole has been styled *the spice* of language.

2. The following are striking examples of this figure of speech:—

The eccentric John Randolph, in one of his speeches in Congress, exclaimed, "And what, sir, is debt? In an individual *it is slavery*. It is slavery of the worst sort, surpassing that of the West India Islands."

The Psalmist says, "*Rivers of waters* run down my eyes, because they keep not thy law."

3. In the last verse of the Gospel according to St. John, we read, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that *even the world itself* could not contain the books that should be written." By this extravagant expression we merely understand that what John had written was but a brief record of the deeds and words of Jesus.

4. Pope thus characterizes Milton's writings:—

> "Milton's strong pinions now *not heaven* can bound,
> Now serpent-like in prose he sweeps the ground."

Virgil, describing the swiftness of the warrior dame Camilla, says of her, in a continued hyperbole, that she

> "Outstripped the winds in speed upon the plain,
> Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
> She swept the seas, and, as she skimmed along,
> Her flying foot unbathed in billows hung."
>
> *Dryden's Æn., vii.*

5. Hyperbole is frequent in all kinds of composition, but especially in all great works of the imagination, in which we are accustomed to make a proper allowance for the extravagant language of passion. But it should be

used sparingly, for, if excessive, it becomes disagreeable, and degenerates into bombast.

6. *Irony* is a species of sarcastic hyperbole,—of gross exaggeration,—in which it is designed to convey a meaning directly opposite to the literal import of the words, and the *true* meaning is to be gathered from the circumstances and manner of the speaker or writer. Thus, if it be said of one who is known to be a very impudent fellow, "Surely, a person of his distinguished modesty could not be guilty of such a deed!" it would be an instance of strong irony.

A fine example of this figure is found in the taunts which the prophet Elijah addressed to the priests of Baal:—[a] "Cry aloud: for he is a god! Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked!"

LESSON VII.—Personification.

1. *Personification* is a figure by which we attribute life, action, and, generally, the exercise of some degree of thought or reason, to inanimate objects, and thus invest them with the character of *persons*.

2. In the lower degree of this figure it is some *epithet* only that expresses the personification; as when we speak of a *raging* storm, a *cruel* disaster, the *angry* ocean, an *obedient* ship, *frowning* winter, etc. In a higher degree of the figure, inanimate objects are more distinctly characterized as acting like persons; as when we say, the ground *thirsts* for rain; the earth *smiles* with plenty;—and when, in speaking of the sun as a monarch, we say, "*He looks* in boundless majesty abroad." The Psalmist uses this figure when, speaking of God's miracles in the deliverance of Israel, he says, "The sea *saw* it, and *fled;* Jordan *was driven back;* the mountains *skipped like rams,* and the little hills like lambs."—*Ps.* cxiv. 3, 4.

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[a] See p. 44, verse 3.

3. The varied character of this figure of speech is well illustrated in the following selections:—

a. "LANDS intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other."—*Cowper.*

b. "DECAY stands with tottering limbs and feeble breath, and *lisps* to us, with dying life, that we are drawing near the gates of Death."

c. "The Press *says*, It is all right; the Pulpit *cries*, Amen!"—*Wendell Phillips.*

d. "When Feeling *comes in* at the door, Reason has nothing to do but to *jump out* by the window."

e. "We then proceeded south, where the six gigantic columns *reared their heads* above the ruins."

f. "And Pelion *shook his fiery locks*, and *talked*
Mournfully to the fields of Thessaly."—*Byron.*

g. "Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the *live thunder!* Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath *found a tongue*,
And Jura *answers* through her misty shroud,
Back to the *joyous* Alps, who *call* to *her* aloud."—*Byron.*

LESSON VIII.—Apostrophe.

1. *Apostrophe*, in a rhetorical sense, is a sudden turning away from the current of thought, to address some absent person or object as though present.

2. A striking and beautiful apostrophe is that in which King David, lamenting the death of his beloved but erring son Absalom, gives way to a sudden outburst of grief, and addresses the dead and absent one:—

"And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus

he said: O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom! my son, my son."

3. In Webster's address to the survivors of the battle of Bunker Hill, there is a striking apostrophe to the martyr Warren, who fell on that spot in the opening struggle of the Revolution. After telling his audience what Warren was, the orator, glowing with the subject, suddenly turns to the patriot dead as though present, and thus addresses him:—

4. "How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of *thy* name! Our poor work may perish, but *thine* shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but *thy* memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with *thy* spirit!"[a]

5. In the following brief extract from a eulogy on La Fayette, which was delivered by Edward Everett, in Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of American liberty," there are several fine apostrophes:—

"You have now assembled within these sacred walls to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birthday of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master-voices of American renown. Listen, Americans, to the lessons which seem borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites. Ye *winds*, that wafted the Pilgrims to the land of promise, fan in their children's hearts the love of freedom! *Blood* which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! *Echoing arches* of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days! *Glorious Washington!* break the long silence

[a] One of the finest specimens of the sublime in writing is Ossian's address, or *apostrophe*, to the sun, which is introduced on page 82.

of that votive canvas: speak, speak, marble lips, teach us the love of liberty protected by law."

The apostrophe is most frequently employed in impassioned oratory and poetry, and is often combined or associated with personification.

LESSON IX.—Vision.

1. *Vision* is a figure of speech in which some past or future occurrence, or absent object, is represented as actually present to the sense of sight or hearing. Thus, in the well-known description of the battle of Waterloo, the last line of the first stanza employs this figure:—

"*But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes* like a rising knell."

2. Everett, in an oration on the Pilgrims, describes the Mayflower in the present tense, instead of the historical past. The following is the beginning of the description:—

"Methinks *I see it now:* that one solitary adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea."

3. Byron's description of the dying gladiator begins with the figure of vision:—

"*I see* before me the gladiator lie:
He *leans* upon his hand: his manly brow
Consents to death, but *conquers* agony."

4. Fisher Ames, depicting the dangers of a threatened war with the Indians, thus exclaims:—

"I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture; already they seem to sigh in the western wind, already they mingle with every echo from the mountains."

5. The novelist Dickens, in describing the disembarking

of himself and family from a *diligence* or stage-coach, in Italy, gives the narrative wholly in the present time:—

"The door is opened. Breathless expectation. The lady of the family gets out. '*Ah, sweet lady! Beautiful lady!*' The sister of the lady of the family gets out. '*Great Heaven, ma'amselle is charming!*' First little boy gets out. '*Ah, what a beautiful little boy!*' First little girl gets out. '*Oh, but this is an enchanting child!*' Second little girl gets out," etc.

LESSON X.—Minor Figures of Speech.

I. CLIMAX.—*Climax* consists of a series of members in a sentence, each rising in importance above the one which precedes it, so that the strongest impression shall come last. It is most effective when the last idea of the former member becomes the first of the latter, and so on to the end of the series, as in the following example from the orator Cicero:—

"What hope is there remaining of liberty, if whatever is their *pleasure*, it is *lawful* for them to do; if what is *lawful* for them to do, they are *able* to do; if what they are *able* to do, they *dare* do; if what they *dare* do, they really *execute;* and if what they *execute* is no way *offensive* to you?"

An *Anti-Climax*, which is a descent from great to little, has the effect of lowering the character of a subject, to the same extent that the climax elevates it.

II. REPETITION.—*Repetition* is a figure which gracefully and emphatically repeats either the same words, or the same sense in different words.

We find this figure in David's lament for his son Absalom; and it is used with much beauty in the following lamentation of Orpheus for his beloved Eu-ryd'i-ce:—

"*Thee, his loved wife*, along the lonely shores;
Thee, his loved wife, his mournful song deplores;
Thee, when the rising morning gives the light;
Thee, when the world is overspread with night."—*Virgil.*

With poetic license the fond lover is represented as continuing his lament even in death:—

> "His *last, last* voice,— his tongue now cold in death,
> Still named *Eurydice*, with parting breath;
> Ah! lost *Eurydice!* his spirit sighed,
> And all the rocks— *Eurydice* — replied."

III. ALLUSIONS.—An *Allusion* is an implied comparison, which consists in a reference to something supposed to be known to the hearer or reader, but not explicitly mentioned.

Thus, when the Mexican general Santa Anna, on falling into the hands of General Houston, after the battle of San Jacinto, said to him, "You have conquered the *Napoleon* of the West," the allusion was one that almost any person would understand, and also the comparison implied in it.

The following Biblical allusion will be readily understood by Bible readers:—"It is a melancholy pity when a man's philosophy, instead of being *the angel that steps down into the Bethesda* of his speculations, to *trouble its waters* to effect a cure, only perplexes the depth of his being, and turns up mire and dirt."

Allusions are very common in scholarly writings.

IV. METON'YMY.—*Metonymy* is a figure by which one name is put for another, the cause for the effect, the container for the thing contained, the sign for the thing signified, etc. Thus:—"I am reading *Milton*" (*his works*):—"*Gray hairs* (*old age*) should be respected:"—"The *kettle* (the *water* in it) is boiling:"—"He has at last assumed *the sceptre*" (*kingly power*).

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.—1564-1616.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Homer and Shakspeare, who may be placed side by side as the greatest and most original of poets, are alike in these respects,—that scarcely anything is authentically known of their personal history, and that what is known furnishes no explanation of their literary career. What knowledge we have of Shakspeare's life is derived from the musty records of the parish and the courts. We know that he was baptized on the 26th of April, 1564, that he died on the 23d of April, in the year 1616, and that he was buried on the 25th in the parish church of Stratford-upon-Avon. In his nineteenth year he married a very ordinary woman eight years older than himself, and a few years later he went to London, and played on the stage at the Globe Theatre. In 1605 he retired to an estate that he had purchased at Stratford-upon-Avon, where, to use the words of Nicholas Rowe, a play-writer of George the First's time, "his pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of his neighborhood."

2. Tradition says of Shakspeare that he was one of the thirsty lads of Stratford, and that he ran away to London to escape arrest for poaching. There is scarcely a line in his writings, except here and there in his sonnets, that can be traced to his personal experiences; and what there are of these express his discontents rather than his misfortunes. His plays, for the most part, are suggested by older dramas, if they are not revisions of them, and his knowledge of

classical history was probably derived from Plutarch's *Lives;* but what passed through the alembic of his mind is transformed in the process. It is no more what it was before than wine is a cluster of grapes, or a statue of Canova is a quarryman's block of marble.

3. Shakspeare's place in literature is an independent one. He had no models, and he followed no accepted rules. Neither the Renaissance nor classical training appears to have influenced his productions; but his genius first embodied the Teutonic or German type of art, the essential feature of which is the expression of feeling, and which has created new forms and new standards of criticism. With him comedy is mingled with tragedy, and blank verse with prose. His measure halts, and serious scenes end in rhyming puns; incongruous metaphors override one another in the same sentence; he has little regard for the unities of time or place; his scenes shift with startling rapidity, and long intervals of time often elapse between them; he hesitates at no anachronism; he has plays within plays; the most tragic movement is interrupted by needless episodes, and he allows himself the incongruities, the impossibilities, and the freedom of the old miracle plays, in which, indeed, the genuine English drama had its origin.

4. Shakspeare's works have taught the world that there is an art other than that of Greece or Rome, and that feeling can dictate form, as well as form awaken feeling. His art does not display the machinery of analysis or of reflection, for it portrays life. Its profoundest reflections are the outcries of human souls, and not the criticisms of the sage. His moral lessons are taught as nature teaches them;—the reader must infer them, for the master will not formulate them. No writings excel Shakspeare's in height, depth, and breadth of imagination; none in the variety of emotions depicted; none in tragic intensity of passion; none in airy gracefulness of fancy: no other author employs a vocabulary so copious and appropriate, a diction so energetic,

so suggestive, so concentrated, so effective. Art does not reach its perfect elaboration in Shakspeare, but its boundless resources are with him. He is the mine that contains the ore; others, here and there, may assay a little of it to a more lustrous purity. We quote from the distinguished critic, WILLIAM HAZLITT, the following characterization of the genius of the great dramatist:—

5. "The genius of Shakspeare shone equally on the evil and on the good, on the wise and on the foolish, on the monarch and on the beggar. He turned the globe around for his amusement, and surveyed the generations of men, and the individuals, as they passed, with their different concerns, passions, follies, vices, virtues, actions, and motives,—as well those that they knew, as those which they did not know or acknowledge to themselves. The dreams of childhood, the ravings of despair, were the toys of his fancy. Airy beings waited at his call, and came at his bidding. The world of spirits lay open to him, like the world of real men and women; and there is the same truth in his delineations of the one as of the other; for if the preternatural characters he describes could be supposed to exist, they would speak, and feel, and act as he makes them. He had only to think of anything in order to become that thing, with all the circumstances belonging to it.—Shakspeare's language and versification are like the rest of him. He has a magic power over words: they come winged at his bidding, and seem to know their places. They are struck out at a heat, and have all the truth and vividness which arise from an actual impression of the objects. His language translates thoughts into visible images."

6. Another eminent critic, LORD JEFFREY, thus writes:—"The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as to adorn, without loading, the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not

less, but more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellencies, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, they support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator."

7. Shakspeare wrote several poems, and one hundred and fifty-four sonnets. His dramatic works are too well known to need recapitulation here, and we need only observe that his authorship of *Pericles* is now generally doubted. As a specimen well adapted to the purposes of elocution, we select the following extract from the great author's tragedy of *Julius Cæsar.*

II.—*Antony's Address to the People.*

[*The occasion and the circumstances.*—The conspirators, among whom Brutus was the chief, had fallen upon Cæsar, and slain him, soon after he entered the capitol. Brutus then went to the public forum, and from the rostrum addressed the people with so much art, as to convince them that Cæsar's death was essential to the preservation of their liberties. While Brutus is speaking, Antony and others enter, with Cæsar's body. Brutus, believing that Antony sympathizes with the conspirators, requests him to address the people, and then leaves the forum. Antony begins by saying that he comes "to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," calls Brutus "honorable," etc., but artfully recounts the noble deeds of Cæsar, until, at length, he so turns the current of feeling against the conspirators, that the people rush forth to wreak vengeance upon them as traitors, and enemies of the commonwealth.]

1. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man:
So are they all, all honorable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

2. He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

[During the pause the citizens make their comments upon the events of the day, and upon Antony himself, which the latter, apparently absorbed in his reflections, does not seem to hear.]

3. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men:
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar—
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

[Antony has thus designedly awakened the curiosity of the citizens, who call for the reading of the will. He comes down from the rostrum: citizens form a ring around the dead body of Cæsar, and Antony resumes his address.]

4. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent—
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark, how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
This was the most unkindest cut of all!

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him! Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep! and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity;—these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look ye here!
Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors.

[The citizens have now become greatly excited against the conspirators, and Antony artfully foments their rage, while apparently endeavoring to allay it.]

5. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood:—I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds,—poor, poor, dumb mouths,—
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

I. *Verse* 2.—*Plutarch*, a Greek biographer, who lived in the first century of the Christian era. He wrote the lives of forty-six distinguished Greeks and Romans.—*Canova*, a celebrated Italian sculptor, born in 1757.

V. 3.—"The Renāis'sance," a renewal; a term specially applied to the revival of art in Italy, by the painter Raphael, at the beginning of the sixteenth century;—also applied to the revival of Classical literature after the dark ages, under modified forms.—"*Classical* training,"—training after those forms of composition that pertain to the best Greek and Roman authors.—"Comedy" and "tragedy."—"Unities of time or place." The three unities of the Greek drama were those of *time*, *place*, and *action*;—that is, the *time* supposed should not exceed twenty-four hours; the *place* should be one and the same throughout the drama; and the *action* should embrace but one main plot.—Take any play of Shakspeare, and tell wherein he violates *the three unities*.—"Anachronism," a disregard of chronological order.—"Episodes," separate stories or incidents.—"Miracle plays," especially such old dramatic representations as exhibit the lives of saints.

II. Antony's Address.—What *antitheses* in the opening lines?—Observe the frequent repetition of "are honorable men," etc., at first spoken with apparent honesty, but growing finally into deepest irony. [Irony and sarcasm use the circumflex inflection.]—What fine *apostrophe*, associated with personification, near the close of the 2d verse?—What double superlative in v. 4?—In v. 5, what figure is used in calling Cæsar's wounds "poor, poor, dumb mouths"?

III.—*Cardinal Wolsey.*

1. Wolsey had been raised to the highest pitch of honor by his sovereign, Henry the Eighth, and his revenues nearly equalled those of the crown. But, falling under the displeasure of the king, accused of treason, and stripped of all his possessions, he soon died of a broken heart. When the news of his disgrace first broke upon him, he exclaimed:—

"Nay then, farewell!
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more."

2. When the Dukes of Suffolk and Surrey make known to him the king's displeasure, and, taunting him for his misfortunes, bid him farewell and leave him, he thus soliloquizes:—

"So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day, he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers, in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now hath left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!"

3. When his friend and servant, Cromwell, with tears, and sorrow, and benedictions, takes leave of his beloved master, Wolsey thus feelingly addresses him:—

Verse 1.—Wolsey here first describes himself as a star that has attained its meridian. What figure is this?—What figure introduced by "like" follows it?

V. 2.—What beautiful metaphors, and simile, in the 2d verse?

"Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty:
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—prithee, lead me in:—
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Act III. Scene II. of King Henry VIII.

V. 3.—Point out metaphors in 3d verse, and explain their meaning.

For additional extracts from Shakspeare, see pp. 24, 26, 28, 30, 45, 49, 55, 58, 59, 61, 62, 63, 72, 73; also Fifth Reader, p. 433.

CHAPTER II.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Haroun Al-Raschid.*

[Haroun Al-Raschid, or Aaron the Just, of Bagdad, the great Mohammedan Caliph of the eighth century, by his conquests and vigorous administration raised the caliphate to the greatest splendor, and made his reign the golden era of the Mohammedan nations. He is the principal hero of the Arabian tales. His bravery, his love of letters, and the magnificence of his court, have shed a lustre over his character, and almost effaced its darker shades.]

1. Wide wastes of sand stretch far away;
   A single palm stands sentinel
   Beside the stone rim of a well;
   The sky bends down in shades of gray.

2. Like some sad ghost, with measured pace,
   A man comes slowly o'er the sand,
   A pilgrim's staff clasped in his hand,
   A hopeless sorrow in his face.

3. He leans against the lonely tree;
   A low wind, blowing from the south,
   Sweeps o'er the desert's sun-wrought drouth,
   With fragrant sweetness of the sea.

4. He bares his head; his weary eyes
   Turn upward, full of reverent light:
   "Father of all, I own thy might;
   Oh, give me rest!" he sadly cries.

5. "The sword has brought me gold and fame,
   And these have given me kingly state;
   Men bow to me and call me great,
   And what is greatness but a name?

6. "I cannot make *love* bless my lot:
Men show obeisance as they pass,
But, in my soul, I cry, Alas!
And wish my greatness were forgot.

7. "Haroun Al-Raschid, Caliph grand!
So courtiers say, but not so I;
For, like all men, I, too, must die:
Who then shall serve, and who command?"

8. Across the sands a caravan
Wound slowly, till it reached the place.
The merchants gazed upon his face,
And bent before the lonely man.

9. "O Caliph grand! the city waits
In sorrow for your swift return;
The people for your presence yearn,
And watchers throng the city gates.

10. "Cast off your pilgrim gown and hood;
Return to those who pray for you
With souls where love reigns strong and true,
Haroun Al-Raschid, Caliph good!"

11. Across the sands he took his way.
"They love me, then," he softly said;
"But, oh, one must be lost or dead,
Ere knowledge brings this perfect day!"

Thos. S. Collier.

II.—*Spinning.—A Lyric.*

1.

All yesterday I was spinning, sitting alone in the sun;
And the dream that I spun was lengthy, it lasted till day was done;

I heeded not cloud or shadow that flitted over the hill,
Or the humming bees, or the swallows, or the trickling of the rill:
I took the threads for my spinning all of blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight was woven in here and there.

2.

The shadows grew longer and longer, the evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendor of sunset was flooding the western sky;
But I could not leave my spinning, for so fair my dream had grown,
I heeded not, hour by hour, how the silent day had flown.

3.

At last the gray shadows fell round me, and the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley, and left it all on the hill.
I went up the hill this morning, to the place where my spinning lay—
There was nothing but glistening dew-drops remained of my dream to-day."—*Adelaide Procter.*

Lyric, a poem formerly designed to be sung to the lyre or harp; but now the term is applied to poetry that expresses the individual emotions of the speaker.—"The dream that I spun:"—What figure is employed here? The poem is an allegory; but the allegory is explained to be a dream. See, also, *Spinning, an Allegory*, chapter lxvii.

CHAPTER III.—JOHN MILTON.—1608-1674.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. John Milton has written the great epic poem of the English language, and it is as characteristic of his time and nation as the *Iliad* is of Greece, the *Æne'id* of Rome, or the *Divina Commedia* of Italy. His life embraces the stormy times of the rise and fall of the English Commonwealth. Inheriting from his father a taste for poetry and music, the lad was trained in classics by Dr. Thomas Young of Essex, placed at St. Paul's School in London, and at fifteen was entered in Christ's College, Cambridge. There, to use his own words, he devoted himself "for the space of seven years to the literature and arts usually taught, free from all reproach, and approved of all good men."

2. Disappointing his father's intention that he should serve the church, Milton passed five years at home in elegant ease and study, during which time he wrote *Comus*, and some other poems. He then travelled in France and Italy, boldly but not obtrusively avowing and defending his Protestant faith. News of the civil contentions in England reaching him at Naples, he turned his steps homeward, thinking it "base to be travelling for amusement abroad, while his fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home."

3. An ardent Republican and Puritan, Milton employed his pen in the struggle that was then convulsing England. At the time of the king's trial he published a number of polemical treatises, advocating the freedom of the press, maintaining the right to try and execute tyrannical rulers, and defending the Commonwealth. Cromwell made him Secretary of State, which office he held eight years, and until the Protector's death. His literary labors at this time cost him his eyesight.

4. On the Restoration of Charles the Second, Milton re-

tired from public life, and, employing his daughters as secretaries, he composed the two epic poems *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, the latter of which he regarded as his masterpiece. It is said that he taught his daughters to read to him in five different languages, without imparting to them their meaning or construction. His fame as a scholar and poet brought flocks of visitors to see him, even from abroad.

5. In person, Milton was rather short of stature, with a well-knit frame; his face was oval, his complexion ruddy, and his eyes gray. In later life his habits were very methodical. "He used to sit, clothed in a great coarse gray cloth coat, at the door of his house, near Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and there, as well as in his room, he received the visits of distinguished people." One of the pilgrims to his doors informs us that "he had a gravity in his temper, not melancholy, or not till the latter part of his life, not sour, not morose or ill-natured, but a certain severity of mind,—a mind not condescending to little things."

6. Milton's place in the history of English literature may best be illustrated by a typical poem, his *Samson Agonistes*. Its hero is a Hebrew, its sentiment is austerely religious, and its form is rigorously classical. It never was intended for the stage, and could only have been acted in buskin and mask under the blue skies of Greece, and in an ancient hillside theatre. It has a clearer faith and a more positive doctrine than the Greek tragedians ever knew; it lacks the apt rejoinders and the mirth-loving spirit in which Hellas delighted; yet Sophocles himself did not more faithfully observe the unities of the drama, and the perfect measures of verse. No other age, no other man, could bring together such Germanic feelings and ideas, such Puritan austerity, and such classical forms to illustrate a Hebrew story. Only a Milton could dress an Israelite in Greek garb without repugnance of theme and form.

7. This welding together of two arts, this solution of two civilizations in one story, belongs alike to the prose and the poetry of Milton. His themes and his spirit are typically and intensely those of Puritan England; his utterance is in classical allusions and language. Of him Dryden wrote,—

> "Three poets, in three distant ages born,—
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
> The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
> The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
> The force of Nature could no farther go,—
> To make a third she joined the other two."

8. The *Samson Agonistes* has a peculiar interest, because it is supposed to reflect Milton's view of his own condition of life. An intellectual Titan, holding with clear discernment the faith of his divine vocation to show men the truth, Milton, in his old age, stood alone among men in the majesty of his strength. He was a blind Samson among the Philistines of a dissolute court, and was deserted by the time-servers of his own religious family. He would fain have the labors of his own life end in pulling down the pillars of the false temples of profligacy, dishonor, and untruth. We may therefore read his own aspirations in "The Death of Samson."[a]

II.—*The Death of Samson.*

1. He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be essayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed,
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.

[a] See Judges xvi. 23–30.

2. At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
As overtired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the archèd roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixed, he stood as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."

3. This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed;
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,—
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

4. Milton's earlier works are allegorical, and abound in the supernatural, like Edmund Spenser's, which Milton greatly admired. They are lighter in theme than his later productions, but are full of classical allusions. His contem-

poraries spoke slightingly of his heavy verse; but his politics had made him unpopular with the wits of his time. The age of Queen Anne recognized his merit, and Dryden, Pope, and Addison extended his reputation. His *Paradise Lost* is a work of remarkable grandeur and sublimity. The delineation of Satan and the fallen angels, "hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky," is an astonishing effort of human genius; while in the councils of Heaven and Hell the argument goes on in scholastic form, as if the rules of debate in a Mediæval university were then in vogue. Pope thus notices this characteristic:—

"Milton's strong pinions now not heaven can bound;
Now serpent-like in prose he sweeps the ground.
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns the school-divine."

5. No writer of English has ever coined more phrases than Milton, by joining epithets and nouns; and great numbers of these still pass current on every tongue and pen: school-boys rehearse them in their compositions; the learned employ them in their essays. No other writer has given such distinctness of conception to religious ideas; and multitudes unconsciously read their Bible with the preconception he has cast upon it. As a specimen of the more lyrical part of his and our immortal epic, we give, from the Fifth Book of *Paradise Lost*,—

III.—*The Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve.*

1. These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare

Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven;
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

2. Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,
And when high noon hast gained; and when thou fallest.

* * * * * * * *

3. Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

4. Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk

The earth and stately tread or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord; be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as more light dispels the dark.

I. *Verse* 1.—What "great epic poem"? An *epic* is a narrative poem of elevated character, generally describing the exploits of heroes.—Who wrote the *Iliad?*—the *Æneid?*—the *Divina Commedia?* [Dan'te wrote the latter.] Tell what you can about them.

V. 3.—What "king's trial"?—Meaning of "polemical"?—What is meant by "freedom of the press"?—Who was the "Protector"?

V. 4.—What is meant by "restoration of Charles the Second"?—"Public life"?

V. 6.—A "*typical* poem" is one that has certain leading characteristics, of which the one referred to is the *type*, and which other poems imitate or copy. "Samson *Agonistes*" [Samson the *Athlete*].—Meaning of "buskin and mask"?—"Hellas," Greece. What figure of speech is here used?—*Sophocles*, a Greek tragic poet, born about 495 B.C.—Meaning of *tragic*, *tragedy*, *tragedian*.—"Unities of the drama." See p. 106, v. 3. "*Germanic* feelings and ideas." See the same. "Puritan austerity." Who were the Puritans?—"*Classical* forms." See p. 106, v. 3.

V. 7.—Who were the "three poets" here referred to?

V. 8.—"Titan," one of the fabled giants of ancient mythology.—What figures are embraced in the phrases, "an intellectual Titan,"—"a blind Samson,"—"the Philistines"?

II. What simile in the last verse of *The Death of Samson?*—*V.* 5. "*Lyrical* poetry"—among the ancients, poetry sung to the lyre; among the moderns, poetry that expresses the individual emotions of the poet, as opposed to *epic* poetry, which details external circumstances and events.

III. Point out the numerous examples of apostrophe and personification in this selection.—*V.* 2. "Fairest of stars." The planet *Venus*, at certain seasons called "the evening star," at others, "the morning star."

CHAPTER IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Elsie.*

1. On the table a goblet of sweet, fresh milk;
On the sofa a banner of crimson silk;
Over the picture a garland of flowers;
On the hearth a bright fire, giving cheer to the hours;
In the cage a gay bird, on an ivory ring,
Singing a carol to welcome the Spring;
In Elsie's young heart a beneficent thought,
From the story of Jesus the Merciful caught.

2. Baby drank up the fresh goblet of milk;
John marched away with the banner of silk;
The flowers dropped silently, one by one;
The fire turned to ashes at setting of sun;
The cage was left open, one warm, sunny day,
And, beckoned by Summer, the bird flew away;
But the thought haply planted in Elsie's child-heart
Took root and became of her spirit a part,
And blossomed in many a generous deed,
Like flowers blooming fair from a wayside seed.

Mrs. E. D. Harrington.

What are here represented as fleeting and transitory?—Designed to picture forth what?—"Planting a thought." What figure is this?—What simile at the close of the second verse?

II.—*Hannah Binding Shoes.*

1. Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

2. Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

3. Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

4. May is passing;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

5. 'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

6. Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Lucy Larcom.

CHAPTER V.—JOHN BUNYAN, 1628-1688.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Right in the midst of the great and shining lights of the Augustan Age of English literature, appears John Bunyan, the celebrated author of the world-renowned *Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come.* The history of this man, and the character and reputation of his writings, illustrate, in a very marked manner, the times in which he lived. Of his style of writing, Southey says, "His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one. If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English, the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes, indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength."

2. The poet Cowper thus alludes to Bunyan, but does not name him, lest the name should provoke a sneer!

"Ingenious dreamer! in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail:
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;

Witty and well employed, and, like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slightest word;—
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deservèd fame."

3. John Bunyan was the son of a tinker, and for many years he followed his father's occupation, travelling about the country in the usual gypsy life of his profession. Bunyan says of himself, "I was of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all families in the land. I never went to school to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up in my father's house in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen." He represents himself as profane and irreligious in his early life, and he had no school education. "Yet this is the man," says the historian Froude, "whose writings have for two centuries affected the spiritual opinions of the English race in every part of the world more powerfully than any other book or books, except the Bible.

4. "When Bunyan felt himself called upon to preach, he was modest, humble, shrinking: he knew nothing of philosophy, nothing of history, nothing of literature; but it was soon evident that, with what people called inspiration, he was abundantly supplied. He preached wherever opportunity offered,—in woods, in barns, on village greens, or in town chapels; and his preaching became an extraordinary success. It was at a time when sects were springing up all over England, like weeds in a hot-bed; and Bunyan soon found himself in controversy,—controversy with the Church of England people, controversy with the Ranters, and controversy with the Quakers."

5. Envy at his rapidly acquired reputation brought him enemies: he was called a witch, a Jesuit, a highwayman, and reports baser still were circulated against him. When the Protectorate ended, and Charles II. was restored to the

throne, and the Cavaliers came into power, the Non-conformists again found themselves under bondage. Bunyan was charged with upholding assemblages for religious purposes contrary to law, and was thrown into Bedford jail, where he remained twelve years and a half, although he was told that if he would give up preaching, he should at once be set at liberty; but he always answered, "If you set me free to-day, I will preach again to-morrow."

6. In jail, not being able to work at his old trade of a tinker, he made tagged laces to support himself, wife, and children; and it was here, with a library of only two volumes, the Bible, which he knew by heart, and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, that he wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

II.—*Character of Bunyan.*

1. The historian already referred to thus portrays the character of this remarkable man:—

"There was no fanaticism in Bunyan; nothing harsh or savage. His natural humor perhaps saved him. His few recorded sayings all refer to the one central question; but healthy seriousness often best expresses itself in playful quaintness. He was once going somewhere disguised as a wagoner, and was overtaken by a constable who had a warrant to arrest him. The constable asked him if he knew that devil of a fellow, Bunyan. 'Know him!' Bunyan said. 'You might call him a devil if you knew him as well as I once did.'

2. "A Cambridge student was once trying to show him what a divine thing reason is,—'reason, the chief glory of man, which distinguishes him from a beast,' etc. Bunyan growled out, '*Sin* distinguishes man from beast. Is sin divine?'

3. "Although he appeared to be of a stern and rough nature, yet in conversation he was mild and affable. He was indifferent to advancement, and he did not seek it for his family. A London merchant offered to take his son

into his house. 'God,' said Bunyan, 'did not send me to advance my family, but to preach the gospel.' He had no vanity, and personal popularity was the part of his situation that he least liked.

4. "When he was to preach in London, if there was but one day's notice the meeting-house was crowded to overflowing. Twelve hundred people would be found collected before seven o'clock on a dark winter's morning to hear a lecture from him. In Zoar Street, Southwark, his church was sometimes so crowded that he had to be lifted to the pulpit stairs over the heads of the congregation. It pleased him, but he was on the watch against the pleasure of being himself admired. A friend complimented him once, after service, on 'the sweet sermon' which he had delivered. 'You need not remind me of that,' he said: 'the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit.'"

The Pilgrim's Progress, though professedly an allegoric story, is conceived in the broad sphere of humanity itself. It is thus characterized by the English historian from whom we have already quoted:—

III.—*Character of "The Pilgrim's Progress."*

1. "The religion of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is the religion which must be always, and everywhere, as long as man believes that he has a soul, and is responsible for his actions; and thus it is that, while theological folios, once devoured as manna from Heaven, now lie on the book-shelves dead as Egyptian mummies, this book is wrought into the mind and memory of every well-conditioned English or American child; while the matured man, furnished with all the knowledge which literature can teach him, still finds the adventures of Christian as charming as the adventures of Ulysses or Æne'as. He sees there the reflection of himself, the familiar features of his own nature, which remain the same from era to era. Time cannot impair its

interest, nor intellectual progress make it cease to be true to experience.

2. "In *The Pilgrim's Progress* we are among genuine human beings. The reader knows full well the road which Christian follows. He has struggled with him in the Slough of Despond. He has shuddered with him in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He has groaned with him in the Dungeons of Doubting Castle. He has encountered on his journey the same fellow-travellers. Who does not know Mr. Pliable, Mr. Obstinate, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Feeble Mind, and all the rest? They are representative realities, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. 'If we prick them, they bleed; if we tickle them, they laugh;' or they make us laugh. 'They are warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as we are.'

3. "*The Pilgrim's Progress* is a representation of the efforts of a single soul after holiness, which has its natural termination when the soul quits its mortal home and crosses the dark river. Each one of us has his own life-battle to fight out, his own sorrows and trials, his own failures or successes, and his own end. He wins the game, or he loses it. The account is wound up, and the curtain falls upon him.

4. "Here Bunyan had a material as excellent in itself as it was exactly suited to his peculiar genius; and his treatment of the subject from his own point of view—that of English Protestant Christianity—is unequalled, and never will be equalled. I may say never, for in this world of change the point of view alters fast, and never continues in one stay. As we are swept along the stream of time, lights and shadows shift their places, mountain plateaus turn to sharp peaks, mountain ranges dissolve into vapor. The river which has been gliding deep and slow along the plains, leaps suddenly over a precipice and plunges foaming down a sunless gorge. In the midst of changing circumstances the central question remains the same,—What am

I? What is this world, in which I appear and disappear like a bubble? Who made me, and what am I to do? Some answer or other the mind of man demands, and insists on receiving.

5. "Bunyan lived sixteen years after his release from the jail, and those years were spent in the peaceful discharge of his congregational duties. *The Pilgrim's Progress* spread his fame over England, over Europe, and over the American settlements. It was translated into many languages." —*James Anthony Froude.*

The following extract, in which the Pilgrims, Christian and Hopeful, at the close of their long journey, are described as approaching and entering into the "*Golden City*," will give, to those who have not read the work, some idea of the style in which *The Pilgrim's Progress* is written:—

IV.—*The Golden City.*

1. "Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground; and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for the season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place as much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the border of Heaven.

* * * * * * * *

2. "Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over, in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that

do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

3. "Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, etc.; to whom it was said, 'These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place;' and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said, 'Where are the men?' To whom it was answered, 'They are standing without the gate.' The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

4. "Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, honor, and glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'

5. "Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal."

I. *Verse* 3.—*Aristotle*, a celebrated Grecian philosopher, who died about 323 B.C.—*Plato*, another celebrated Grecian philosopher, whose

writings are very valuable. He died about 348 B.C.—*V.* 4. *Ranters*, a Christian sect that sprang up in England in 1645.—*Quakers*, a Christian sect founded in England about 1650. They call themselves "Friends."

III. *Verse* 1.—*Ulysses*, one of the Greek leaders at the siege of Troy. His ten years' wanderings after the siege form the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*.—*Æne'as*, a Trojan prince who fought for Troy in the ten years' siege,—the hero of Virgil's *Æne'id*.—*V.* 2. Several allusions to characters in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. See IV.

CHAPTER VI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Jerusalem, the Golden.*

"And I John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, and the city was pure gold."—*Rev.* xxi. 2, 18.

1. Jerusalem, the Golden!
   I weary for one gleam
   Of all thy glory folden
   In distance and in dream!
   My thoughts, like palms in exile,
   Climb up to look and pray
   For a glimpse of thy dear country,
   That lies so far away!

2. Jerusalem, the Golden!
   Methinks each flower that blows,
   And every bird a-singing,
   Of thee some secret knows;
   I know not what the flowers
   Can feel, or singers see,
   But all these summer raptures
   Seem prophecies of thee.

3. Jerusalem, the Golden!
When sunset's in the west,
It seems thy gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches
Through intermediate gloom
Are waving with our welcome
To thy eternal home.

4. Jerusalem, the Golden!
Where loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrows olden
Forever triumphing;
Lowly may be the portal,
And dark may be the door,
The mansion is immortal—
God's palace for His poor!

5. Jerusalem, the Golden!
There all our birds that flew,
Our flowers but half unfolden,
Our pearls that turned to dew,
And all the glad life-music
Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us
As we are drawing near.

6. Jerusalem, the Golden!
I toil on day by day;
Heart-sore each night with longing,
I stretch my hands and pray
That 'mid thy leaves of healing,
My soul may find her nest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest!—*Gerald Massey.*

What is meant by *Jerusalem*, as here used?—What word is per-

sonified in the first verse?—*V.* 3. What are the "midnight starry torches"?—*V.* 5. What is meant by "our birds," "flowers," "pearls," "life-music," that shall greet us?

II.—*Homeward.*

1. The day dies slowly in the western sky;
The sunset's splendor fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerily
The goatherd calls his wanderers to their fold:
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort; evening bringeth all things home.

2. Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull takes its flight;
The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand;
The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night;
The shadows deepen over sea and land:
Be still, my soul; thine hour shall also come;
Behold, one evening, God shall lead *thee* home.

H. M., in Littell's Living Age.

CHAPTER VII.—JOHN DRYDEN.—1631-1700.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Three things are to be noted concerning John Dryden. His career began when the Renaissance style was dying out, its last great representative having been John Milton; and it ended as the more exact classical school founded upon French examples was just flowering into the Augustan Age of Queen Anne's time. The third fact is that Dryden, abandoning the inverted style of the classics, the capricious fancies of the Renaissance, and the argumentative forms of the schools, adopted a simple, unaffected style,

and became the father of modern English prose. It was his misfortune to bridge these two epochs; but his writings are logical, and he is the first writer who lays down the principles of literary criticism.

2. Dryden was born of an old family of Northamptonshire, which had joined the Puritan party and was devoted to Cromwell. He became a Roman Catholic, and his change of religion, which occurred after the restoration of Charles the Second, has been harshly criticised as hypocritical, as if he had obeyed the maxim that "thrift would follow fawning;" but he manfully maintained his ground after the Revolution of 1688, when his consistency stripped him of a pension and his laureateship, and reduced him to obloquy and poverty. He died in the reign of William the Third, and was buried, by charitable subscriptions, in Westminster Abbey.

3. Dryden wrote nearly thirty dramas, most of which are too logical, and too wanting in incident, for successful presentation on the stage. He translated Virgil, and undertook Homer, of which latter effort Pope said, that if the work had been completed, he (Pope) would not have entered on the task. He also composed metrical fables and allegories as satires upon the men of his times, and he was engaged almost constantly in sharp warfare with his critics and enemies. He died a literary hack, writing poetry at so much a line.

4. As a prose writer, Dryden excelled in criticism; he was unequalled in satire; and the spirit, freedom, grace, and melody of his versification remain almost, if not wholly, without a rival. His favorite drama, *All for Love*, is a tragedy founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra, and written in imitation of Shakspeare. In the following opening of a poem which he wrote to defend the Church of England against dissenters, the contrast which he draws between Reason and Religion is singularly solemn and majestic:—

II.—*Reason and Religion.*

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So, pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light."

III.—*Alexander's Feast.*

1. The immortal *Ode to St. Cecilia*, commonly called *Alexander's Feast*, is the loftiest and most imaginative of all Dryden's compositions. It has been called "the lyric masterpiece of English poetry," and Dryden himself declared of it, that "no one had ever composed, or would ever compose, a finer ode."

2. In *Alexander's Feast*, which is founded on historic facts, Timo'theus, with his lyre for accompaniment, sings before Alexander on the throne in his palace at Persepolis, praising the beauty of Thais by his side, and rehearsing the defeat of Dari'us. Dryden's verses depict the changes of the emotions aroused by the music, and follow its melody with their cadences. Only partial extracts from this poem can here be given, but they are sufficient to show the wonderful variety of harmonious versification of which the English language is capable in the hands of a master.

3. "'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;

His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair."

4. Here, and at the end of each musical recitation, the company of singers join in the song, and repeat the closing lines in chorus. Timotheus next sings the praises of Jupiter, when the crowd, carried away with enthusiasm, proclaim Alexander a deity!

"The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound:
'A present deity!' they shout around:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres."

5. When, next, the martial strains have fired the monarch's soul almost to madness, the master musician adroitly changes the spirit and measure of his song, and allays the tempest of passion which his skill had raised.

"Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n, from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow."

6. Next, soothed by "softly sweet Lydian measures," the monarch sinks into a slumber, from which a change in the music to a discordant strain arouses him to feelings of revenge, as the singer draws a picture of the Furies, and of the Greeks "that in battle were slain."

"Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark!—the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead;
And, amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries—
See the Furies arise!

See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold! how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy."

7. The last division of the poem, dropping the description of the musical scene of the feast, draws a contrast between ancient and modern musical art.

"Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

IV.—*Dryden's Prose.*

"The prose of Dryden," says Sir Walter Scott, "may rank with the best in the English language. It is no less of his own formation than his versification, and is equally spirited and harmonious. It is dignified when dignity is becoming, and is lively without the accumulation of strained and absurd allusions and metaphors, which were unfortunately mistaken for wit by many of the author's contemporaries."

The following, from Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, is a fine characterization of Shakspeare's writings:—

Shakspeare.

"Shakspeare was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned: he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there.

"I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injustice to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clinches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; and no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above all other poets

"'As the tall cypress o'er the osier's shoot.'"

We close these extracts with Dryden's excellent

V.—*Advice to Young Writers.*

"Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offence:
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve;
Nor bombast, noise, nor affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking, never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast:
Keep to your subject close in all you say,
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray;
The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe;
Polish, repolish, every color lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away."

II. Describe the several similes in this extract. How many are there?

III. *Verse* 1.—Who was the Philip here referred to?—Meaning of "desert in arms"? *Thais:* a celebrated Athenian beauty who accompanied Alexander in his expedition.—How should the three lines of "repetition" be read? (See p. 26.)

V. 4.—Meaning of "assumes the god," and "affects to nod"? (Assumes to act like Jupiter, whose will kings and gods obey, and at whose nod Olympus shakes to its foundations.)

V. 6.—Allusions to the *Furies*, "the snakes that they rear," etc. (In Grecian mythology the *Furies* were three goddesses, who brandished each a torch in one hand and a scourge of snakes in the other.)—"The king seized a flambeau," etc. Thais is said to have instigated Alexander, on this occasion, to set fire to the palace, intending to burn the entire city. The poet compares her to Helen, whose fatal beauty caused the downfall of Troy 852 years before.

CHAPTER VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*The Conqueror.*

1. I remember Falaise, and the songs that we sung
When eventide gathered the old and the young,
And over the vineyards the golden moon hung
In the years that are fled.

2. My fleet on the waters again I behold,
The gonfalons waving, the pennons of gold,
The three-bannered lions of Normandy old,
As in years that are fled.

3. I pointed to England, and proudly behind,
The wings of a thousand ships rose on the wind,
And the sun, sinking low, on the serried shields shined,
In the years that are fled.

4. Pevensey! The shout from a thousand ships rung;
To Hastings we marched, the green hill-sides among,
And there the great war-song of Roland we sung,
In the years that are fled.

5. And calm was the evening, the moon it was round,
The dead and the dying lay thick on the ground,
As I stood by the side of young Harold discrowned,
In the years that are fled.

6. My army from slumber awakened each day,
The yeomen to harry, the foemen to slay:
They fought by the Humber, they fought by the Tay,
In the years that are fled.

7. Fécamp glows before me,—the feasts debonair,
The troubadours' dance in the torch-lighted air,
The full wine that flowed 'neath the coronals there,
In the years that are fled.

8. The scutcheon of conqueror shines on the wall;
My triumphs are arrassed in yonder bright hall,
And chronicled there where the tapestries fall
Are the years that are fled.

9. My red wars are ending; o'er wrinkles of care
Time's coronet silver encircles my hair;
Alas, and alas, for the son of Robert,[a]
And the years that are fled!

10. Hark! a young mother sings on the terrace below,
To the babe on her breast, an old rune of Bayeux:[b]
My crown would I give its sweet slumbers to know,
And to lie in its stead!
Hezekiah Butterworth.

The foregoing poem, gracefully written, is full of "allusions"; but, instead of explaining them, we leave them to stimulate the pupil—and perhaps the teacher also—to a little historical research.

Who was the "Conqueror," the subject of the poem?

Verse 1.—Where was *Falaise*, the birthplace of "The Conqueror"? Where were "the vineyards" here referred to?

V. 2.—On what "waters"?—Meaning of "gonfalons" and "pennons"?—The "three-bannered lions"?—Where was *Normandy?*

V. 4.—Where was *Pevensey*, and why referred to here?—Where was *Hastings?*—Who was *Roland?*—What about that "war-song"?—Who sung it on the occasion here referred to?

V. 5.—Who was *Harold?*

V. 6.—Meaning of "to harry"?—What were the *Humber* and the *Tay?*

V. 7.—Where was *Fécamp?*—Meaning of "feasts debonair"?—Who were "the troubadours"?—Meaning of "'neath the coronals"?

V. 8.—Meaning of "arrassed"?—Whose triumphs were "arrassed," and in what hall?—What were the *tapestries* here referred to, and who is supposed to have worked them?

V. 9.—Meaning of "Time's coronet silver"?—Who is meant by "the son of Robert"?

V. 10.—What is meant by "rune," as here used?—Where and what was *Bayeux?*

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[a] Here the French pronunciation, *Ro-bare'*, must be given, to rhyme with *care.*—[b] Pronounced Bay-ō', or, nearly, Bă-yoo'.

II.—*Historic Old England.*

1.

Land of the rare old chronicle, the legend, and the lay,
Where deeds of fancy's dreams are truths of all thine ancient day;
Land where the holly-bough is green around the Druid's pile,
And greener yet the histories that wreathe his rugged isle;
Land of old story—like thine oak, the aged, but the strong,
And wound with antique mistletoe, and ivy-wreaths of song,
Old isle and glorious—I have heard thy fame across the sea,
And know my fathers' homes are thine, my fathers rest with thee!

2.

And I have wooed thy poet-tide from fountain-head along,
From warbled gush to torrent roar, and cataract of song.
And thou art no strange land to me, from Cumberland to Kent,
With hills and vales of household name, and woods of wild event;
For tales of Guy and Robin Hood my childhood ne'er would tire,
And Alfred's poet-story roused my boyhood to the lyre.

3.

Fair isle! thy Dove's[a] wild dale along with Walton have I roved,
And London, too, with all the heart of burly Johnson, loved.
Chameleon-like, my soul has ta'en its every hue from thine,
From Eastcheap's epidemic laugh to Avon's gloom divine.

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[a] *Dove*, a river of England, in the northwest part of Derbyshire. At "Dove Dale" it flows through a gorge of great beauty.

All thanks to pencil and to page of graver's mimic art,
That England's panorama gave to picture up my heart:
That round my spirit's eye hath built thine old cathedral piles,
And flung the checkered window-light adown their trophied aisles.
I know thine abbey, Westminster, as sea-birds know their nest,
And flies my homesick soul to thee, when it would find a rest;
Where princes and old bishops sleep, with sceptre and with crook,
And mighty spirits haunt around each Gothic shrine and nook.
I feel the sacramental hue of choir and chapel there,
And pictured panes that chasten down the day's unholy glare;
And dear it is, on cold gray stone, to see the sunbeams crawl,
In long-drawn lines of colored light that streak the bannered wall.—*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.*

CHAPTER IX.—JOSEPH ADDISON.—1672-1717.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Joseph Addison, an English essayist, dramatist, and poet, was born in 1672, during the reign of Charles the Second. In his early school days he made the acquaintance of Richard Steele, who afterward became a distinguished writer, and Addison's literary associate.

2. At the age of fifteen, Addison entered Queen's College, Oxford, where he applied himself with such diligence to

classical learning, that he acquired an elegant Latin style before he had arrived at the age when lads usually begin to write good English. At the age of twenty-three, a Latin poem, addressed to King William on one of his campaigns, secured him the royal favor; and a pension of three hundred pounds per annum, awarded him by the king, enabled the young poet to gratify his inclination in visiting the classic soil of Italy. While there, he described the monuments and the heroic deeds of ancient Rome in a poetic epistle to Lord Halifax, which has been deemed, by some, the most elegant of his productions. On the death of the king, however, Addison's pension was withdrawn, and he returned to England with no means of livelihood, and no prospects beyond the uncertain dependence of a literary hack.

3. But again fortune favored him. At the accession of Queen Anne to the throne, in the year 1702, the nation was involved in the "War of the Spanish Succession," and in the campaign of 1704 the English Duke of Marlborough,[a] in the battle of Blenheim, a small village of Bavaria, gained a great victory over the allied French and Bavarians. A poet was sought for by the English Lord-Treasurer to celebrate the events of the campaign, when Lord Halifax named Addison as the proper person. Addison undertook the task, and a poem of nearly five hundred lines, entitled "The Campaign," was written. When Addison, during the compilation of the poem, read to his patrons the sublime description of Marlborough in battle, and the splendid illustrative simile[b] that accompanies it, he was at once rewarded with the office of Commissioner of Appeals; and from that time fortune smiled upon him. The extract from "The Campaign" may be introduced here as one of the finest specimens of Addison's poetic style:—

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[a] *Marlborough*, pronounced Mawl'b'ro.

[b] *Sim'ile*, or comparison. See page 84.

II.—*Marlborough in Battle.*

1. "Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound:
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts, unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

2. The Simile.[a] "So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
(Such as, of late, o'er pale Britannia passed,)
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

3. In the year 1716 Addison married the Countess-dowager of Warwick, to whose son he had been tutor; but it is said that the lady, remembering her own rank, thought herself entitled to treat her second husband with very little ceremony. The marriage was not, therefore, altogether a happy one. On his death-bed, at the early age of forty-seven, just before he expired, Addison sent for his dissolute step-son, the Earl of Warwick, and while the young noble-

[a] Here Marlborough, calmly surveying and directing the battle "amidst confusion, horror, and despair," is boldly *likened*, or compared, to the angel who, while urging onward the tempest in obedience to divine command, "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

man stood by his bedside, the dying man, grasping his hand, said he had called him that he might see with what peace a Christian could die.

4. The principal works of Addison were his poems on various occasions, his celebrated tragedy of *Cato*, and his numerous essays, most of which were published in those literary Reviews, the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian*. Referring to the character of Addison's delightful essays in these Reviews, Thackeray, in his *English Humorists*, says:—

5. "It is as a *Tatler* of small talk and a *Spectator* of mankind, that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in that artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge, who castigated only in smiling. Every one of the little sinners brought before him is amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition."

To this we append an extract from Addison's humorous account of himself—half truth and half fiction—as it appeared in the first number of the *Spectator*. It is a fair sample of his familiar essay style.

III.—*Addison's Introduction to his Readers.*

1. "I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or a choleric disposition, married or a bachelor; with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings; and I shall give some account in them of the persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief work of compiling, digesting,

and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history. * *

2. "I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not more than half a dozen of my select friends that know me. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance: sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Wills', and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in these little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and, whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room.

3. "I appear on Tuesday night at St. James's Coffee-House; and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theatres both of Drury-lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon Exchange for above these two years; and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

4. "Thus I live in the world rather as a '*Spectator*' of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling in any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversions of others, better than those who are engaged in them—as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. In short, I have acted, in all parts of my life, as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper."

5. The moral character of Addison was above reproach. In his writings he employed wit on the side of virtue and

religion, and brought elegance and gayety to the aid of goodness. The historian Macaulay thus speaks of him:—

6. "He was the greatest of English essayists, and the forerunner of the great novelists of the Augustan Age of English literature. Never before had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility, and yet this was the smallest part of Addison's praise; for whatever style he might have adopted, his genius would have triumphed over all faults of manner. As a moral satirist he stands unrivalled; the faculty of invention he possessed in large measure, and his humor is of a most delicious flavor. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered, among us, the sure mark of a fool."

7. The celebrated critic and moralist, Dr. Johnson, writes as follows:—"As a describer of life and manners, Mr. Addison must be allowed to stand, perhaps, in the first rank.—As a teacher of wisdom he may be confidently followed.—Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision, sometimes appears half veiled in an allegory, sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

8. "Addison's prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling.—His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendor.—What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

9. One of Addison's most charming allegories is *The Vision of Mirza*, which may well be regarded as one of the finest moral lessons ever penned. The poet Burns said of it, "It is the earliest composition that I recollect taking any pleasure in." Addison professes to have found it in a package of Oriental manuscripts that he picked up when he was at Grand Cairo, in Egypt, and to have translated, word for word, as follows:—

IV.—*The Vision of Mirza.*

1. On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

2. While I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place.

3. My heart melted away in secret raptures. I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by

those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasure of his conversation, as I looked upon him, like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

4. I drew near, with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me."

5. He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the valley of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

6. "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea, that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life: consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred.

7. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that

a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me farther," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it."

8. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

9. There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented.

10. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping, unexpectedly, in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching by everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk.

11. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with cimeters in their hands, and others with lancets, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on

trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

12. The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch, in great numbers, upon the middle arches."

13. "These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life." I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The Genius, being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist, into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

14. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist, that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas, that ran among them.

15. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

16. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted, as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants.

17. "Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on those happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie under those dark clouds that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant."

18. The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had

been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

I. *Verse* 1.—"Literary hack," meaning of?

II. *V.* 3. Meaning of "Countess-*dowager*"?—*V.* 5. Meaning of "satirist"?

III. *V.* 1. Meaning of "choleric"?—*V.* 2. "*round* of politicians"?—*V.* 3. "Exchange"?—"stock-jobbers"?—*V.* 4. "speculative statesmen"?—*V.* 7. Point out the antithetic passages in this verse.—*V.* 8. The antitheses in this verse also.

IV. *V.* 3. "Genius," as here used, a good or evil spirit, charged with the care of men, places, or things.—*V.* 4. Meaning of "soliloquies"?—*V.* 6. What is meant by "the sea bounded with darkness at both ends"?—The "threescore and ten entire arches" of the bridge?—*V.* 7. Why the "thousand arches" *at first*?—The "flood"?—The "black cloud" hanging on each end of the bridge?—*V.* 8. The "trap-doors" and "pitfalls"?—Why "thick at the entrance of the bridge," and "toward the end"?—[In this manner continue the explanation of the allegory.] Taken as a whole, what is it a picture of?

CHAPTER X.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*The Pauper's Drive.*

1.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot;
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

2.

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;

Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

3.

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

4.

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast!
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

5.

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear softly his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his *Maker* yet owns.

Thomas Noel.

Although a sing-song monotony in reading is usually to be avoided, yet the foregoing is a case in which it is *required*, to harmonize with the sense and the scene represented. Indeed, as we read the dirge which the driver sings, we can scarcely refrain from falling into a sing-song tone, which contrasts strongly with the solemnity required in the reading of the other lines. In the fifth verse the reading of the song-lines changes to a plaintive and impressive reproof.

II.—*We Shall Know.*

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in splendor on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away:
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning
When the mists have cleared away.

2. If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our way,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away;
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning
When the mists have cleared away.

3. When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
Till the mists are cleared away.

We shall know as we are known
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

4. When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us
We shall know as we are known.
Far beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we hide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away;
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,—
And the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

First verse, a picture drawn from nature. A simile is founded on it. *As* we may read "love's shining letter" (God's goodness) when the mists have cleared away, *so*, in the dawning of the morning of another life "we shall know as we are known," etc.—What simile in the first four lines of the *fourth* verse?

CHAPTER XI.—ALEXANDER POPE.—1688-1744.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. The classical school of Dryden culminates in Alexander Pope, who was the prince of artificial men. His dress was artificial: owing to weakness or deformity he was daily laced up in a canvas corset, and wore three pairs of stockings to hide his thin shanks. His habits were artificial;—the victim of dyspepsia, he required an attendant to put him to bed and to dress him; he fell asleep in company,

and lay awake at night; he kept a commonplace-book constantly on hand to jot down rhymes, happy expressions, and flashes of wit; and he accomplished his purposes so much by indirection that Johnson said "he hardly drank tea without a stratagem," and Lady Bolingbroke, that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips." He was artificial in the subjects on which he wrote, and in his treatment of them. Among his works are the *Essay on Criticism*, in imitation of Horace; the *Rape of the Lock*, a story of a girl's quarrel with her lover for stealing a lock of her hair; philosophical essays on religion; and translations and letters.

2. Nature furnished Pope with but few images, and his mind moved more frequently in the atmosphere of the town. He was irritably sensitive to criticism, was fond of the company of distinguished men, and lived in a villa at Twickenham, the surroundings of which were laid out with Dutch precision. It is his merit to have carried the heroic measure of verse to the highest perfection of which it is capable, and it is this latter quality which fixes his place in English literature as the representative of the correct classical school. For forty years Pope reigned supreme in the republic of letters. He was the chief ornament of England's Augustan Age, as the reign of Queen Anne was called,—a reign signalized by the intrigues of politicians and courtiers, by an affectation of French manners, by bloody wars waged in the interests of diplomacy, by affectations of philosophy, and by venal corruption.

3. Pope once said of himself that he "lisped in numbers." His father, a linen-draper of the town, practised him in rhymes, and, at fifteen, "a friend encouraged him to excel in making accuracy his study and aim, because there was not one great poet who was correct." Under these early influences, with an ear naturally sensitive to the quantity and melody of words, he made himself the most expert master of condensed thought, of sound suited to

sense, and of perfectly balanced cadences. Of his condensation Swift said,—

"In Pope I cannot read a line,
But, with a sigh, I wish it mine,
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six."

4. The English language has furnished three great personal satires famous for their trenchant invective and raillery:—Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and Pope's *Dunciad*. Dryden and Byron were lashed to rage by the petty stings of their critics; but Pope is said to have composed the *Dunciad* a year before he made Colley Cibber its hero. This unenviable honor had previously been enjoyed by Theobald, a successful critic and commentator of Shakspeare, and Cibber was elevated to his place in revenge for some otherwise forgotten lampoon. Pope edited the works of Shakspeare, but the task injured his reputation. It was not possible for one "so much afraid," as Lord Jeffrey wrote, "of incurring ridicule by the display of natural feeling or unregulated fancy, to enter into the spirit of an imagination so prodigal and tumultuous as that of Shakspeare."

5. Pope also translated, and sold by subscription, Homer's *Iliad* and part of the *Odyssey*,—realizing on them over eight thousand pounds. It has often been remarked that if Dryden and Pope had exchanged tasks, leaving Homer to the more original and vigorous, and Virgil to the more mellifluous and correct hand, their translations would have been more faithful to the spirit of the original. That fastidious critic, Matthew Arnold, comments on some of the Homeric translations in these terms:—"Homer is rapid in his movements; Homer is plain in his words and style; Homer is simple in his ideas; Homer is noble in his manner. Cowper renders him ill because he is slow in his

movements and elaborate in his style; Pope renders him ill because he is artificial both in his style and in his words; Chapman renders him ill because he is fantastic in his ideas; and Newman renders him ill because he is odd in his words, and ignoble in his manners." Pope's translation may be characterized as full of grace and beauty, but he is not so faithful to the original as are Cowper and Bryant.

6. Pope's most elaborate poem is the *Essay on Man*, a metaphysical disquisition in rhyme. Lord Bolingbroke, the Deist, contributed the argument in prose; Pope furnished the verse, using rhyme because, he said, "it aided him in condensing his thoughts;" and Bishop Warburton added the comments to reconcile the poem with current Christianity. His explanations were subsequently accepted by Pope, as the expression of the latter's religious views. In its history and style, this *Essay* thoroughly illustrates the poet's character and powers. Its quality may be seen in the following extract from the Fourth Epistle:—

II.—*Happiness.*

1. "O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shrine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?

2. "Where grows?—where grows it not? if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:

Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learned the way? The learned are blind;
This bids to serve, and *that* to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in *action*, some in *ease;*
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all."

III.—*The Trojan Encampment.*

1. As a specimen of the melodious versification of Pope's translation of Homer's *Iliad*, we give, from the closing lines of Book VIII., the following well-known description of the night encampment of the Trojans around their watch-fires, outside of the walls of Troy, between the river Xanthus and the hostile Grecian fleet. The watch-fire of Hector, the Trojan chief, is the great central luminary, around which glow the lesser lights. The poet's description has been both extravagantly praised and censured, but, as a modern critic observes, "the beauty of the language and versification elevates the whole into poetry of a high imaginative order."

2. "The troops, exulting, sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground,—
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

3. "So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming fire attend,
Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn."

II. *Verse* 1.—What two figures of speech are combined throughout the first verse?—To what origin is Happiness attributed?—*V.* 2. "St. John." Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, to whom Pope addressed his *Essay on Man.*

III. This extract is a beautiful simile, the *subject* of which is comprised in the first two lines, and the last ten.—*V.* 3. "A thousand *piles*," meaning a thousand *fires*, as Cowper translates it. (See p. 216). "Dusky horrors,"—the horrors of a field on which a battle had just been fought. "Fifty guards" to each fire. The Trojans, therefore, were in number fifty thousand.

IV.—*From Pope's Messiah.*

1. Like many other portions of Scripture, some of the prophecies of Isaiah have furnished themes for poetic illustration and description by poets of celebrity. Among these, Pope has written a poem in which he embraces the leading revelations of the prophetic bard concerning the Messiah. We give the closing verses of this poem, in which the character of Messiah's kingdom is foretold.

The references, in the margin, are to the Scripture passages on which the poem is founded.

2. "No more shall nation against nation rise,
Isa. II. 4. Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise: the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
LXV. 21-22. Their vines a shadow to their care shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain, in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amid the thirsty wilds, to hear
The falls of water murmuring in his ear.

3. "On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods,
XLI. 19. Waste, sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
LV. 13. To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
XI. 6, 7, 8. The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrims' feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.

LX. 1. 4. "Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
LX. 4. See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
LX. 3. See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæ'an springs!

5. "For thee, Idumæa's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
LX. 19, 20. No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
LI. 6. The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
LIV. 10. Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;—
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!"

IV. *Verse* 3.—Meaning of "perplexed," here?—What figure of speech?—"Crested basilisk," or hooded basilisk, a reptile of the lizard tribe.—*V.* 4. "Imperial *Salem*," used for Jerusalem, or Zion, and here personified as Christ's Church, that should arise upon its ruins. The imagery is taken from the walls, gates, and temple of the "Holy City."—*V.* 5. "Idumæa," or Edom, the region between Palestine and Egypt.—"Ophir," the region from which the fleet of Solomon brought gold and precious stones.—"Cynthia," the moon.—"Light Himself," the Messiah.

CHAPTER XII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fisherman's Prayer.

1.

There was a poor old man
Who sat and listened to the raging sea,
And heard it thunder, lunging at the cliffs
As like to tear them down. He lay at night;
And, "Lord have mercy on the lads," said he,
"That sailed at noon, though they be none of mine.
For when the gale gets up, and when the wind
Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,
And lulls, and stops, and rouses up again,
And cuts the crest clean off the plunging wave,
And scatters it like feathers up the field,
Why, then I think of my two lads,—my lads
That would have worked and never let me want,
And never let me take the parish pay.
No, none of mine; my lads were drowned at sea—
My two—before the most of these were born.

2.

"I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor wife
Walked up and down, and still walked up and down,
And I walked after, and one could not hear
A word the other said, for wind and sea
That raged and beat and thundered in the night,—
The awfullest, the longest, lightest night
That ever parent had to spend,—a moon
That shone like daylight on the breaking wave.
Ah me! and other men have lost their lads,
And other women wiped their poor dead mouths,
And got them home and dried them in the house,

And seen the drift-wood lie along the coast,
That was a tiny boat but one day back,
And seen, next tide, the neighbors gather it
To lay it on their fires.

3.

"Ay, I was strong
And able-bodied,—loved my work: but now
I am a useless hull: 'tis time I sunk;
I am in all men's way; I trouble them;
I am a trouble to myself: but yet
I feel for mariners of stormy nights,
And feel for wives that watch ashore. Ay, ay!
If I had learning I would pray the Lord
To bring them in: but I'm no scholar, no;
Book-learning is a world too hard for me:
But I make bold to say, 'O Lord, good Lord,
I am a broken-down poor man, a fool
To speak to thee: but in the Book 'tis writ,
As oft I've heard from others that can read,
How, when thou camest, thou didst love the sea,
And live with fisher folk, whereby 'tis sure
Thou knowest all the peril they go through,
And all their trouble.

4.

"'As for me, good Lord,
I have no boat; I am too old, too old;
My lads are drowned; I buried my poor wife;
My little lasses died so long ago
That mostly I forget what they were like.
Thou knowest, Lord; they were such little ones
I know they went to thee, but I forget
Their faces, though I missed them sore.

5.

"'O Lord,
I was a strong man; I have drawn good food
And made good money out of thy great sea:
But yet I cried for them at nights; and now,
Although I be so old, I miss my lads,
And there be many folks this stormy night
Heavy with fear for theirs. Merciful Lord,
Comfort them; save their honest boys, their pride,
And let them hear next ebb the blessedest,
Blest sound,—the boat-keels grating on the sand.

6.

"'I cannot pray with finer words: I know
Nothing; I have no learning, cannot learn,—
Too old, too old. They say I want for nought,
I have the parish pay: but I am dull
Of hearing, and the fire scarce warms me through.
God save me,—I have been a sinful man,—
And save the lives of them that still can work,
For they are good to me; ay, good to me.
But, Lord, I am a trouble: and I sit,
And I am lonesome, and the nights are few
That any think to come and draw a chair,
And sit in my poor place and talk awhile.
Why should they come, forsooth? Only the wind
Knocks at my door. O, long and loud it knocks,—
The only thing God made that has a mind
To enter in.'"

7.

Yea, thus the old man spake:
These were the last words of his aged mouth:
But One did knock. One came to sup with him,
That humble weak old man; knocked at his door
In the rough pauses of the laboring wind.

I tell you that One knocked while it was dark,
Save where their foaming passion had made white
Those livid seething billows. What he said,
In that poor place where he did talk awhile,
I cannot tell: but this I am assured,
That when the neighbors came the morrow morn,
What time the wind had bated, and the sun
Shone on the old man's floor, they saw the smile
He passed away in, and they said, "He looks
As he had woke and seen the face of Christ,
And with that rapturous smile held out his arms
To come to him!"—*Jean Ingelow.*

CHAPTER XIII.—JAMES THOMSON.—1700-1748.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. James Thomson was born in the county of Roxburgh, Scotland, and passed his boyhood among the Cheviot Hills. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he devoted four years to the study of theology, but abandoned it, and, after the death of his father in 1725, went to London to seek his fortune. His college friend, David Mallet, secured him a situation as tutor, and, having been shown some of the poet's descriptions of *Winter*, he advised their publication. Thomson sold *Winter* to a publisher for three guineas, and in four years more he completed the work of which it was a part, and entitled it *The Seasons*. He is best known by this work, which he several times rewrote, and which, in its final form, received the commendation of Pope and of Lord Lyttleton.

2. Thomson also wrote some elegiac poems and some forgotten tragedies. In connection with Mallet he was the author of a Masque called *Alfred*, in which occurs the

national anthem "Rule Britannia"; and he composed an allegorical poem after the style of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, entitled *The Castle of Indolence*. His later years were passed in comparative opulence at Richmond, on the Thames, a few miles above London, where he died, after a short illness, in 1748. His death was deeply lamented, and it gave rise to an ode by William Collins, beginning with the verse,—

"In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!"

3. "The love of nature," says Coleridge, "seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature." Prof. Wilson thus characterizes the genius of Thomson:—"It does not so often delight us by exquisite minute touches in the description of nature as that of Cowper. It loves to paint on a great scale, and to dash off objects sweepingly, by bold strokes. Cowper sets nature before your eyes; Thomson before your imagination." The following criticism of Thomson's chief works is from Hazlitt's discriminating pen:—

4. "It has been supposed by some that the *Castle of Indolence* is Thomson's best poem, but that is not the case. He has in it, indeed, poured out the whole soul of indolence, diffuse, relaxed, supine, dissolved in a voluptuous dream, and surrounded himself with a set of objects and companions in entire unison with the listlessness of his own temper.—But still, there are no passages in this exquisite little production of sportive ease and fancy equal to the best of those of *The Seasons*. The moral descriptions and reflections in *The Seasons* are in an admirable spirit, and written with great force and fervor."

5. Chambers says, "The publication of *The Seasons* was

an important era in the history of English poetry. So true and beautiful are the descriptions in the poem, and so entirely do they harmonize with those fresh feelings and glowing impulses which all would wish to cherish, that a love of nature seems to be synonymous with a love of Thomson."

We extract the following opening lines of the four *Seasons*, with brief descriptions of scenes from each:—

II.—*Spring.*

1. Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in living torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

Birds Pairing in Spring.

2. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests;
Others, apart, far in the grassy dale
Or roughening waste their humble texture weave;
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,
When by kind duty fixed.

3. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent; and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

III.—*Summer.*

1. From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;
While from his ardent look the turning Spring
Averts her bashful face, and earth and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

2. Hence let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom,
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Summer Evening.

3. Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.

Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs—
So Grecian fable sung—he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

IV.—*Autumn.*

1. Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepared, the various-blossomed Spring
Put in white promise forth, and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Autumn Evening.

2. Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether, whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while, illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

V.—*Winter.*

1. See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,

These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred Glooms!
Congenial Horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
Pleased, have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,—
Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain,
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst,
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brewed
In the grim evening sky. Thus passed the time
Till through the lucid chambers of the South
Looked out the joyous Spring,—looked out and smiled.

A Winter Landscape.

2. Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man.

I. *Verse* 2.—*Elegiac*, referring to *elegy*, a mournful or funereal song. —*Masque*, or *Mask*, a dramatic performance written in a tragic style, in the representation of which the actors are masked.—*Druid*, a priest or minister of religion among the ancient tribes in France, Britain, and Germany.

II. *Verse* 1.—Why do "Spring," "Mildness," and "Winter," begin with capitals? Point out the many figurative expressions in

this verse.—*V.* 3. How are the words "plaintive," "artful," "restless," "busy," and "careless" used?

III., IV., and V.—Point out the personifications and other figurative expressions in these several selections.

CHAPTER XIV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*St. Philip Neri.*

St. Philip Neri, as he is called in English, was a wealthy Florentine who lived in the sixteenth century. Having sold all that he possessed and distributed the proceeds among the poor, he devoted himself to serving the sick in the hospitals and the pilgrims who flocked to Rome, and in instructing youth and children. He published letters, poems, and a work abounding in excellent advice to the young. After his death he was canonized by Pope Gregory XV. The English poet Byrom has put into verse the following incident which is narrated of him:—

St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And, being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

St. P. N. Tell me, what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?

Youth. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

St. P. N. And when you are one, what do you intend?

Youth. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

St. P. N. Suppose it so, what have you next in view?

Youth. That I may get to be a canon, too.

St. P. N. Well, and how then?

Youth. Why, then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.
St. P. N. Be it so,—
What then?
Youth. Why, cardinal's a high degree,
And yet my lot it possibly may be.
St. P. N. Suppose it should,—what then?
Youth. Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?
St. P. N. Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?
Youth. Nay, there is nothing farther, to be sure,
Upon this earth that wishing can procure:
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high
As long as God shall please, then I must die.
St. P. N. What! *must* you die, fond youth? and at the best
But wish, and hope, and *may be* all the rest?
Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which *must* be, first of all provide;
Then think of that which *may* be; and, indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may succeed?
Who knows but you may then be, as you hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope?

II.—*The Telegram.*

1. Dead! did you say?—he! dead in his prime!
Son of my mother! my brother! my friend!
While the horologe points to the noon of his time,
Has his sun set in darkness?—is all at an end?
[Some one reads]—"*By a sudden accident.*"

2. Dead!—It *is* not, it cannot, it must not be true!
Let me read the dire words for myself, if I can;
Relentless,—hard,—cold,—they rise on my view—
They blind me!—How did you say that they ran?
[Reads.]—"*He was mortally injured.*"

3. Dead!—Around me I hear the singing of birds
And the breath of June roses come in at the pane;
Nothing—nothing is changed by those terrible words:
They cannot be true!—Let me see them again.—
[Reads.]—"*And died yesterday.*"

4. Dead!—A letter but yesterday told of his love!
Another to-morrow the tale will repeat;
Outstripped by this thunderbolt flung from above,
Scathing my heart as it falls at my feet!
[Reads.]—"*Funeral to-morrow.*"

5. Oh, terrible Telegraph!—subtle and still!
Darting thy lightnings with pitiless haste!
No kind warning thunder—no storm-boding thrill—
But one fierce deadly flash, and the heart lieth waste!
[Reads.]—"*Inform his friends.*"

Sarah E. Henshaw.

Verse 1.—Hŏr′o-lōge (hŏr′o-lŏj), or hŏr′o-lōge, any machine for measuring time.

CHAPTER XV.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.—1709-1784.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Dr. Johnson is the best-known character in English literature, because his biography is the best-known book of the kind in the language. Every detail of his matured habits, and every reminiscence of his former days, is minutely and adoringly told by James Boswell, of whom Lord Macaulay wrote, "Many of the greatest men who ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived, and he has beaten them all." The son of a Lichfield bookseller, young Johnson eagerly read the volumes on his father's shelves, and,

having spent three years at Oxford, he left it without a degree, and entirely dependent on his own efforts for support. He became, like Dryden, a literary hack; but, unlike Dryden, his opinions do not vacillate, and his moral earnestness never fails.

2. Disgusted with unsuccessful attempts at school-teaching, Johnson went to London, seeking work from the publishers. For thirty years he was variously employed by them, and was often in dire poverty, having once fasted two days. To pay for his mother's funeral, in eight nights he wrote the philosophical romance called *Rasselas*. Of prodigious industry when urged by necessity, after being pensioned he indulged his natural indolence, lying in bed till afternoon, and receiving there the visits of eminent persons who came to hear him discourse. In personal appearance he was large and unwieldy; his face had been scarred by erysipelas, and he walked with a shamble, taking pains to cross the threshold with a particular foot advanced before the other. His well-known dress is thus described by Peter Pindar:—

> "Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
> The large, gray, bushy wig, that graced his crown;
> Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
> And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles."

3. Johnson's mind was tinged with melancholy; poverty, ill health, and alternations of fasting and gormandizing making him, at times, irritable and overbearing among his nearest friends. But his piety, although gloomy, was sincere and devout; and his home was the asylum of penniless creatures. Mrs. Thrale, of whose house he was a frequent inmate, thus writes of him:—"He loved the poor as I never yet saw any one else love them, with an earnest desire to make them happy."

4. Johnson was a poet, an essayist, a lexicographer, and a biographer. Though dictatorial in company and in the

coffee-house, he was accepted, by the age in which he lived, as the master of criticism and the arbiter of style. Little indebted to society, he was a prejudiced conservative, a devout adherent of the established Church, a Tory, an enemy to American Independence, and a contemptuous foe of the French philosophers, because he would not have the foundations of authority disturbed. In the *Rambler* and the *Idler* he revived the form of composition which Steele and Addison had made popular in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. His dictionary is a monument of great industry and learning, and, "looking to its clearness of definition," says Carlyle, "its general solidity, honesty, insight, and successful method, it may be called the best of all dictionaries."

5. He wrote the lives of more than fifty poets, from Cowley to Akenside and Gray, which were intended by the booksellers to be mere biographical prefaces to new selections of British poetry; but his skill and enthusiasm raised these sketches to a far higher plane, and led "Christopher North" to say, "Johnson's mind was a furnace; it reduced everything to its elements; we have no truly great critical intellect since his time." While his *Lives of the Poets* is warped by political and religious prejudices, and is sadly destitute of delicate sensibility, it has great vigor of thought and freedom of style. Among the best of the sketches in this work is the comparison between Pope and Dryden. The following extract illustrates the author's insight and happiness of illustration, and furnishes a fine example of antithesis:—

II.—*Parallel between Pope and Dryden.*

1. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manner. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid, Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

2. "Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight."

As a poet, Dr. Johnson is notable for satires in imita-

tion of Juvenal, entitled *London*, and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. His old pupil, David Garrick, said of the latter, "It is as hard as Greek; had he gone on to imitate another satire, it would have been as hard as Hebrew." But his pictures of Wolsey and Charles of Sweden "have a strength and magnificence," says Chambers, "that would do honor to Dryden, while the historical and philosophical paintings are contrasted by reflections on the cares, vicissitudes, and sorrows of life, so profound, so true and touching, that they may justly be denominated 'mottoes of the heart.'" Sir Walter Scott confessed that—"The deep and pathetic morality of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental."

III.—*Picture of Cardinal Wolsey.*

1. "In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.

2. "At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

3. "Speak, thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight!
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulf below."

In style Dr. Johnson was sonorous and oratorical. "His phraseology," says Taine, "rolls in solemn and majestic periods, in which every substantive marches ceremoniously, accompanied by its epithet; great, pompous words peal like an organ; and every proposition is set forth balanced by a proposition of equal length. Classical prose attains perfection in him, as classical poetry does in Pope. Art cannot be more consummate, nor nature more forced." Said Goldsmith to him one day, "If you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales." An instance of Johnson's stately style, supported by elevated sentiment and pointed morality, may be found in the following extracts from an essay on

IV.—*Revenge.*

1. "A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom and malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity: a combination

of a passion which all endeavor to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest.

2. "The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage—whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin—whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of others—may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

3. "Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives."

A still finer specimen of his sonorous style is afforded in an essay on

V.—*Retirement from the World.*

"On him that appears to pass through things temporal with no other care than not to lose finally the things eternal, I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while Vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, Virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey

the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and, however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendor of beneficence."

We close our extracts from Dr. Johnson's writings with the following story in the form of an allegory, of a lighter character than the preceding, but in which the stately and dignified marshalling of sentences still marks the Johnsonian style.

VI.—*Schemes of Life often Illusory.*

1. Omar, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive caliphs had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his presence.

2. Earthly happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors. The vigor of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the caliph the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remainder of life than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

3. The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caleb, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent: Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility.

4. "Tell me," said Caleb, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the Prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it are to thee no longer necessary nor useful; impart to me

the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

5. "Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar which spread its branches over my head: 'Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining.

6. "'Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore I shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself.

7. "'I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life, but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife as beautiful as the Houris, and wise as Zobeide; and with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdad, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent.

8. "'I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution that I will never depend on the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; that I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state.' Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

9. "The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor

any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor, and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them.

10. "I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges: I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and I was commanded to stand at the footstool of the caliph. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

11. "I still wished to see distant countries, listened with rapture to the relations of travellers, and resolved some time to ask my dismission, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still purposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

12. "In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of my travelling was past, and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houris, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time, until disease forced me from public employment.

13. "Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity,

I have lived unmarried, and with an unalterable resolution of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdad."

VI. *Verse* 2.—Meaning of the metaphors "brightness of the flame," and "fragrant flower"?—*V.* 7. *Houris.* In Mohammedan faith, the beautiful nymphs of Paradise.—*Zobeide* (Zo-bay′de), a beautiful and wise woman of Bagdad, who married the caliph Haroun al-Raschid. (See *Arabian Nights.*)

CHAPTER XVI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

[The versification of the following favorite piece is very happy; the pictures presented are striking; the old sexton's stern sense of duty is finely contrasted with the deep affection which led Bessie to her wonderful daring; and the improbabilities of the story are overlooked in the vividness of the coloring given to it.]

"*Curfew must not Ring To-Night.*"

1. Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-top far away,
   Filling all the land with beauty, at the close of one sad day,
   And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
   He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
   He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
   Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

2. "Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
   With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh:
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper, "Curfew *must* not ring to-night."

3. "Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poison dart,—
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour:
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it: Curfew it must ring to-night."

4. Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,
In an undertone she murmured, "Curfew *must* not ring to-night."

5. She with quick steps bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before:

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,—
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew *shall* not ring to-night."

6. She has reached the topmost ladder,—o'er her hangs the great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.
So, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly,—"Curfew *shall* not ring to-night."

7. Out she swung, far out,—the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and, with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew *shall* not ring to-night."

8. It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires, with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children, "Curfew did not ring that night."

9. O'er the distant hills came Cromwell: Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face, so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe.*

CHAPTER XVII.—THOMAS GRAY.—1716-1771.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. The most fastidious, learned, classical, and exquisite of the English poets was Thomas Gray. He was an Eton and Cambridge student, and at the University, where he spent most of his mature days, he expired in the fifty-fifth

year of his age. His father, a money-lender, was passionate and overbearing; but his mother was the judicious friend of her son's education. Abandoning, in disgust, the dry preparation for the practice of the law, he travelled in Italy with Horace Walpole, and subsequently made excursions to Wales, the Lake country, and Scotland. The influence of the Duke of Grafton secured him the Professorship of Modern History in Cambridge University in his fifty-second year,—six years after the same post had been refused him on his own application.

2. Gray's works consist of nine odes, and a volume of letters. His subjects are commonplace, but they abound in the refined reflections of a highly cultivated mind uttered in matchless diction and rhythm. The Greek poets were his models, and Pindar he professedly imitated in the two odes *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*. Of his letters Cowper says, "I once thought Swift's letters the best, but I like Gray's better." William Mason speaks thus of Gray's classical excellence:—

> "No more the Grecian muse unrivalled reigns;
> To Britain let the nations homage pay;
> She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
> A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

3. The principal completed works of Gray are his *Ode to Eton College*, the *Ode to Spring*, the *Ode to Adversity*, and the far-famed *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*. The *Elegy* is the basis of Gray's fame, and is a masterpiece of harmonious versification exquisitely fitted to the sentiment. It has been translated into foreign languages oftener than any other single English composition. Of it Dr. Johnson wrote as follows:—"The *Elegy* abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning 'Yet even these bones,' are to me original; I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he

that reads them here persuades himself that he has always felt them."

4. Dr. Beattie said, "It is a poem that is universally understood and admired;" and Byron wrote, "Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory. . . . Gray's Elegy pleased instantly and eternally." Gray was seven years in writing and correcting this poem before he gave it to the press. In 1854 a manuscript copy of it, in Gray's handwriting (a small neat hand), was sold at auction, in London, for *one hundred pounds sterling!* These are the verses:—

II.—*Elegy in a Country Church-Yard.*

1. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3. Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8. Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
(The short and simple annals of the poor.)

9. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15. Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

16. The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17. Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21. Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

22. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26. "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28. "One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

29. "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
(A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:)
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

32. No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

The following characterization of Gray and his writings is from the pen of the distinguished Scotch historian and critic, SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH:—

III.—*Characterization.*

1. Of all English poets, Gray was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendor of which poetical style seems to be capable. If Virgil and

his scholar Racine may be allowed to have united somewhat more ease with their elegance, no other poet approaches Gray in this kind of excellence. The degree of poetical invention diffused over such a style, the balance of taste and of fancy necessary to produce it, and the art with which an offensive boldness of imagery is polished away, are not indeed always perceptible to the common reader, nor do they convey to any mind the same species of gratification which is felt from the perusal of those poems which seem to be the unpremeditated effusions of enthusiasm: but to the eye of the critic, and more especially to the artist, they afford a new kind of pleasure, not incompatible with a distinct perception of the art employed, and somewhat similar to the grand emotions excited by the reflection on the skill and toil exerted in the construction of a magnificent palace.

2. They can only be classed among the secondary pleasures of poetry, but they never can exist without a great degree of its higher excellences. Almost all his poetry was lyrical—that species which, issuing from a mind in the highest state of excitement, requires an intensity of feeling which for a long composition the genius of no poet could support. Those who complained of its brevity and rapidity only confessed their own inability to follow the movements of poetical inspiration. Of the two grand attributes of the Ode, Dryden had displayed the enthusiasm, Gray exhibited the magnificence. He is also the only modern English writer whose Latin verses deserve general notice; but we must lament that such difficult trifles had diverted his genius from its natural objects. In his letters he has shown the descriptive powers of a poet, and in new combinations of generally familiar words, which he seems to have caught from Madame de Sévigné (though it must be owned he was somewhat quaint), he was eminently happy. It may be added, that he deserves the comparatively trifling praise of having been the most learned poet since Milton.

I. *Verse* 1.—"The Lake Country," see chapter xxix.—*V.* 2, "Odes." The *ode* was, originally, mostly in narrative form, consisting of unequal verses in stanzas or strophes, and was intended to be sung, accompanied by some musical instrument. It is now a more stately composition, confined to the expression of sentiment, or of imaginative thought.

II. Why do "Ambition" and "Grandeur," in 8th verse, "Memory," in 10th, "Honor," "Flattery," and "Death," in 11th, etc., begin with capitals?

III. *Verse* 1.—*Virgil*, the author of the Æne'id.—*Ra-cine'* (rā-seen'), a French dramatist, born in 1639.—*V.* 2. *Sévigné* (Sā-veen'-yā), a French epistolary writer, born in 1626.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Christ's Sermon on the Mount.*

1. We think of the delivery of the Law on Sinai, as the delivery of a "fiery law," whose promulgation is surrounded by the imagery of thunders, and lightnings, and the voice of the trumpet sounding long and roaring louder and louder. We think of the delivery of the Sermon on the Mount, as flowing forth in divinest music amid all the calm and loneliness of the clear and quiet dawn. The former came dreadfully to the startled conscience from an Unseen Presence, shrouded by wreathing clouds, and destroying fire, and eddying smoke; the latter was uttered by a sweet human voice that moved the heart most gently, in words of peace. The former was delivered on the desolate and snow-rent hill, which seems, with its red granite crags, to threaten the scorching wilderness; the latter on the flowery grass of the green hill-side which slopes down to the silver lake. The former shook with agitation and terror; the latter soothed with peace and love.

2. The former was the old Law of threatening; the latter the new Law of Mercy. The old was transitory, this

permanent; the old was a type and shadow, the new a fulfilment and completion; the old demanded obedience and outward action, the new was to permeate the thoughts; the old contained the rule of conduct, the new the secret of obedience. The command, "Thou shalt not murder," was henceforth extended to angry words and feelings of hatred. The prohibition of perjury was extended to every vain and unnecessary oath. The law of equivalent revenge was superseded by a law of absolute self-abnegation. The love due to our neighbor was extended to our enemy also.

3. Alms were to be given, not with noisy ostentation, but in modest secrecy. Prayers were to be uttered, not with hypocritic publicity, but in holy solitude. Fasting was to be exercised, not as a belauded virtue, but as a private self-denial. And all these acts of devotion were to be offered with sole reference to the love of God, in a simplicity which sought no earthly reward, but which stored up for itself a heavenly and incorruptible treasure.

4. The gate was strait, the path narrow, but it led to life: by the lives and actions of those who professed to live by it, and point it out, they were to judge whether their doctrine was true or false: without this, neither words of orthodoxy would prevail, nor works of power. Lastly, Jesus warned them that he who heard these sayings, and did them, was like a wise man who built a house with foundations dug deeply into the living rock, whose house, because it was founded upon a rock, stood unshaken amid the vehement beating of storm and surge; but he who heard and did them not was likened "unto a foolish man that built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof."—*F. W. Farrar, D.D., Canon of Westminster.*

The foregoing beautiful extract contains fine examples of opposition and contrast (antithesis), in which the application of the principle of the rising inflection – or suspension of voice—when the sense

is unfinished, is very evident. The general principle, that the first clause of a contrast is naturally spoken in a more elevated tone of voice than the opposing clause, is here in beautiful harmony with the sentiment.

Let the pupil point out the numerous antitheses contained in the selection.

II.—*Autumn.*

1. 'Tis the golden gleam of an autumn day,
With the soft rain raining as if in play;
And a tender touch upon everything,
As if Autumn remembered the days of spring.

2. In the listening woods there is not a breath
To shake their gold to the sward beneath;
And a glow as of sunshine upon them lies,
Though the sun be hid in the shadowed skies.

3. O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil,
And the black rooks, cawing, across them sail,
While nearer the swooping swallows skim
O'er the steel-gray river's fretted brim.

4. No sorrow upon the landscape weighs,
No grief for the vanished summer days,
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose,
Like that which age in its autumn knows.

5. The spring-time longings are past and gone,
The passions of summer no longer are known,
The harvest is gathered, and Autumn stands
Serenely thoughtful, with folded hands.

6. Over all is thrown a memorial hue,
A glory ideal the real ne'er knew;
For memory sifts from the past its pain,
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

7. With half a smile and half a sigh
It ponders the past that has hurried by;
Sees it, and feels it, and loves it all,
Content it has vanished beyond recall.

8. O glorious Autumn, thus serene,
Thus living, and loving all that has been!
Thus calm and contented let me be
When the autumn of age shall come to me.

Blackwood's Magazine.

II.—Why does "Autumn" here (in *three* instances) begin with a capital, and not *spring* and *summer?* [Names of the days of the week, and of the months of the year, usually begin with capitals, but not those of the seasons.]—What three *similes* in this selection?

CHAPTER XIX.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—1728-1774.

1.—*Biographical.*

1. One of the incomparable and best beloved of English authors was Oliver Goldsmith. He was the son of a country curate, Rev. Charles Goldsmith, who lived at Pallas, Longford County, Ireland, and whose portrait is undoubtedly given in *The Citizen of the World*, in *The Deserted Village*, and in *The Vicar of Wakefield.* He died when Oliver was twelve years of age, leaving also another son, Henry, who followed his father's profession and example, and whose character is portrayed in the extract we have taken from *The Traveller.* Indeed, the scenes amidst which the poet's early years were passed, are exquisitely described in the writings already mentioned.

2. On the death of the father of Oliver, an uncle of the latter, Rev. Thomas Contarine, became his benefactor, and endeavored, with no infrequent tax on his shallow purse, to fit the lad, first for Holy Orders, then for the Bar, and

finally for Medicine. But Oliver was an incorrigible prodigal to the end of his days; and his educational adventures, notwithstanding the best intentions, were speedily wrecked by squandering propensities that he indulged either at the gaming-table, or in feasting with boon companions.

3. His purse, when anything was in it, was at everybody's service, and he died owing two thousand pounds. This fact led Dr. Johnson to observe, "Was ever poet so trusted before!" The outcast and the forsaken, the spendthrift and the beggar, the old and the infirm, came sobbing to his grave, with scholars and artists of the great city, to take their last look at one who neither bore nor excited malice, and whose ingenuous sweetness of disposition made him universally beloved.

4. In appearance Goldsmith was short and strongly built; his face was fair, but showed traces of a severe attack of the small-pox; his light-brown hair struggled out from under his wig; his features were very plain, except when animated; his dress was negligent and fantastic; his manners were simple; and his mirth was often boisterous. He talked without reflection, sometimes with grace and information, but often with a ludicrous vanity that led Dr. Johnson to remark, "No man was more foolish when he had not a penny in his hand, or more wise when he had." His life was a constant alternation of unchecked prodigality and dire poverty, but his faults of disposition were guileless, and his eccentricities were never irritating. Washington Irving gives us the following just description of the

Character of Goldsmith.

5. "The faults of Goldsmith, at the worst, were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one's enemy but his own. His errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous, and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to

spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration; but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature. And the heart yearns towards the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal, and is frail.

6. "The epithet so often heard, and in such friendly tones, of 'Poor Goldsmith,' speaks volumes. Few who consider the compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. 'Let not his frailties be remembered,' said Johnson: 'he was a very great man.' But, for our part, we rather say, 'Let them be remembered.' For we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly, and so familiarly ejaculated, of 'Poor Goldsmith!'"

7. Goldsmith's introduction to literature was as a proof-reader for Samuel Richardson, the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, to whom he was brought by a printer whom he attended in sickness. His writings are voluminous, and extend to the novel, the drama, critical essays, political and natural history, pastoral poems, and biography. The histories were written on contract with a famous publisher of children's books. Neither these nor his critical essays are accurate as authorities, but, like all his writings, they have an inimitable charm of simplicity and animation. In his advanced years, Goethe said of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, that it was his delight at the age of twenty,—that it had in a manner formed a part of his education, influencing his taste and feelings through life, and that he had recently read it again from beginning to end with renewed delight,

and with a grateful sense of the early benefit derived from it.

8. Of Goldsmith's comedies, two still retain their place on the stage: *The Good-Natured Man*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*. Of the latter, Dr. Johnson thus spoke:—"I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience,—that has answered so much the great aim of comedy, making an audience merry." The two poems by Goldsmith that are the most admired are *The Traveller*, and *The Deserted Village*.

9. The former is a kind of metrical record of the poet's own experiences abroad, when, hunted by bailiffs at home, he fled to the continent, travelled on foot, and paid his way by his merry songs, and by playing on the flute, as he thus relates:—"I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. Whenever I approached a peasant's home toward nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day." But in Italy his musical powers no longer availed him, for, he said, every peasant was a better musician than himself, so that he was obliged to resort to other expedients. The fervent gratitude and tender remembrance with which the houseless wanderer celebrates his brother Henry's kindness, and his brother's peaceful home, are touchingly expressed in the following lines from

II.—*The Traveller.*

1. Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee,—

Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

2. Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim the evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
When all the ready family, around,
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

3. But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

From *The Deserted Village* we take the following, in which are depicted the amiable characteristics of Goldsmith's father, who was the "village preacher" of the Established Church in Kilkenny West:—

III.—*The Village Preacher.*

1. Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

2. A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize—
More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.

3. His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast:
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed:
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

4. Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

5. Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;

Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

6. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, returned to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

7. His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given.
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:—
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

8. *The Deserted Village* is as universally popular as any other poem in the English language, and it has been well said that "its best passages are learned in youth, and never quit the memory." It was hailed with transports by Goethe, who at once set at work to translate it into German. Burke, who had been in college with Goldsmith, said, years after the latter's death, "What true and pretty pastoral images has Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village!* they beat all,—Pope, and Phillips, *and Spenser too*, in my opinion." In the following additional extract from this much esteemed work, we have the poet's inimitable description of

IV.—*The Village Schoolmaster.*

1. Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay—
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

2. A man *severe* he was, and *stern* to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face:
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to *learning* was in fault.

3. The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, *terms* and *tides* presage;
And e'en the story ran that he could *gauge*.
In *arguing*, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though *vanquished* he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

4. At Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, Dr. Johnson once exclaimed, with great energy, "Is there a man, sir, now, who can pen an essay with such ease and elegance as Dr. Goldsmith?" In the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, "the wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice, and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors."

I. *Verse* 7.—*Goethe* (gĕh′tā), a distinguished German author,—poet, novelist, and dramatist,—born in 1749, died in 1832. His great work is the tragedy of *Faust* (fowst or fawst).

II. "Scheldt," "Po," "Carinthia," "Campania."—*V.* 3. What simile here?

III. What two beautiful similes in this selection?

CHAPTER XX.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*The Baron's Last Banquet.*

1. O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
   Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay—
   The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
   By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

2. "They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er—
   That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
   They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
   Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha! ha! —must die.

3. "And what is death? I've dared him oft, before the Paynim spear:
   Think ye he's entered at my gate—has come to seek me here?
   I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot:
   I'll try his might, I'll brave his power!—defy, and fear him not!

4. "Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
   Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in:
   Up with my banner on the wall—the banquet-board prepare—
   Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

5. An hundred hands were busy then; the banquet forth was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

6. Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

7. "Fill every beaker up, my men!—pour forth the cheering wine!
There's life and strength in every drop—thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing dim:
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

8. "Ye're there, but yet I see you not!—forth draw each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly!—louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all!—and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto death!'"

9. Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?

10. "But I defy him!—let him come!"—Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—dead!—*A. G. Greene.*

II.—*True Glory.*

I.

What is true glory? Not the loud acclaim
Of heedless throngs that shout, they know not why,
Clamorous hosannas, when some favored name
For the brief hour is echoed to the sky;
Not eminence of place that sets on high,
And gives to wield the power that rules the state;
Nor royal splendors that enchant the eye
In gorgeous palaces where courtiers wait.
Ambition hath not reached it when the prize
Long coveted by strifes or guile is won;
When—like the eagle soaring to the skies
And bathed in light beneath the unclouded sun—
It proudly triumphs in its daring flight,
And on a world looks down in conscious might.

II.

True glory is the lustre pure and fair
In which exalted virtue stands arrayed;
No changeful, transient blaze, no meteor glare
That e'en while yet beheld doth straightway fade;
'Tis as a robe, of sunbeams deftly made,
That glows undimmed through the long flight of years;
That whoso wears, unreached by envious shade,
As dressed in Heaven's own livery appears:
'Tis won by patient service, loving deeds
Wrought for mankind in firm self-sacrifice;
By treading the rough path where duty leads;
By trust that e'er on God and truth relies;
By courage that knows not to yield, or fly,
But, battling for the right, can calmly die!

Ray Palmer, D.D.

CHAPTER XXI.—WILLIAM COWPER.—1731-1800.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. In the history of William Cowper, "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers," as Southey has designated him, gentle, amiable playfulness stands in pathetic contrast with depressing melancholy. Cowper's father was chaplain to King George II., and nephew of the first Earl Cowper, a Lord-Chancellor. His mother, who died in his sixth year, claimed descent from Henry III., and this lineage allied him with some of the noblest families of England.

2. From his childhood Cowper was sensitive and fragile. He passed seven years at Westminster School, and at the age of eighteen, with a reputation for excellent classical scholarship, he was articled for the profession of law; but he would not study, and passed the time with Edward

Thurlow, his fellow-clerk, and afterward Lord-Chancellor of England, as Cowper himself says, "in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying law." They associated with young wits, wrote gay verses, and contributed to amateur periodicals.

3. The death of his father left Cowper, in his thirty-second year, with an insufficient support; but the influence of a cousin procured him an appointment as Reading Clerk of the House of Lords. He tried to qualify himself for the duties of this position, but his timidity was such that he resigned rather than read aloud in public. He was immediately appointed Clerk of the Journals in the same House, and the examination required of him for this office threw him into the most dreadful agitation. His reason soon gave way under the pressure of fancied ills, and, having attempted to take his own life, he was placed by his friends in a private asylum at St. Albans. According to Cowper's own account, it was when he was in the Temple as a young barrister that he was first seized with the melancholy that marked nearly his whole life, and it was only a subsequent experience of faith in Divine Mercy that fortified him against a second attempt at self-destruction.

4. When sufficiently recovered from his insanity to leave the asylum, Cowper accepted from his friends a fund that had been subscribed for his support, and retired to Huntington, near Cambridge, where he became an inmate of the Rev. Mr. Unwin's family. Two years later Mr. Unwin died, and Cowper removed, with Mrs. Unwin, to the neighboring village of Olney, where the Rev. John Newton was the rector. Here he and Newton compiled and wrote hymns, and at fifty years of age Cowper published his first volume of poems.

5. At this time his spirits were much cheered by the genial conversation of Lady Austen, who resided near by, and it was she who furnished the tale of John Gilpin and his ride, which the poet turned into humorous verse. Her

challenge to write upon the subject of a "sofa" drew from Cowper the longest of his works, which he entitled *The Task*. It is a poem of varied observations and reflections, strung upon the slenderest thread of sunny caprice. Cowper next translated Homer into English blank verse, and a revision of this work in 1793 was his last literary undertaking.

II.—*Cowper's Hymns.*

Cowper's hymns so freely express his mental states that a biography of him might almost be constructed from them. Many of them are still sung in public and private religious services. One, written while the poet was associated with Mr. Newton, whose stern spirit depressed him, belongs to a period of much mental disquietude. It illustrates the conflict of hope and despondency in his mind, and may be entitled

Affliction.

1. The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2. O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm!
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace, be still!"

3. Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4. Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5. Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

III.—*Cowper's "Task."*

Of Cowper's *Task*, Southey wrote as follows: "It is at once descriptive, moral, and satirical. The descriptive parts everywhere bear evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle spirit, as well as of an observant eye; and the moral sentiments which pervade them give a charm in which descriptive poetry is often found wanting. The best didactic poems, when compared with *The Task*, are like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery." As an instance of the poet's power, and skill in landscape-painting, we give, from *The Task*, his description of

[1.] *The Diversified Character of Creation.*

1. The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us, happy to renounce, awhile,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.

2. Then forests, or the savage rock may please,
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man; his hoary head
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner

Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.

3. The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly goss, that, shapeless and deform,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

Cowper has been surpassed by none in his power to throw a charm upon the details of trivial events and unpretending scenes. Who, with less show of ingenuity, could put more vivacity and interest into a subject so familiar as the following?

[2.] *The Postman.*

1. Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And having dropped the expected bag, pass on.

2. He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.

3. But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

From *The Task* we make one more extract, which has been much admired for its elevated tone and its free versification. It is the beginning of the poet's encomium of

[3.] *English Liberty.*

1. . . . . We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them; him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But, recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;

May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant;
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.

2. We love the man, the paltry pageant you;
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes;
We, for the sake of liberty, a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake:
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought.

3. 'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.

IV.—*Cowper's Homer.*

Of Cowper's translation of Homer it may be said, that it is more accurate than Pope's, but less elegant. We have given, on page 159, Pope's translation of Homer's description of the Night Encampment of the Trojans, and we here give Cowper's version for comparison with it:—

Big with great purposes and proud, they sat,
Not disarrayed, but in fair form disposed
Of even ranks, and watched their numerous fires.
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendor, and the winds are hushed,
The groves, the mountain tops, the headland heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapor streaks
The boundless blue, but ether opened wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheerful;—
So numerous seem those fires between the stream
Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,
Each watched by fifty warriors seated near.
The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
Aurora should restore the light of day.—*Iliad*, B. viii.

Compare the foregoing simile with that in Pope's translation of the same passage.

Of Cowper's minor poems, perhaps the best-known is that which was written on the receipt of his mother's picture, from which we have given a brief extract on page 38. It is full of a tender pathos that has seldom been equalled for felicity of expression.

V.—*Cowper's Position among Poets.*

Referring to Cowper's position among the poetic lights of England, a modern English critic says, "We have

greater and loftier poets than Cowper, but none so entirely incorporated, as it were, with our daily existence—none so completely a friend—our companion in woodland wanderings, and in moments of serious thought—ever gentle and affectionate, even in his transient fits of ascetic gloom—a pure mirror of affections, regrets, feelings, and desires which we have all felt or would wish to cherish. Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton are spirits of ethereal kind: Cowper is a steady and valuable friend, whose society we may sometimes neglect for that of more splendid and attractive associates, but whose unwavering principle and purity of character, joined to rich intellectual powers, overflow upon us in secret, and bind us to him forever."

CHAPTER XXII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*The Power of Habit.*

1. I remember once riding with a gentleman from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. I said to him, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara river."

"It is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that, only a mile from us, we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir," he replied. And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

2. Now, my young friends, let us suppose a case—and make it your own. Launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy there. There is a ripple at the bow of your craft; the silver wake that you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the

stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "*Young men, ahoy!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

3. "Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we find we are going too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys! don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"*Young men, ahoy there!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

4. "Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, and catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we see it."

"YOUNG MEN, AHOY!"

"What is it?"

"BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!"

5. "Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! Pull for your lives! Pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! Hoist the sail!"

Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming;—over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids of Intemperance every year, through the *power of habit*, crying all the while, "*When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

John B. Gough.

II.—*Which Shall it Be?*

1. "Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me;
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet;)
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter:

2. "'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

3. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band;—
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her!"

4. We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair:
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

5. Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

6. Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave,
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

7. Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

8. Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not let HIM go."

9. And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away.
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,—
Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

Mrs. E. L. Beers.

CHAPTER XXIII.—PATRICK HENRY.—1736-1799.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. "The forest-born Demosthenes," as Byron called Patrick Henry, was a native of Hanover County, Virginia, and the son of a Scotch emigrant. On his mother's side he was related to the historian Robertson, and to Lord Brougham. His youth evinced neither capacity nor application, but was passed in telling stories, in hunting, and in fiddling. Having failed as a store-keeper, he was admitted to the bar after six weeks' study, with an admonition from the court to overcome his ignorance of the law. Only in matters affecting the independence of the American colonies, and as a jury lawyer, was he roused to the exhibition of talent; and the traditions of his eloquence far surpass the impressions made by reading such of his speeches as the labor of his friends has preserved.

2. His eloquence is reported, however, to have been electrical and irresistible. Dr. Archibald Alexander, who had heard him speak, attributes his power, first, to the greatness of his emotion, accompanied by a versatility which enabled him to assume at once any manner or passion that was suited to his purpose. Not less indispensable, secondly, was a matchless perfection of the organs of expres-

sion, including the entire apparatus of voice, intonation, pause, gesture, attitude, and indescribable play of countenance.

3. Mr. Henry's reputation had its origin in a suit on behalf of the Virginia clergy of the Established Church to recover damages for income diminished under an act of the House of Burgesses. In those days tobacco passed as currency in the colony, and, owing to the pressure of hard times, the Burgesses fixed a rate, amounting to about one-third of its value, at which tobacco could be commuted into money for the payment of debts. The clergy, whose tithes were payable in tobacco, resisted this commutation, and won their case in law. When they sued for a jury estimate of their losses, Patrick Henry was retained by the laity.

4. Arising to make his plea before his father, who was one of the judges on the bench, the obscure young man was overwhelmed with embarrassment; but, after a few moments of awkward and painful confusion, a change passed over the speaker; he became erect, his eye dilated with passion, his voice grew firm, and the audience hung breathless on his wonderful declamation. The verdict was one penny damages, and young Henry was borne with boisterous applause from the room, and hailed as the people's champion. The fame of this speech caused him to be sent to the House of Burgesses as an opponent of the Stamp Act, in 1765, when he was only twenty-nine years of age.

5. Henry was then almost unknown to the members, but the backwoodsman, who made his appearance in leather knee-breeches and a homespun coat, soon took a leading part in opposition to the right of Great Britain to tax the colonies; and it was in the midst of the debate on that occasion, upon the resolutions which he had offered, that he thundered: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—"Treason!" cried the speaker, "Treason, treason!" echoed from every part of the house; —but nothing daunted, Henry continued,—"may profit by

their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!" The resolutions were carried in spite of a bitter opposition, and Henry achieved the reputation of being the greatest orator and political thinker of a land abounding with public speakers and statesmen.

6. In the Virginia convention which met in Richmond ten years later, in 1775, Henry again took the lead, by moving that the militia should be organized, and that the "colony be immediately put in a state of defence;" and although even the leading patriots at first were in opposition to his bold course, he made a speech of such eloquence and power that the resolutions were passed without a dissenting voice! We give the substance of that speech as it was subsequently written out by his associate members; but there is no doubt that it has lost much in its transmission to us.

II.—*Speech of Patrick Henry.*

1. Mr. President:—It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth,—to know the worst, and to provide for it.

2. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves, and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received?

Trust it not, Sir—it will prove a snare to your feet: suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

3. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir: these are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort.

4. I ask gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

5. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

6. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, Sir- -we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

7. They tell us, Sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week—or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power.

8. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible under any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election.. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged —their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, Sir— let it come!

9. It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Mr. Henry participated in the several steps by which Virginia united herself in federal union with the other colonies, was chosen delegate to the first Continental Congress, was the first governor of his native State elected by the people, was a member of the convention to revise the United States Constitution, and was everywhere recognized as a bold statesman, the most persuasive of orators, and an ardent, incorruptible patriot. The story of his life has been gathered and preserved by William Wirt, a Virginia orator, second only in eloquence to Patrick Henry himself.

II. *Verse* 1.—The *Sirens*, in heathen mythology, were damsels who dwelt on the shores of Sicily, and so charmed mariners by the sweetness of their song, that they forgot their homes, and remained there until they perished of hunger.

V. 2.—To what is the allusion at the close of this verse?

CHAPTER XXIV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*The Watcher on the Tower. A Dialogue.*

1.—*Traveller.*

"What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? Comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

2.—*Watcher.*

"The stars are clear above me; scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays, in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see, on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."

3.—*Traveller.*

"Look forth again, O watcher on the tower!
The people wake and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full daylight that they know *must* shine."

4.—*Watcher.*

"I see not well; the morn is cloudy still;
There is a radiance on the distant hill;
Even as I watch, the glory seems to grow,
But the stars blink and the night breezes blow."

5.—*Traveller.*

"And is that all, O watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour:
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain-copes,
And the green woods beneath them, on the slopes?"

6.—*Watcher.*

"A mist envelops them; I cannot trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace;
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

7.—*Traveller.*

"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again, and tell us hour by hour
All thou beholdest: many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply."

8.—*Watcher.*

"I see the hill-tops now; and chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

9.—*Traveller.*

"Again—again, O watcher on the tower!—
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?"

10.—*Watcher.*

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

11.—*Traveller.*

"What doth he say, O watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime
With the full glories of the coming time?"

12.—*Watcher.*

"He prophesies—his heart is full—his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day!
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

13.—*Traveller.*

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,
When Right shall rule supreme and vanquish Wrong?"

14.—*Watcher.*

"He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace:
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

15.—*Traveller.*

"Well done, thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it. Tell us yet again
If the broad daylight breaks upon the *plain*."

16.—*Watcher.*

"It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly—
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

Charles Mackay.

II.—*Brevity of Life.*

We are born,—we laugh, we weep, we love, we droop,—
we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep? why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?—Alas! not I.
Why doth the violet spring, unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring sweet thoughts, that
quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling to things that die?
We toil through pain and wrong; we fight—and fly;
We love, we lose; and then, ere long, stone-dead we lie!
O life! is *all* thy song—"endure, and—die"?

Barry Cornwall.

I. This selection is of the nature of an allegory, in which the meaning is partly explained towards the close. It would be well for the pupil to write out the meaning in full.

II. What is there peculiar about the rhyming words in this selection?

CHAPTER XXV.—ROBERT BURNS.—1759-1796.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. The home of the Ayrshire poet is described in his own *Cotter's Saturday Night;* and there its penury, thrift, and dutifulness, are all touchingly told. The weaknesses of the poet's life we may be content to notice in WHITTIER'S kindly words:—

2. "O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the man uprising,—
No longer common or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing.

3. "With clearer eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly;
The Bible at his cotter's hearth
Had made my own more holy.

4. "And if, at times, an evil strain,
To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of pure and healthful feeling,

5. "It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining;
No heart had I to see, or hear,
The discord and the staining.

6. "Let those who never erred forget
His worth in vain bewailings;
Sweet soul of song! I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings."

7. Burns passed his life in poverty, and had most limited opportunities of learning. He called himself a ploughman

all his days, saying, in the height of his fame, to the Bishop of Aberdeen, "Till within these two years I had my shoes studded with a hundred tackets, but even then I was a reader, and had very early made all the English poets familiar to me, not forgetting the old bards of the best of all the poetical books, the Old Testament." His poems were first circulated from hand to hand among his neighbors, whose good opinion of them led him to form the project of publishing them in a volume, in order to defray his passage to the West Indies.

8. On the point of embarkation he was called to Edinburgh by an invitation from Dr. Blacklock, who had seen his book. He was fêted by the scholars of that city, in whose learned and polite company he bore himself with manly dignity and ease; but the restraints of society were distasteful, and he returned to the farm. Later on he obtained the petty office of a customs-gauger, and died in Dumfriesshire at the early age of thirty-seven.

9. The appearance of Burns's poetry marks a new epoch in English literature. Wearied with the artificiality and the rigid correctness of the classical poets, the nation received with enthusiasm the simple measures and the fresh animation of Nature's bard. He praises the peasant beauties who enchanted him; he sings of wild flowers and babbling brooks; he shouts the boisterous rhymes of the reveller; he flashes out his enthusiasm for freedom and humble worth; and he scourges with satire and invective the shams and the wrongs of State and of Church. In him the granite hills of Scotland reflect the lurid flames of the French Revolution.

10. "His poems," wrote Carlyle, "are with scarcely an exception mere occasional effusions, poured forth with little premeditation, expressing, by such means as offered, the passion, opinion, or humor of the hour; never, in one instance, was it permitted to grapple with any subject with the full collection of his strength, and mould it in the

concentrated fire of his genius. Nevertheless, there is something in these poems, marred and defective as they are, which forbids the most fastidious student of poetry to pass them by."

11. Burns gives a beautiful account of his own art life in *The Vision,* where Coila,[a] "the tutelar genius and inspirer of the peasant youth in his clay-built hut," is represented as addressing him. The address must be understood as a picture of Burns himself, drawn by the poet's own hand.

II.—*Coila's Address.*

1. "With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

2. "I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

3. "Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

[a] *Coi'la*, the tutelary deity of Scotland (from Kyle, a district in Ayrshire), so named from Coi'lus, a Pictish monarch. Sometimes all Scotland is so called, as:

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales.—*Burns.*

4. "When ripened fields and azure skies
Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

5. "When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
The adorèd name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

6. "I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways, of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

7. "Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

8. "Yet all beneath the unrivalled rose
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

9. "Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;

And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard."

10. "And wear thou this"—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

Burns's melody is at the best in his native dialect; and, indeed, there are very few of his poems that are not colored with it. In *Tam o' Shanter* and *The Jolly Beggars* he reaches his highest dramatic force, and displays the most varied powers. In *The Vision of Liberty* and in *Bruce's Address* are strains which still fire Scottish patriotism. Of the latter, Thomas Carlyle thus spoke:—"So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode, the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen."

III.—*Bruce's Address.*[a]

1. At Bannockburn the English lay,
The Scots they werena far away,

[a] The first two, or introductory verses, here given, do not properly belong to the *Address* as written by Burns, though frequently attributed to that poet. They were written by Sir Walter Scott, who is represented to have said to a friend, by whom he was found reading a volume of Burns's poems, that the opening of the address by Bruce was too abrupt, and should have been introduced by some description of the scene, or of the circumstances under which it was delivered. After some discussion, the friend asked Sir Walter what kind of an introduction he would have. "Why, something of this kind," rejoined Sir Walter, and, taking a pencil, he quickly wrote on the fly-leaf of the volume of Burns the first two verses we have given above.

But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

2. But soon the sun broke through the heath,
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, wi' soul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed:—

3. "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has often led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

4. "Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

5. "Wha will be a traitor knave,
Wha can fill a coward's grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee!

6. "Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

7. "By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will draw our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

8. "Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!"

As Burns was one day ploughing, he turned down with his plough a little flower, which incident he touches with pathetic grace in his verses

IV.—*To a Mountain Daisy.*

1. Wee,[a] modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun[b] crush amang the stoure[c]
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny[d] gem.

2. Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted[e] forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

3. The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's[f] maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield[g]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie[h] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

4. There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

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[a] *Wee*, little.—[b] *maun*, must.—[c] *stoure*, dust.—[d] *bonny*, beautiful.—[e] *glinted*, glanced.—[f] *wa*, wall.—[g] *bield*, shelter.—[h] *histie*, dry, barren.

5. Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard
And whelm him o'er!

6. Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

7. Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

The genius of Burns has awakened respect for homely worth in lowly life. He loves to sing of it, and his honest enthusiasm for it finds an echo in many a heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Shakspeare's Heroines.

1. Note broadly, in the outset, Shakspeare has no heroes;—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage; and the still slighter Valentine in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had

not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice around him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type.

2. Coriolanus—Cæsar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities;—Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in *King Lear*, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose; Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, all are faultless; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

3. Then observe, secondly,—

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children: the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him: as it is, she all but saves him.

4. Of Othello I need not trace the tale; nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia, who dies in wild testimony against his error:—"Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool do with so good a wife?"

5. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the wise and entirely brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the

reckless impatience of her husband. In *Winter's Tale*, and in *Cymbeline*, the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In *Measure for Measure*, the injustice of the judges, and the corrupt cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamantine purity of a woman. In *Coriolanus*, the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer at last granted, saves him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

6. And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

7. Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakspeare's plays, there is only one weak woman,—Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

8. Such, in broad light, is Shakspeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors,

—incorruptibly just and pure examples,—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.—*From Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies."*

CHAPTER XXVII.—SAMUEL ROGERS.—1763-1855.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Samuel Rogers was a polished, fastidious London gentleman of wealth. He was the son of a banker, and, on his mother's side, a relative of the Bible commentator, Matthew Henry. He was brought up to his father's business, and though he early retired from the management of the bank, he retained an interest in it during life. His first forty years were passed at the family residence at Newington Green, and the last fifty years he resided in St. James's Place, London, in a house famous for two things:—the refined taste with which it was furnished and adorned, and the excellent dinners given by its master to literary and artistic people.

2. The painter, Charles R. Leslie, thus depicts the man in describing his garniture:—"Rogers was the only man I have ever known who felt the beauties of art like an artist. He employed and always upheld Flaxman, Stothard, and Turner[a] when they were little appreciated by their countrymen. The proof of his superior judgment is to be found in the fact that there was nothing in his house that was not valuable. In most other collections, however fine, I have always seen something that betrayed a want of taste, —an indifferent picture, a copy passing for an original, or something vulgar in the way of ornament."

3. The writings of Rogers are such as might be expected

[a] *Flaxman* was a sculptor of considerable repute; *Stothard* a painter who illustrated Boydell's Shakspeare and Rogers's Poems, etc.; while *Turner* became the most celebrated of all English painters.

from a fastidious and rich bachelor, who passed his time in travel, in visiting picture-galleries and museums of art, and in giving delightful entertainments. For a period of fifty years scarcely a man of note, in the literary world, came to London without finding his way to Samuel Rogers's table. Rogers's prose works consist of *Table-Talk* and *Reflections*, volumes filled with elegant and chatty rehearsals of his observations among the distinguished men whose acquaintance he enjoyed. He wrote an *Ode to Superstition* when he was in his teens, and at twenty-nine he published the *Pleasures of Memory*, for which he is especially famous. To these he added, in later life, the *Voyage of Columbus*, *Jacqueline*, *Human Life*, and *Italy*.

4. None of Rogers's writings are marked by great originality or vigor. The tenor of his life was too prosperous and refined for the agitations of passion; but his poems are melodious, elaborate, and correct. His style is formed on Dryden and Gray, and he belongs to the school of Campbell, though he avoids his inverted epithets and artificial methods. He lived to see the romantic school of Scott, Moore, and Southey, and the reflective school of Wordsworth and Shelley, well established, but his works belong to a prior age. Lord Byron thought that the *Pleasures of Memory*, the *Pleasures of Hope*, and the *Essay on Man* were "the most beautiful didactic poems in our language." We give the following extract from

II.—*Pleasures of Memory.*[a]

1. Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene;
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.

[a] What is apostrophized in this selection? Where does the apostrophe begin? What beautiful simile in verse 4?

Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled! yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear!

2. Mark yon old mansion, frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze.
That casement arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport,
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

3. Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give;
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.

4. What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

5. The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay;

Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here,
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams!

Hazlitt called Rogers "a very lady-like poet," but Lord Jeffrey, the great Edinburgh critic, speaks of the banker's verses in a kindlier spirit. "They do not indeed stir the spirits like the strong lines of Byron," he says, "nor make our hearts dance within us like the inspiring strains of Scott; but they come over us with a bewitching softness that, in certain moods, is still more delightful, and soothe the troubled spirits with a refreshing sense of truth, purity, and elegance." Some of Rogers's most animated lines are found in his poem entitled *Italy*, where he narrates a legend of one of the Orsini palaces, concerning the mysterious disappearance and death, on her wedding-day, of a beautiful girl whose name was

III.—*Ginevra.*

1. She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, forever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

2. Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,

Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

3. Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing, and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not!

4. Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless,—then went to strangers.

5. Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,

With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."

6. There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!

There are several traditional stories of the same character as the foregoing, one of which, by Thomas Haynes Bayley, is the song entitled *The Mistletoe Bough.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

[Jean Paul Richter, popularly known as JEAN PAUL, a German author, born in 1763, died in 1825. His voluminous writings abound in a bewildering variety of playful, witty, pathetic, childlike, and sublime thoughts, and are pervaded by a high moral tone. The celebrated British author and German scholar, Thomas Carlyle, characterizes Jean Paul in the following manner:—]

I.—*Richter and his Writings.*

1. Richter has been called an intellectual Colossus; and in truth it is still somewhat in this light that we view him. His faculties are all of gigantic mould; cumbrous, awkward in their movements; large and splendid rather than harmonious and beautiful; yet joined in living union, and of force and compass altogether extraordinary.

2. He has an intellect vehement, rugged, irresistible; crushing in pieces the hardest problems; piercing into the

most hidden combinations of things, and grasping the most distant; an imagination vague, sombre, splendid, or appalling; brooding over the abysses of Being; wandering through Infinitude, and summoning before us, in its dim religious light, shapes of brilliancy, solemnity, or terror; a fancy of exuberance literally unexampled; for it pours its treasures with a lavishness which knows no limit, hanging, like the sun, a jewel on every grass-blade, and sowing the earth at large with orient pearl.

3. Of writings which, though with many reservations, we have praised so much, our hesitating readers may demand some specimen. To unbelievers, unhappily, we have none of a convincing sort to give. Ask us not to represent the Peruvian forests by three twigs plucked from them; or the cataracts of the Nile by a handful of its water! To those, meanwhile, who will look on twigs as mere dissevered things, and a handful of water as only so many drops, we present the following. It is a summer Sunday night; Jean Paul is taking leave of the Hukelum Parson and his wife; like him we have long laughed at them or wept for them; like him, also, we are sad to part from them.

II.—*Sunday Night.—A Revery.*

1. We were all of us too deeply moved. We at last tore ourselves asunder from repeated embraces; my friend retired with the soul whom he loves. I remained behind, alone with the Night.

2. And I walked without aim through woods, through valleys, and over brooks, and through sleeping villages, to enjoy the great Night, like a Day. I walked, and still looked, like the magnet, to the region of midnight, to strengthen my heart at the gleaming twilight, at this upstretched aurora of a morning beneath our feet. White night-butterflies flitted, white blossoms fluttered, white stars fell, and the white snow-powder hung silvery in the

high Shadow of the Earth, which reaches beyond the Moon, and which is our Night.

3. Then began the Æolian Harp of the creation to tremble and to sound, blown on from above; and my immortal Soul was a string in this harp. The heart of a brother, everlasting Man, swelled under the everlasting heaven, as the seas swell under the sun and under the moon. The distant village clocks struck midnight, mingling, as it were, with the ever-pealing tone of ancient Eternity.—The limbs of my buried ones touched cold on my soul, and drove away its blots, as dead hands heal eruptions of the skin.—I walked silently through little hamlets, and close by their outer church-yards, where crumbled upcast coffin-boards were glimmering, while the once bright eyes that had lain in them were mouldered into gray ashes. Cold thought! clutch not like a cold spectre at my heart: I look up to the starry sky, and an everlasting chain stretches thither, and over, and below; and all is Life, and Warmth, and Light, and all is Godlike, or God.——

4. Toward morning, I descried thy late lights, little city of my dwelling, which I belong to on this side the grave; I returned to the Earth; and in thy steeples, behind the by-advanced great midnight, it struck half-past two: about this hour, in 1794, Mars went down in the west, and the Moon rose in the east; and my soul desired, in grief for the noble warlike blood which is still streaming on the blossoms of spring; "Ah, retire, bloody War, like red Mars: and thou, still Peace, come forth, like the mild divided Moon!" *Richter.*

III.—*The Two Roads.*

1. It was New-Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

2. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—*one* leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the *other* leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But his father and the days of his youth had both passed away.

5. He saw wandering lights float away over dark marshes, and then disappear. *These* were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-Year's night.

6. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son,—the lessons they had taught him, the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

7. And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream

which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

8. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth, return! O, give me back my early days!" *Richter.*

CHAPTER XXIX.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—1770-1850.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. "My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood,
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good."

Thus Wordsworth described himself and his faith; and all the outward circumstances of his life correspond with the description. His father was a lawyer and the agent of the Earl of Lonsdale, and young Wordsworth received a University education, graduating from Cambridge in 1791. At twenty-five he received a legacy of nine hundred pounds from a gentleman who admired his genius, and he realized a comfortable estate from a claim of his father against the Earl of Lonsdale. At thirty-three he married a friend of his childhood, who survived his venerable age.

2. Of simple and inexpensive tastes, released from care and need of toil, with his retirement solaced by the presence of kindred and friends who believed in his gifts, and impervious to criticism, he passed his years among the

beautiful lakes[a] of Cumberland, in which county he was born. Influential friends obtained for him the patronage of the government. For forty years he enjoyed the income of the office of Stamp Distributor, the duties of which were very light, and, a few months after he had resigned this office in favor of a son, he was, on the death of his friend Robert Southey, made poet-laureate of England, with a pension of three hundred pounds a year until his death.

3. Wordsworth was awkward in appearance, solemn, and pedantic. His face had a pleasant smile, but his conversation was without humor, and rather monotonous. He is called one of the metaphysical poets, as with him description sinks into reflection, and reflection into moralizing. But, withal, he is deeply religious, and in his old age he said to one of his friends, "Whatever the world may think of me or of my poetry, is now of little consequence; but one thing is a comfort to me in old age, that none of my works written since the days of my early youth contains a line I should wish to blot out because it panders to the baser passions of our nature."

4. Wordsworth was an enthusiastic lover of nature, and in all his mental changes he only saw new aspects and meanings in nature answering to his varied moods. "The impassioned love of nature," says a writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, "is interfused through the whole of Mr. Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices, penetrating all recesses, coloring all media, supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts. Though man is his subject, yet is man never presented to us divested of his relations with external nature. Man is the text, but there is always a running commentary of natural phenomena." In one of his best

[a] These lakes, nine in number, are in Cumberland, a northwestern county of England bordering on Scotland. They are among mountains, are renowned for their scenery, and are much visited by tourists.

poems, composed while visiting the banks of the Wye a few miles above Tintern Abbey, the poet expresses this unwavering love of nature, referring, first, to the impressions which nature made upon him in his boyhood:—

II.—*The Love of Nature.*

1. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite,—a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

2. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

3. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

4. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

5. Wordsworth had two gifted friends—Coleridge and Southey—who shared with him the poetic fire. In early life each dreamed ardent dreams of human liberty. They espoused republican principles, declaimed against "every sceptred child of clay," and were much swayed both by the religious and the political opinions which were disseminated by the French philosophers. Of nearly the same age, circumstances brought these three together among the Cumberland lakes, and, as time wore on, each abandoned the wild social dreams of his youth, and became a strong and firm supporter of the established church and government.

6. Each published volumes of poetry, and, as these were so different from the accepted standards of art at that time, the authors were recognized as the founders of a new school of writing, under the name of "The Lake Poets." Wordsworth was the leader in this literary revolution. He most consistently set himself the task of changing the public taste, he most distinctly announced this purpose, he carried his notions to the farthest extreme, and he bore the heaviest weight of ridicule. Artificial writing was then the bane of literature; unusual or affected topics were treated in stilted style and with lifeless precision. But, in the North, a plough-boy was singing in the dialect of the Scotch peasantry on simple themes of nature, of lowly life,

and of human affections. Burns's songs awakened a kindred spirit in Wordsworth, and

> "showed his youth
> How verse may build a princely throne
> On humble truth."

7. Seeking to utter simple thoughts in simple words, no subject was too trivial for Wordsworth's verse. A kitten playing with autumn leaves, the deafness of a peasant, a walk upon the moor, the conversation of a chance traveller, a daisy,—the commonest things and events are woven into rhythm with the plainest words. For this reason much of Wordsworth's poetry may be called commonplace. Yet at times there is an exquisite delicacy in his simplest lines, and he is not without power to make his verse glow with warmth of imagination.

8. There is but little plot in the poet's longest poems. The most famous of them, *The Excursion*, is a collection of reflections and descriptions suggested by a walk, in which various humble people are encountered. It is without incident, is unfinished, but is pure and elevating. As Professor Wilson (Christopher North) says, "it is a series of poems, all swimming in the light of poetry; some of them sweet and simple, some elegant and graceful, some beautiful and most lovely, some of strength and state, some majestic, some magnificent, some sublime." An extract from it will exhibit the poet's power to gild a commonplace subject with gravity and grace, and by simple means to heighten contrasts.

III.—*The Deaf Dalesman.*[a]

1. Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare

[a] *Dalesman*, a term applied particularly to the inhabitants of the valleys in the north of England.

And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a long straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward,—there, beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
From whom in early childhood was withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul,
And this deep mountain valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
With startling summons; not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the laboring bee.

2. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labors; the steep mountain-side
Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers.

How skilful the art which can cover a sleeping city with the glow of early dawn, until it grows picturesque with calm stateliness! One of Wordsworth's sonnets has this art. It describes London as seen from Westminster Bridge at the rising of a summer's sun.

IV.—*Early Morning View of London.*

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

The fame of Wordsworth rapidly extended in his latter years,—many of his former depreciators joining the ranks of his admirers. He lived to a good old age, and left the world, calmly and peacefully, on the 23d of April, 1850.

CHAPTER XXX.—MISCELLANEOUS.

"*He who Died at Azan.*"

[The following exquisite poem, from the Arabic, is a supposed message from a soul just departed, to the weeping friends who mourn their loss; and, though probably written by a disciple of Mohammed, it is pervaded by a spirit of true Christian philosophy. The translation was made by Edwin Arnold, an English poet and journalist.]

1. He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:—

2. Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow,

And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears;
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
"*I* am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie:
It *was* mine, it is not I."

3. Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

4. Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there:
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie.
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store.

5. Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;

Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you,
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

6. Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell:
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept.
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain;
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death, for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is, of all life, centre.

7. Be ye certain, all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above.
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home.
La Allah illa Allah! yea,
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

8. He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

II.—*The Magic Moon.*

1.

What stands upon the highland? What walks across the rise,
As though a starry island were sinking down the skies?
What makes the trees so golden? What decks the mountain-side,
Like a veil of silver folden round the white brow of a bride?
The magic moon is breaking, like a conqueror from the east,
The waiting world awaking to a golden fairy feast.

2.

She works, with touch ethereal, by changes strange to see,
The cypress, so funereal, to a lightsome fairy tree;
Black rocks to marble turning, like palaces of kings;
On ruined windows burning a festal glory flings;
The desert halls uplighting, while falling shadows glance,
Like courtly crowds uniting for the banquet or the dance.

3.

With ivory wand she numbers the stars along the sky,
And breaks the billows' slumbers with a love-glance of her eye;
Along the corn-fields dances, brings bloom upon the sheaf;
From tree to tree she glances, and touches leaf by leaf;
Wakes birds that sleep in shadows; through their half-closed eyelids gleams,
With her white torch through the meadows lights the shy deer to the streams.
The magic moon is waking, like a conqueror from the east,
And the joyous world partaking of her golden fairy feast!

Ernest Jones.

This piece is full of figurative expressions. Let the pupil point them out and explain them.

CHAPTER XXXI.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.—1771-1832.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Sir Walter Scott was a literary prodigy. Fifty octavo volumes scarcely make a complete edition of his writings, and yet he was twenty-five years old before he published his first work. It is estimated that he earned with his pen nearly two and a quarter millions of dollars.

2. Scott was born in Edinburgh. His father, who was a lawyer, bred him to the same profession, and young Scott employed his leisure hours in reading tales of the Border and of chivalry. At the age of fifty-five his publishers failed, involving him in an enormous debt. In the same year he lost his wife, a beautiful woman of French descent.

3. With wonderful fortitude he set himself the task of paying his creditors in full, and, though he did not live to secure their release, his purpose was achieved soon after his death, through the sale of his works. In one year he is said to have earned ninety thousand dollars by writing the Life of Napoleon. In the last six years of his life he published no less than thirty-eight volumes, besides essays for the Reviews. These works comprise novels, tales, poems, and histories. Under this prodigious strain Scott broke down, and early in his sixty-second year, after a vain search for health on the Continent, he died a paralytic.

4. Scott's ambition in life was to found a family that might vie with the ancient Border names that he venerated. For this purpose he purchased an estate on the river Tweed, and built a mansion which was a curious combination of feudal towers and modern drawing-rooms. To this estate he gave the name of Abbotsford. His house was typical of his mind and his writings, and is thus described by Taine:—"It was a castle with a tall tower at either end, sundry zigzagged gables, a myriad of indentations and parapets, most fantastic water-spouts, labelled windows, and stones carved with heraldries innumerable."

The apartments were filled with sideboards and carved chests adorned with "cuirasses, helmets, and swords of every order."

5. For long years Scott kept open house there, so to speak, trying to revive old feudal life with all its customs and its display, dispensing free and joyous hospitality to all comers, and, above all, to relatives, friends, and neighbors. Abbotsford was both antique and modern; its furniture was feudal, but its life was that of the eighteenth century. An ill-dressed country squire of the time of George the Fourth filled his imagination and talk with the forms of romance and chivalry. The same admixture is found in his writings. The dress, speech, and surroundings of his characters are feudal or antique, while their manners are modern.

6. Scott's verse is animated with action and incident. Of his prose, Chateaubriand said, "The novelist has set about writing historical romances, and the historian romantic histories." Yet Scott's writings were a great boon to an age which the influence of Burns and Cowper had not then emancipated from the stiff formalism, grandiloquence, and artificiality of Pope's imitators. They fill the imagination with romantic ideas; they refresh the mind with descriptions of real though outgrown life; they awaken sentiments of joyous amiability; and they are free from every debasing element. With all his verbosity, and rapidity and carelessness of composition, Scott is emphatically a picturesque author. His reputation began with *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, published in his thirty-second year, in which an old Border minstrel is represented as relating, in romantic stanzas, the wild legends of his country. The following is a part of the description of

II.—*The Aged Minstrel.*

1. The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;

His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.

2. No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

3. Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head;
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;

Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

Scott's more ambitious poems were *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Vision of Don Roderick*, *The Lord of the Isles*, and *Marmion*. The latter relates the story of an imaginary person who was killed at the battle of Flodden-field. He was sent by Henry the Eighth on an embassy to the Scottish court of James the Fourth. On the eve of the battle, Marmion, having concluded his mission to James, was intrusted by him to the protection and hospitality of old Douglas, the Scottish chieftain, who dismissed him, on the following morning, with a guide to Surrey's camp. Marmion, on parting, offered the earl his hand, which the old man refused to take. Trembling with passion, Marmion hurled defiance in the face of Douglas, and dashed through the castle arch ere the descending portcullis could bar his way. This is the description that the poet gives of

III.—*The Parting of Douglas and Marmion.*

1. Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.

2. The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;

Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

3. But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

4. Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

5. On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

6. Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the arch-way sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung,
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.
The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clinchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

7. "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace;
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
St. Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
I warrant him a warrior tried."—
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle's halls.

IV.—*Scott's Novels.*

1. Sir Walter Scott is best remembered for his works of fiction. The first one, *Waverley*, gave name to the whole series. Although these volumes came from the press with amazing rapidity, their authorship was for a long time concealed, and, when public curiosity was attributing them to "the great magician of the North," Scott even disclaimed that he wrote them. It was believed that he considered it unbecoming in the founder of a noble house to be known as writing for money; but his misfortunes finally revealed the author beyond chance of denial. His romances are all historical, and are notable for their descriptions of natural scenes, for their spectacle of antique manners, and for their picturesque grouping of characters and incidents. They are full of action, for Scott was too prolific a writer for delineations of the subtile motives and influences out of which character grows.

2. As a work of graphic power, Scott's *Ivanhoe* has no superior among his other writings. It is a story of thrilling interest, the scenes of which are laid in England in the time of Richard I., the "Lion-hearted." "We are presented," says a modern critic, "with a series of most splendid pictures, the canvas crowded with life and action—with the dark shades of cruelty, vice, and treason, and the brightness of heroic courage, dauntless fortitude, and uncorrupted faith and purity. The whole work is a grand picturesque pageant, yet full of a gentle nobleness and a proud simplicity." One incident in the narrative is the siege of the castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. In this castle the wounded knight Ivanhoe, and Rebecca the Jewess, are held as prisoners; and the siege for their relief is conducted by their friends. At the request of Ivanhoe, who is unable to leave his couch, Rebecca stands at a window that overlooks the approaches to the castle, and relates to him the particulars of the contest.

V.—*Storming of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle.*

1. "I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

2. With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

3. "That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

4. "He blenches not! He blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

5. She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again; there is now less danger."

6. Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed, and with the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

7. "Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness, "But no!—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

8. "Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

9. "They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other; down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places

in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!'

10. "Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

11. "Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hurled down on the brave champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

12. "By St. John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England who might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won. O God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

13. "The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

CHAPTER XXXII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Rain upon the Roof.*

1. When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

2. Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

3. Now, in fancy, comes my mother,
As she used to, years agone,
To survey the infant sleepers,
Ere she left them till the dawn.
Oh, I see her bending o'er me,
As I list to the refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

4. Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
A serene, angelic pair,
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,

As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

5. There is naught in Art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions well,
As that melody of Nature,
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.—*Coates Kinney.*

II.—*Pictures of Memory.*

1. Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

2. I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,

We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

3. Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.—*Alice Cary.*

CHAPTER XXXIII.—SYDNEY SMITH.—1771-1845.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Lord Macaulay says, "Sydney Smith is universally admitted to have been a great reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift." He was a clergyman of the English Church, was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and died at London in his seventy-fifth year. Early in life he passed five years at Edinburgh, where, with Francis Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, he established the *Edinburgh Review* as a Whig periodical. He early became known as a wit of such aptness, pungency, and, withal, of such good nature, that Lord Cockburn asks, "Was there ever more sense combined with hilarious jocularity?" Edward Everett, after listening to

Smith, said, "If he had not been known as the wittiest man of his day, he would have been accounted one of the wisest." Smith's daughter, Lady Holland, says he was of short stature and full habit, and that the merry twinkle of his eyes, and his irrepressible delight in his own fun, made his mirth contagious. His reputation as a wit lies chiefly in the reminiscences and memoirs which this lady has published of him.

2. Sydney Smith's published writings consist of sermons, and essays for the Reviews, all of which are distinguished for good sense and sobriety of reasoning. "His talents," says a late critic, "were always exercised on practical subjects,—to correct what he deemed abuses, to enforce religious toleration, to expose cant and hypocrisy, and to inculcate timely reformation. No politician was ever more disinterested or effective. He had the wit and energy of Swift without his coarseness or cynicism, and if inferior to Swift in the high attribute of original inventive genius, he had a peculiar and inimitable breadth of humor and drollery of illustration, that served as potent auxiliaries to his clear and logical argument." [*Chambers.*] Good examples of the style of Mr. Smith may be found in the following brief extracts from his writings:—

II.—*The Tendency of Wit.*

1. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. But it is said that wit is dangerous. So is eloquence dangerous; a talent for observation is dangerous; everything is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the

understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible.

2. When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and something more than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit, —wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age, and care, and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. Genuine and innocent wit is surely the *flavor of the mind.* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food, but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

III.—*Discussion.*

1. I am about to recommend a practice in the conduct of the understanding which, I dare say, will be strongly objected to by many men of the world who may overhear it, and that is, the practice of arguing, or, if that be a word in bad repute, of *discussing.* But then I have many limitations to add to such recommendation. It is as unfair to compel a man to discuss with you, who cannot play the game, or does not like it, as it would be to compel a person to play at chess with you under similar circumstances: neither is such an exercise of the mind suitable to the rapidity and equal division of general conversation.

2. Such practices are, of course, as ill-bred and as absurd as it would be to pull out a grammar and dictionary in a general society, and to prosecute the study of a language.

But when two men who love truth meet together, and discuss any difficult point with good-nature and a respect for each other's understanding, it always imparts a high degree of steadiness and certainty to our knowledge; or, what is nearly of equal value, and certainly of greater difficulty, it convinces us of our ignorance.

3. It is an exercise that is often grossly abused by those who have recourse to it, and is very apt to degenerate into a habit of perpetual contradiction, which is the most tiresome and most *disgusting* in all the catalogue of imbecilities. It is an exercise which timid men dread—from which irritable men ought to abstain—but which, in my humble opinion, advances a man, who is calm enough for it, and strong enough for it, far beyond any other method of employing the mind. Indeed, a promptitude to discuss is so far a proof of a sound mind, that, whenever we feel pain and alarm at our opinions being called in question, it is almost a certain sign that they have been taken up without examination, or that the reasons which once determined our judgment have vanished away.

In one of Sydney Smith's political speeches in favor of Reform, delivered at Taunton in 1831, he introduced the since famous episode of Mrs. Partington, which is one of the happiest specimens of the fertility of his fancy and the richness of his humor, while at the same time it enforced his argument with irresistible effect.

IV.—*Story of Mrs. Partington.*

1. As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing, ere long, a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of Reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion.

In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and everything was threatened with destruction.

2. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Sabbath Hymn on the Mountains.*

1. Praise ye the Lord!
Not in the temple of shapeliest mould,
Polished with marble and gleaming with gold,
Piled upon pillars of slenderest grace,—
But here in the blue sky's luminous face,
Praise ye the Lord!

2. Praise ye the Lord!
Not where the organ's melodious wave
Dies 'neath the rafters that narrow the nave,
But here with the free wind's wandering sweep,
Here with the billow that booms from the deep,—
Praise ye the Lord!

3. Praise ye the Lord!
Not where the pale-faced multitude meet
In the sweltering lane and the dun-visaged street,
But here where bright ocean, thick-sown with green isles,
Feeds the glad eye with a harvest of smiles,—
Praise ye the Lord!

4. Praise ye the Lord!
Here where the strength of the old granite Ben[a]
Towers o'er the greenswarded grace of the glen,
Where the birch flings its fragrance abroad on the hill,
And the bee of the heather-bloom wanders at will,—
Praise ye the Lord!

5. Praise ye the Lord!
Here where the loch, the dark mountain's fair daughter,
Down the red scaur flings the white-streaming water,
Leaping and tossing and swirling forever,
Down to the bed of the smooth-rolling river,—
Praise ye the Lord!

6. Praise ye the Lord!
Not where the voice of a preacher instructs you,
Not where the hand of a mortal conducts you,
But where the bright welkin in scripture of glory
Blazons creation's miraculous story,—
Praise ye the Lord!

7. Praise ye the Lord!
The wind and the welkin, the sun and the river,
Weaving a tissue of wonders forever,—

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[a] *Ben Lomond*, a mountain of Scotland. The lake (*Loch* Lomond), and the rock (*scaur*) down which the water rushes into the river Leven, are alluded to in the fifth stanza.

The mead and the mountain, the flower and the tree,—
What is their pomp, but a vision of Thee,
Wonderful Lord?

8. Praise ye the Lord!
Not in the square-hewn, many-tiered pile,
Not in the long-drawn, dim-shadowed aisle,
But where the bright world, with age never hoary,
Flashes His brightness and thunders His glory,
Praise ye the Lord!

John Stuart Blackie.

II.—*Nature's Temple.*

1.

Talk not of temples—there is one, built without hands, to mankind given:
Its lamps are the meridian sun, and all the stars of heaven.
Its walls are the cerulean sky, its floor the earth, serene and fair;
The dome is vast immensity—all Nature worships there!

2.

The Alps arrayed in stainless snow, the Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow, like altar-fires to God!
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze, as if with hallowed victims rare;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—all Nature worships there!

3.

The cedar and the mountain pine, the willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine, in reverence bend to Him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays, from tower, and tree, and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise—all Nature worships there!—*David Vedder.*

CHAPTER XXXV.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.—1772-1834.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. A lofty dreamer and a man of unfinished achievements, Coleridge passed his life in alternations of dejection and enthusiasm. He was a critic, a philosopher, a poet; and, since Dr. Johnson's time, no other man in England has been so great an oracle in company or at the table, or so admired by able men for brilliant conversational powers.

2. He passed through many vicissitudes. The son of a poor Devonshire vicar, he became head-scholar at Christ's Hospital, an educational institution, and entered Cambridge in his nineteenth year, whence he was driven in 1793, on account of his attachment to the principles of the French Revolution. He was successively a dragoon, a journalist, a Unitarian preacher, a colonial secretary, and a lecturer. In 1798 the generosity of the Wedgwoods, of Staffordshire, enabled Coleridge to proceed to Germany, where he resided more than a year, and at Batzburg and Göttingen confirmed his taste for metaphysical study.

3. On his return to England, Coleridge followed Southey, his brother-in-law, into the Lake country, where the two enjoyed the friendship of Wordsworth, and where the three, confederates in building up a new school of poetic art, also became partners in the project of forming, on the banks of the Susquehanna, in America, an ideal community that should be free from "kings and priests," and all else that could mar its felicity. But funds were wanting, and, as they could not be obtained, the scheme was abandoned.

4. Coleridge was the victim of the opium-eating habit, and this indulgence increased his disposition to reveries, and impaired his energy of action. His brilliant thoughts were often intrusted to a blank leaf, a letter, or the memory of listening admirers, and his real influence on the men

of his time is best known from the sayings which his children and friends preserved and published after his death. He began poems of exquisite beauty and left them incomplete. He contemplated a great philosophical work on Christianity, but never had the energy to begin it; and he talked eloquently of an epic on the Destruction of Jerusalem, which should be to Christendom what the *Iliad* was to Greece; but the poem remained only a glorious dream. Seldom have rarer and more varied talents met in one man, and more seldom still in one so incapable of turning them to action. Conscious of this loss arising from his procrastinating habit, he sent to Wordsworth the following lines. They were composed after the latter had recited to him a poem "on the growth of the individual mind."

5. Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And, even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
Keen pangs of love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain;
And genius given and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

6. The principal prose works of Coleridge were his *Aids to Reflection*, his *Biographia Literaria*, and some essays on theological and political topics. In poetry he disregarded the precise standards of the correct schools, and founded what he called a new principle of irregular harmony,—

"namely, that of counting in each line the number of accentuated words, not the number of syllables." This innovation has since been often imitated, especially by Scott and Byron. His *Ode to the Departing Year*, and his *Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni*, are marked by stately rhythm, force, and deep religious feeling; but he is best known by a poem on "Love" in his *Genevieve*, which describes how he won Genevieve by reciting the story of a scorned knight; by his *Christabel*, a highly imaginative but unfinished story; and by his *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

7. In both of the last-mentioned pieces preternatural influences play freely back and forth in the story, which lies wholly in the realm of imagination. There is a weird, subtile fancy in them, combined with musical versification, which give them a strange fascination. But the latter is especially preternatural, and exquisitely tender. According to De Quincey, its germ was found in the account of an old sea-captain, who, at a time of prolonged foul weather, shot an albatross that had followed the ship several days, hoping thus to end his ill fortune. But the act only served to increase the horrors of the situation, which the "ancient mariner" thus describes:—

II.—*From the Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

1. "Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

2. "All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

3. "Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

4. "Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

One by one, as the days wore on, and the scorching sun burned more and more fiercely, the crew of "four times fifty living men" dropped down lifeless, and the "ancient mariner" was left alone!

5. "Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

6. "The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.

7. "I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

8. "I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

9. "I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

10. "The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

11. "An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

12. "The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

13. "Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

14. "Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

15. "Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy grēen, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

16. "O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

17. "The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

Two dramas came from the pen of Coleridge. *Zapoyla* is comparatively unknown, but the other, *Remorse*, contains exquisite poetry, has a romantic plot, and displays at times great energy. It has elements of wild superstition in it, and there is an incantation scene, in which an invisible chorus conjures up the dead in the following tender lines:—

III.—*Incantation Scene.*

1. Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep, long, lingering knell.
And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine! [a]

2. Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars, and say,
Miserere Domine!

As a specimen of Coleridge's power of animated descrip-

[a] *Mis'e-re're Dom'i-ne*, O Lord! have mercy.

tion, we quote, from the same tragedy, Alhadra's account, to the Moriscoes, of her husband's death.

III.—*Alhadra's Account.*

1. This night your chieftain armed himself
And hurried from me. But I followed him
At distance, till I saw him enter—*there!*—
Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaming torch: he likewise entered.
There was another and a longer pause;
And once methought I heard the clash of swords!
And soon the son of Valdez reappeared;
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he was mirthful; I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband.

2. I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent. What said'st thou?
No, no! I did not dare call Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer. A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came. After that pause—
O Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it;
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess, and there was light,—
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burned dimly o'er a chasm's brink.
I spake; and, whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last,—his death-groan.
I stood in unimaginable trance,
And agony that cannot be remembered,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last, my husband's death-groan!

3. I looked far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment;

And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,
My eyeballs burned, my brain grew hot as fire!
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood!—
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance! Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moved in heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance.

The influence of Coleridge was far greater than his published works indicated, for he was a fascinating talker, and was exceedingly suggestive to those who listened to him. He had a fine face, and a rich, melodious voice, and he talked with the happiest fluency. He could hardly be said to converse, as he occupied the time uninterruptedly, which led Charles Lamb to retort, when the poet asked if he had ever heard him preach, "I never heard you do anything else."

The last nineteen years of his life Coleridge passed as an inmate of the house of Mr. James Gilman, in Highgate, London. A few months before his death, he composed for himself the following simple and humble

Epitaph.

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
Oh! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he who, many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy, for praise—to be forgiven, for fame:
He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The Face against the Pane.

1. Mabel, little Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the beacon-light
A trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea-bird screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan,
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves,
And the willow-tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone with her woe,
Wringing as she stands
Her gaunt and palsied hands;
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the beacon-light
A trembling in the rain.

2. Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher lover
Is out there in the storm;
And your father,—you are weeping!
O, Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go spread the supper-table,
And set the tea a steeping;
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is stanch and tight,

And your father knows
The perilous reef
That makes the water white.
But Mabel, Mabel darling,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the beacon in the rain.

3. The heavens are veined with fire!
And the thunder—how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church-bell tolls
For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell;
In that belfry old and high,
Unseen fingers sway the bell
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls, for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them! God pity them!
Wherever they may be.
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain,
And pity little Mabel,
With her face against the pane!

4. A boom! the light-house gun,
How it echoes,—rolls and rolls!
'Tis to warn home-bound ships
Off the shoals.
See, a rocket cleaves the sky,
From the fort, a shaft of light!
See, it fades, and fading leaves
Golden furrows on the night!
What makes Mabel's cheek so pale?
What makes Mabel's lips so white?

Did she see the helpless sail
That, tossing here and there
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight,—
Down, down, and out of sight?
O, watch no more, no more,
With face against the pane—
You cannot see the men that drown
By the beacon in the rain!

5. From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning, clear and cold,
And the angel on the village spire,
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen,
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands,—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah! so ghastly in the light,
With sea-weed in their hair.
O, ancient fishermen,
Go up to yonder cot!
You'll find a little child
With face against the pane,
Who looks toward the beach,
And, looking, sees it not.
She will never watch again,—
Never watch and wake at night;
For those pretty saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see the beacon-light!

T. B. Aldrich.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—WILLIAM WIRT.—1772-1834.

I.—*Biographical.*

William Wirt was of Swiss and German parentage, and was born at Bladensburg, in Maryland. Left an orphan at eight years of age, he was brought up by an uncle, and at fifteen he became a private tutor. Thus supporting himself, he studied law, subsequently removed to Virginia, practised his profession at Norfolk, and was made District Attorney for Virginia by President Madison. He was appointed, by President Monroe, Attorney-General for the United States. Wirt is the biographer of Patrick Henry, and the author of a number of essays first published in Southern periodicals. His style is lively, pictorial, and sometimes forcible; but his writings excited diverse opinions among his contemporaries. His delineation of the Blind Preacher is taken from life, and forms one of the best descriptions in his first published work, *The British Spy.*

II.—*The Blind Preacher.*

1. It was one Sunday, as I was travelling through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

2. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking

under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

3. The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times. I had thought it exhausted long ago.

4. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed. As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar—a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

5. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour—his trial before Pilate—his ascent up Calvary—his crucifixion—and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life.

6. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

7. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," the voice of the preacher, which had all along

faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

8. It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

9. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau. "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ—like a God." I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

10. You are to call to mind the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, as he begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher," then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice as he continues, "but Jesus Christ—like a God!"

If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

In 1807 President Jefferson retained Wirt to assist the government in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason. So great were the legal acuteness and the eloquence which he displayed on this occasion, that he at once took rank among the foremost pleaders at the bar. Seldom has any court heard a more touching description than his narrative of Blennerhassett's falling into the toils of the wily Burr, whereby his home was ruined and his fortunes broken.

III.—*Burr and Blennerhassett.*

1. Let us put the case between Burr and Blennerhassett. Let us compare the two men, and settle this question of precedence between them. It may save much troublesome ceremony hereafter.

2. Who Aaron Burr is, we have seen in part already. I will add that, beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the mainspring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks and professions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank, and titles, and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses he presents the objects adapted to his taste.

3. His recruiting officers are appointed. Men are engaged thoughout the continent. Civil life is, indeed, quiet upon its surface, but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which, with the slightest touch of his match, will produce an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and in the autumn of 1806 he goes forth, for the last time, to apply the match. On this occasion he meets with Blennerhassett.

4. Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him; music, which might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of Nature; peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him; and, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. The evidence would convince you, sir, that this is only a faint picture of the real life.

5. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes—he comes to turn this paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating powers of his address.

6. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous; conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others; it wears no guards before its breast; every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection.

7. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for all the storms, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delights relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste; his books are abandoned; his retort and crucible are thrown aside; his shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt.

8. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul—his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility; he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a desert; and in a few months we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly"—we find her shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

9. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged and steeped in misery, is comparatively innocent—a mere accessory! Sir, neither the human heart,

nor the human understanding, will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Independence Bell,—July 4th, 1776.

[When it was certain that the Declaration of American Independence would be adopted by the Congress, then in session in Philadelphia, July 4th, 1776, it was determined to announce the event by ringing the old State-House Bell, which bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." The old bell-man posted his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instruction of the doorkeeper when to ring. At the word the young patriot rushed out, and, clapping his hands, shouted, "*Ring!* RING! RING!"]

1. There was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

2. As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

3. "Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"

"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

4. So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled:
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

5. See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

6. Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"*Ring!*" he shouts, "RING! *grandpa,*
Ring! oh, RING for LIBERTY!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

7. How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,

Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

8. That old State-House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "INDEPENDENCE;"
Which, please God, *shall never die!*

CHAPTER XXXIX.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.—1774-1843.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. When Sir Walter Scott declined the office of Poet-Laureate of England with its pension of one hundred pounds a year, he recommended his friend Robert Southey for the position, and Southey received the appointment. This man was one of the most industrious readers and indefatigable writers of his age, which greatly admired him; but no writer of that time so original, gifted, and conspicuous as he, so soon and so irrecoverably became obsolete. Burns and Cowper had broken away from the stilted elaboration of the classical school of writing, and the "Lake Poets," of whom Southey was one, recognized the value of this freedom, and insisted that there was more than one standard of poetical art. In this reviving Romantic school there

were two tendencies apparent from the beginning: the one historical, and the other philosophical or reflective. The first chose its themes from every age or race, and the second viewed its subjects with reference to their effects upon the emotions. In the first, Scott and Southey were the great masters, and Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley were chiefs in the second.

2. Southey was born at Bristol. In his fourteenth year he was placed at Westminster School, where he remained between three and four years, and then entered Oxford; but his academic career was abruptly closed within two years from its commencement, and, after visiting Lisbon and Dublin, he settled down at Keswick, having previously married a sister of the wife of Coleridge. He became an intolerant Tory and Churchman, and for forty years continued his ceaseless round of study and composition. His library was his world, and in one of his poems he says,—

> "My days among the dead are passed;
> Around me I behold,
> Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
> The mighty minds of old:
> My never-failing friends are they,
> With whom I converse night and day."

For three years before he died, Southey was a helpless paralytic. He left to his heirs a fortune of twelve thousand pounds, and one of the most valuable private libraries in the kingdom.

3. In Southey's epic poem, *Joan of Arc*, the heroine, in imitation of Dante,[a] visits the shades of monarchs and conquerors sitting stern and silent, crowned with fire, under a lofty dome of black marble tottering from its base, where "a dim drear light struggled with darkness from the un-

[a] *Dan'te*, the sublimest of the Italian poets, 1265–1321. His great work is the *Divina Commedia* (*Divine Comedy*), which consists of three parts, Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven.

frequent lamp." *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, rides among the hummocks of the Arabian desert with the daring spirit of an Omar.[a] *Madoc* weaves together Welsh and American scenes. *The Curse of Kehama* introduces, under the guise of an Indian rajah, a kind of German Faust among the temples of Hindostan; and *Roderick the Goth* jostles with the Moors of Spain.

4. The form of verse adopted in *Thalaba* is irregular, without rhyme, but full of a rhythmical harmony that is exceedingly charming at first, but wearisome in so long a poem. The opening stanzas, which present a picture of night, and introduce a widowed mother wandering o'er the desert sands, are vividly descriptive.

II.—*Night in the Desert.*

1. How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

2. Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

[a] *Omar I.*, the second of the caliphs, and a great Mohammedan conqueror, 581–644.

5. The style of versification in the last-mentioned noble and pathetic poem, *Roderick the Goth*, may be seen from the following account of the grief and confusion of the aged monarch when he returns to Spain to find his throne occupied by the Moors:—

III.—*The Goth's Return.*

1. The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth;
The unaccustomed face of humankind
Confused him now, and through the streets he went
With haggard mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewildered. All who met him turned,
And wondered as he passed. One stopped him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy,
Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
Fell on the money; and the fallen king,
Seeing his royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groan suppressed: the Mussulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hastened on.

2. A Christian woman, spinning at her door,
Beheld him, and, with sudden pity touched,
She laid her spindle by, and, running in,
Took bread, and, following after, called him back—
And, placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, "Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake
Have mercy on thee!" With a look that seemed

Like idiocy, he heard her, and stood still,
Staring awhile; then, bursting into tears,
Wept like a child.

3. *The Curse of Kehama* afforded Southey a fine chance for the display of his gorgeous taste and unshrinking imagination. The principal actors are a man of supernatural powers, an accursed creature whose perdition releases him from all restraint, a good genius, a sorceress, and a ghost,—who enact fantastic scenes on earth, under the earth, and in the company of Brahminical gods. Scott thought the description of the entrance of mortals into Padalon, the Hades of Indian mythology, unrivalled outside the pages of Milton.

IV.—*The Entrance into Padalon.*

Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers entering Padalon,—
They, too, in darkness entering on their way;
But far before the car
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light that made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort; and the sight, dismayed,
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the world of woe: on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arched the long passage; onward as they ride,
With stronger glare the light around them spread—
And, lo! the regions dread—
The world of woe before them opening wide.
There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.

A sea of flame, it seemed to be
Sea without bound;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light.

In prose, Southey edited the works of half a dozen poets, wrote biographies of admirals and preachers, tales of Brazilian and Church history, travels, letters, and criticisms and essays without number for the Reviews. His prose writings are limpid, animated, and free, and are excellent specimens of agreeable, idiomatic English. His best prose work is *The Doctor*, a kind of "Excursion" or "Task," treating of everything with the pedantic learning of a Johnson and the amiable mirth of a Lamb. It represents a tireless Englishman, whose imagination, shut up in the best private library of England, roves everywhere with a daring spirit.

CHAPTER XL.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*The Old Continentals.*

1. In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the Isles
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, *grummer*, GRUMMER rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

2. Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, *louder*, LOUDER cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

3. Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers;
And the "villanous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears:
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, *higher*, HIGHER burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

4. Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,

And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And *rounder*, ROUNDER, ROUNDER roared the iron six-
pounder,
Hurling death!

Guy Humphrey McMaster.

II.—*The Patriotic Dead.*

1. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

2. By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.—*Collins.*

3. The poet Montgomery thus characterizes the foregoing lyric, which contains some of the most beautiful and striking examples of *personification* that can anywhere be found. He says, "The imagery is of the most delicate and exquisite character: *Spring* decking the turfy sod, *Fancy's* feet treading upon the flowers there, *fairy hands* ringing the knell, *unseen forms* singing the dirge of the glorious dead; but, above all, and never to be surpassed in picturesque and imaginative beauty, *Honor*, as an old broken soldier, coming on a far pilgrimage to visit the shrines where his companions in arms are laid to rest; and *Freedom*, in whose cause they fought and fell, hastening to the spot, and dwelling (but only for 'a while'), a weeping hermit, there."

CHAPTER XLI.—DANIEL WEBSTER.—1782-1852.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Webster's father, who was a veteran soldier of the French and Indian and the Revolutionary wars, settled as a farmer in Salisbury, New Hampshire, where his son Daniel was born. Daniel was educated at Dartmouth College, and subsequently he practised law in Boston, as well as in his native State. He was a Representative in Congress for four terms, and was three times chosen to represent Massachusetts in the United States Senate. He also filled the office of Secretary of State under Presidents Harrison, Tyler, and Fillmore, and died at his Marshfield residence in Plymouth County, Massachusetts.

2. Mr. Webster was the greatest forensic orator that America has produced. In Congress he at once took rank among the most influential and eloquent members, and won for himself the appellation, "Expounder of the Constitution." His mind was capacious and logical, his memory retentive, and his imagination ardent, rather than brilliant. Such was his insight into the nature of his themes that his treatment of them was both serious and weighty; his diction was simple, sonorous, and majestic; his felicities of style were the spontaneous product of comprehensive reasoning and of an impassioned speaker, but not the sedulous arts of the rhetorician. His voice was rich and deep, his gesture dignified, and his oratory was much assisted by an impressive aspect. "His cavernous eyes," as Miss Martineau called them, looked out beneath an overhanging, broad, and ample forehead; his complexion was dark, his expression grave, and his structure robust.

3. Acting in public life at a time when questions destined to be arbitrated on the field of battle were in the prior agitation of debate, Mr. Webster was always found pleading for those constructions of the Constitution which

promised to strengthen and exalt the Union of the States in peace. His contest with Colonel Hayne, a Senator from South Carolina, in 1830, is one of the greatest incidents in the history of Congressional debate. Colonel Hayne had attacked New England, and had asserted nullification doctrines, in a powerful speech. Webster rose to reply, and held a crowded Senate chamber spell-bound by the breadth and force of his argument, the warmth of his feeling, and the flooding tide of his oratory, closing with a memorable peroration under the influence of which the Senate adjourned, and from the effects of which, it is said, his opponent never recovered. "Of the effectiveness of Mr. Webster's manner in many parts," says Edward Everett, "it would be in vain to give any one not present the faintest idea. It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water, but I must confess I never heard anything else which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown." The following is the peroration of Mr. Webster's second speech, in reply to the second speech of Colonel Hayne:—

II.—*Webster's Reply to Hayne.—The Peroration.*

1. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

2. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, grati-

fying prospects spread out before us for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that, on my vision, never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

3. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterward: but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

4. Mr. Webster's works consist wholly of his speeches and correspondence. His fame as an orator, and his popularity as a man, led to frequent invitations to speak on public occasions, such as the laying of the corner-stone and the completion of Bunker Hill Monument, and the commemoration of Jefferson and Adams. He was also retained as counsel in weighty law cases. John C. Calhoun, his greatest antagonist, esteemed Webster one of the most truthful men in argument, saying, "Convince him, and he cannot reply; he is silenced." This mien of self-conviction gave Mr. Webster great persuasiveness with his auditors; and the facts with which he dealt seemed to live again in

his imagination, while inferences turned to incidents, and theories to living laws. This power was peculiarly exhibited in a

III.—*Speech on the Trial of a Murderer.*

[On the morning of the 7th of April, 1830, Joseph White, an aged and wealthy merchant of Salem, Mass., was found murdered in his bed. By a curious chain of circumstances, suspicion at length fell upon two brothers, Joseph J. and John F. Knapp, distantly related to the deceased. Joseph J. Knapp made a full confession of the crime, implicating one Crowninshield as the actual doer of the deed, and showing that the object of the Knapps was to destroy a will of Mr. White's and prevent the possibility of his making another. Crowninshield committed suicide in prison, and the Knapps were separately tried, convicted, and executed. The following is the opening of Mr. Webster's speech for the prosecution on the trial of John F. Knapp:—]

1. *The Opening.*

1. I am little accustomed, gentlemen, to the part which I am now attempting to perform. Hardly more than once or twice has it happened to me to be concerned on the part of the government in any criminal prosecution whatever; and never, until the present occasion, in any case affecting life.

2. I very much regret that it should have been thought necessary, by the counsel for the prisoner, to suggest to you that I have been brought here to "hurry you against the law, and beyond the evidence." I hope I have too much regard for justice, and too much respect for my own character, to attempt either; and, were I to make such an attempt, I am sure that, in this court, nothing can be carried against the law; and that gentlemen, as intelligent and just as you are, are not, by any power, to be hurried beyond the evidence.

3. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty to withhold my professional

assistance, when it is supposed that I might be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best, and my utmost, to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime.

4. Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

5. Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue and overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

6. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of a murderer, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in one example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch,

the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice.

7. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in *repose* rather than in *action;* not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of *crime*, as an infernal nature—a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character.

8. The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances—now clearly in evidence—spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof: a healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

9. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

10. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard!

11. To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the

pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and he is safe!

12. Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything, as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery.

13. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

14. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man.

15. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no assistance or sympathy either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes

him and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts.

16. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from within begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will be* confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide—and *suicide is confession.*

2. *Closing Remarks.*

1. Gentlemen, your whole concern should be to do your duty, and leave consequences to take care of themselves. You will receive the law from the court. Your verdict, it is true, may endanger the prisoner's life; but then it is to save other lives. If the prisoner's guilt has been shown and proved beyond all reasonable doubt, you will convict him. If reasonable doubts of guilt still remain, you will acquit him.

2. You are the judges of the whole case. You owe a duty to the public as well as to the prisoner at the bar. You cannot presume to be wiser than the law. Your duty is a plain, straightforward one. Doubtless we would all judge him in mercy. Toward him, as an individual, the law inculcates no hostility; but toward him, if proved to be a murderer, the law, and the oaths you have taken, and public justice, demand that you do your duty.

3. With consciences satisfied with the discharge of duty, no consequences can harm you. There is no evil that we cannot either face, or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of

the sea, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery.

4. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, they will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty,—to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

The biographers of Mr. Webster note his fondness for such books as the Bible, Milton, and Homer. On their simplicity, gravity, depth of feeling, and strength of imagination, he founded his style. Professor Lieber, a German refugee, and a distinguished scholar and author, writes of Webster as follows:—"Everything in him was capacious,—large; he was a statesman of Chatham's type, I think.—The best speeches of Webster are among the very best that I am acquainted with in the whole range of oratory, ancient or modern. They have always appeared to me to belong to that simple and manly class which may be properly headed by the name of Demosthenes. Webster's speeches sometimes bring before my mind the image of the Cyclopean walls, stone upon stone, compact, firm, and grand."

CHAPTER XLII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

[The original of the following story is told by the French preacher, St. Foix, in his *Art of Educating a Prince*, and is retold in German by Schiller, from whom it is here translated by Bulwer. A part of the story is also told in verse by Leigh Hunt. The date of the story is the reign of Francis the First of France (1494–1547), who was

devoted to royal sports, and who established court rules of honor and chivalry.]

The Arena and the Glove.

1. Before his lion-court,
To see the grisly sport,
Sate the king;
Beside him grouped his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreathed round their blooming ring.

2. King Francis, where he sate,
Raised a finger;—yawned the gate;
And slow from his repose
A lion goes!
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground;
And, with a lazy gape,
He stretched his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And—laid him down again!

3. A finger raised the king,—
And nimbly have the guard
A second gate unbarred;
Forth, with a rushing spring,
A tiger sprung!
Wildly the wild one yelled
When the lion he beheld;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue;
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound;
Then laid him on the ground,
Grommelling!

4. The king raised his finger; then
Leaped two leopards from the den
With a bound;
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible!
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold;
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled.
Rose the lion with a roar!
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,
Halted still!

5. Now, from the balcony above,
A snowy hand let fall a glove
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger; there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

6. Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight De Lorge, "If the love you have sworn
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"

7. The knight left the place where the lady sate;
The knight he has passed through the fearful gate:
The lion and tiger he stooped above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!

8. All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him there—
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile.

9. With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,

Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace:—
He tossed the glove in the lady's face!
"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he;
And he left forever that fair ladye!

Leigh Hunt ends the story as follows:—

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

CHAPTER XLIII.—WASHINGTON IRVING.—1783-1859.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. A hundred years ago New York was a town of fifty thousand inhabitants, lying below the present City Hall Park. Its houses had broken gables toward the street, with large doors and small windows, with iron figures denoting the date of construction built in over the front entrance, which was adorned with a big brass knocker. The manners of the people were quaint and solemn; and everything presented the aspect of a provincial Dutch town. Legends of Kidd and other freebooters and pirates were connected with the upper part of the island. The city was far from having the motley cosmopolitan character which it now exhibits.

2. Amidst such scenes, Washington Irving, the youngest of five brothers, all evincing literary tastes, was born in

a house on William Street near Fulton. He was fond of adventure, and loved to explore the troubled currents of the East River and the Hudson, and clamber over the rocks and penetrate the thickets along their banks, gathering up the tragical and ghostly stories connected with each locality, many of which he has presented in his tales and sketches.

3. Irving began his literary career as an amateur, writing theatrical and other notes in the form of letters for the *Morning Chronicle*, a newspaper published by his brother, Dr. Peter Irving. After two years spent in Italy, Switzerland, France, and England, in order to re-establish his health, he returned to New York, and was admitted to the bar, giving, however, little attention to the practice of law. In association with his brother William, and John K. Paulding, a family connection, he produced a series of papers humorously satirizing the manners of the town, since known as the *Salmagundi Sketches*. But his most amusing work was the publication, in mock-heroic style, of *The History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty*.

4. In 1810 Irving abandoned the law and engaged in mercantile business with two of his brothers. Five years later he returned to Europe, and was in London when the failure of his house forced him into literature as a profession. In 1818 the *Sketch Book*, many of the scenes in which had been gathered by Irving in his rambles over England and Scotland, was published in New York in numbers, and in the following year it was republished in London by the bookseller Murray, at the intercession of Sir Walter Scott. Murray paid Irving two hundred pounds for the manuscript, a price which he doubled when the book proved successful. This work contains, among other sketches, *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, which are the most original, and the most widely celebrated, of all Irving's creations. The *Sketch Book* was soon

followed by *Bracebridge Hall, or The Humorists*, also published in London.

5. The spirit in which Irving had written thus far was one of merry burlesque, and his wit was conspicuous for its sustained vivacity. His diction was remarkably smooth and sweet, so that his Edinburgh reviewer, Lord Jeffrey, was forced to write, "We happen to be very intense and sensitive admirers of those soft harmonies of studied speech in which this author is apt to indulge himself; and have caught ourselves, oftener than we shall confess, neglecting his excellent matter, to lap ourselves in the liquid music of his periods, and letting ourselves float passively down the mellow falls and windings of his soft-flowing sentences, with a delight not inferior to that which we derive from fine versification."

6. Irving's early English publications were given to the world under the *nom de plume* of Geoffrey Crayon; but with a change to more serious composition he resumed his patronymic. He remained in England, and on the continent, until 1832, during which time he wrote *Tales of a Traveller*, *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, *Conquest of Granada*, *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus*, and *The Alhambra*, much of the latter having been written in the old Moorish palace of that name at Granada, in Spain. After returning to America he wrote a number of works, closing with the *Life of Washington*.

7. Irving's originality was recognized wherever his books were read. In his lighter works he was original in the quality of his merriment, in the selection of his characters, in the species of his legends, and in the mellifluous, half-poetic beat of his diction. *Blackwood's Magazine*, in patronizingly reviewing *Tales of a Traveller*, when it was customary, in England, to ask, "Who reads an American book?" gave the author the following advice:—"You, Geoffrey Crayon, have great power,—original power. . . . You have some qualities that no other living writer has,—

a bold, quiet humor, a rich, beautiful mode of painting without caricature, a delightful, free, happy spirit: make use of them."

8. As a specimen of Mr. Irving's humorous style, we give, from the *Sketch Book*, an extract from the memorable legend of Rip Van Winkle, a story which has its prototype in "Peter Klaus," an old popular German tradition. In Irving's story, Rip Van Winkle is a Dutch colonist of New York, who, while out hunting, having met a strange man with a keg of liquor, in a ravine of the Catskill Mountains, obligingly assisted him to carry it to a wild retreat among the rocks, where he found a company of odd-looking personages, with the gravest of faces and in the most mysterious silence, playing at ninepins. Rip, taking the first opportunity to taste the beverage, fell into a deep sleep, which lasted twenty years, although, on waking, it seemed to him but one night. On returning to his village, the old man, strangely altered in appearance after his long slumber, found everything there new and strange to him, as told in the following narrative:—

II.—*Rip Van Winkle.*

1. There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door of the village inn, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper.

2. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pocket full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other

words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

3. The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was Federal or Democrat?"

4. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

5. Here a general shout burst from the by-standers: "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern. "Well, who are they? name them." Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

6. There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too." "Where's Brom Dutcher?" "Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

7. "Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress." Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

8. "Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle, yonder, leaning against the tree." Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded; he doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

9. "God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

10. The by-standers began now to look at each other,

nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

11. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she; "hush, you little fool! the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he. "Judith Gardenier." "And your father's name?" "Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and has never been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

12. Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?" Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler. There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

13. All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle! it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?" Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night.

14. To make a long story short, the company broke up,

and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected as one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Irving's gift of exquisite humor was closely allied with tender human sympathies, which he could pathetically express as well for imaginary as for real grief, as is shown by the following selection, from another article in the *Sketch Book*, entitled "Rural Funerals," suggested by witnessing the custom, in some parts of England, of strewing flowers before funeral processions, and planting them at the graves of departed friends.

III.—*Sorrow for the Dead.*

1. The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude.

2. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

3. No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the

noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart?

4. Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

5. O, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

6. But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities—the last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—O how thrilling!—pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

7. Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate!

There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

8. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

9. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

Near "Sleepy Hollow," the scene of the legend of that name, ever fresh with its memories of the lovely Katrina and the schoolmaster Ichabod Crane, Irving retired at last, to pass an honored old age in "Sunny-Side," where the house and its appointments were full of souvenirs of the author's literary work, as Abbotsford was of Scott's; and through the Sleepy Hollow the funeral cavalcade bore his remains to their last resting-place.

CHAPTER XLIV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*The Flemish Bells. A Simile.*

[The bells cast by the famous moulder Van den Gheyn, of Louvain, are said to have lost all the sweetness they had a hundred years ago.]

1. Sadly he shook his frosted head,
   Listening and leaning on his cane;
   "Nay—I am like the bells," he said,
   "Cast by the moulder of Louvain.

2. "Often you've read of their mystic powers,
   Floating o'er Flanders' dull lagoons;
   How they would hold the lazy hours
   Meshed in a net of golden tunes.

3. "Never such bells as those were heard,
   Echoing over the sluggish tide;
   Now like a storm-crash,—now like a bird,
   Flinging their carillons far and wide.

4. "There in Louvain they swing to-day,
   Up in the turrets where long they've swung;
   But the rare cunning of yore, they say,
   Somehow has dropped from the brazen tongue.

5. "Over them shines the same pale sky,
   Under them stretch the same lagoons;
   Out from the belfries bird-like fly,
   As from a nest, the same sweet tunes;

6. "Ever the same,—and yet we know
   None are entranced these later times,
   Just as the listeners long ago
   Were, with the wonder of their chimes.

7. "Something elusive as viewless air,
Something we cannot understand,
Strangely has vanished of the rare
Skill of the famous moulder's hand.

8. "So—when you plead that life is still
Full, as of old, with tingling joy,—
That I may hear its music thrill,
Just as I heard it when a boy;—

9. "All I can say, is—Youth has passed—
Master of magic falls and swells,—
Bearing away the cunning cast
Into the moulding of the bells!"

Margaret J. Preston.

I. Explain the simile.—*Verse* 1. Where is Louvain?—*V.* 2. Flanders?—*Lagoons*, shallow lakes, especially those into which the sea flows.—*V.* 3. *Carillon*, a chime of bells played by clock-work or by finger-keys.

II.—*Sunset.*

Sunset is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day. This very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms,
To chase the flying Sun, whose flight has left
Footprints of glory in the clouded west:
Swift is she hailed by wingèd swimming steeds,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot-wheels
Brainful of dreams, as summer hive with bees.
And round her, in the pale and spectral light,
Flock bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying Sun goes down the burning west,
Vast Night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.

Alex. Smith.

II. Night is here personified as doing what?—The Sun?—What two similes?—To what does "she" in the 6th line refer?—*Whose* cloudy chariots?—To what does "brainful" refer?—Explain the various metaphors used,—such as *flying* Sun, *footprints*, etc.

CHAPTER XLV.—JOHN PIERPONT,—1785-1866.

I.—*Biographical.*

The Rev. John Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, whose first centennial he celebrated in 1851, in a poem of considerable length. He was descended from one of the founders of Yale College in a line of clergymen. From Yale College he went to South Carolina as a private tutor; thence he removed to Newburyport, Mass., to practise law, but soon entered mercantile life, first in Boston, then in Baltimore, where in 1816 he published the *Airs of Palestine*, a poem designed to trace the natural associations of music, as illustrated by the influence of local scenes and character. The verse is closely patterned upon that of Thomas Campbell, even to his inversions and love of alliteration. *Blackwood*, after criticising it as "a tasteful effusion of the Pope school," says, "Yet it is, nevertheless, full of beauty—with a few eloquent—a few good—and a few great passages in it." In the following extract the poet is considering to what subjects and scenes the Muse most invitingly wooes him; but, after referring to the classic associations which cluster around Greece, he leaves her charms for those of Palestine, to which his poem is then devoted.

II.—*Invitations of the Muse.*

1. Here let us pause:—the opening prospect view:—
   How fresh this mountain-air!—how soft the blue
   That throws its mantle o'er the lengthening scene!
   Those waving groves,—those vales of living green,—

Those yellow fields,—that lake's cerulean face,—
That meets, with curling smiles, the cool embrace
Of roaring torrents, lulled by her to rest;—
That white cloud, melting on the mountain's breast:
How the wide landscape laughs upon the sky!
How rich the light that gives it to the eye!

2. Where lies our path?—though many a vista call,
We may admire, but cannot tread them all.
Where lies our path?—a poet, and inquire
What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre?
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow;
See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow;
There Ossa rises; there Olympus towers;
Between them, Tempè breathes in beds of flowers,
Forever verdant; and there Peneus glides
Through laurels whispering on his shady sides.

3. Your theme is Music:—Yonder rolls the wave
Where dolphins snatched Arion from his grave,
Enchanted by his lyre:—Cithæron's shade
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion played
Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,
Charmed stones around him, and gave cities birth.
And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,
Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,
Was still melodious, and expired in song.
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell;
There be thy path,—for there the Muses dwell.

4. No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine:
Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine.
There, purer streams through happier valleys flow,
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.

I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse;
In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

II. Observe the many classical *allusions* in this selection. [See p. 98.] To those who do not understand their meaning, all their force and beauty will be lost.

Verse 2.—*Par-nas'sus*, a celebrated mountain in ancient Greece, sacred to the god Apollo and the Muses. In metaphorical language, the word Parnassus has come to signify poetry itself.

Ce-phis'sus, a river that rises at the foot of Parnassus, for whose waters the Graces had a peculiar attachment.

Os'sa, a mountain of Greece,—one of those which the giants piled upon Olympus in order to ascend to the heavens.

O-lym'pus, another of the celebrated mountains of Greece, the highest summit of which was fabled to be the residence of the gods,—and there Jupiter, the king of the gods, held his court.

Tem'pe, a delightful valley between Ossa and Olympus, through which the river Pen-e'us flows. It is celebrated by the poets for its cool shades, singing birds, and romantic scenery.

V. 3.—*A-ri'on*, a wonderful Greek poet and musician, of whom this fable is related. Having gone to Italy, where he amassed a fortune, on his return voyage the mariners plotted to throw him overboard and seize his riches. Obtaining permission to sing for them and then drown himself, he put on his richest robes, took his harp, and performed the Orthian strain, as it was termed, and then leaped into the sea. But there a dolphin, charmed by the enrapturing melody, received Arion on his back and bore him safely to the shore.

Ci-thæ'ron, a celebrated mountain-ridge noted as the scene of many interesting events recorded by the poets. Here *Am-phi'on*, a Theban prince, having received a golden lyre from Mercury, first cultivated music; and he was so successful that the very stones arranged themselves in obedience to the tones of his instrument, and thereby built the walls of Thebes. The meaning of the legend is supposed to be, that Amphion, by his mild and persuasive manners, prevailed upon his rude subjects to build walls around Thebes.

Hæ'mus, a mountain-chain in northern Greece from which the river *He'brus* flows.

Or'pheus, the most celebrated of all the poets and musicians of Greece. The ancient legends are full of the wonders of his voice and lyre. Being torn in pieces at a Bacchanal festival, his head was thrown into the river Hebrus, and as it was borne along by the waters his lips were still eloquent in song, and the river wept over his mournful fate.

Ner'e-ids, nymphs of the sea.

Tri'ton, a sea-deity, the son of the sea-god Neptune. He was his father's trumpeter, and he blew through a shell to rouse or to allay the waves.

V. 4.—*Gil'e-ad*, land of, a region east of the Jordan, noted in Bible history for its rich pastures, and for its aromatic plants, which filled the air with their fragrance, and from which different sorts of balsams were produced.

Her'mon, a branch of the Lebanon Mountains east of the river Jordan.

Car'mel, a range of high limestone hills in western Palestine, in which there are said to be more than a thousand caves and grottos, many of them in ancient times the abode of prophets and other religious persons.

Sha'ron, valley of, was south of Carmel, near the Mediterranean. The "rose of Sharon" (a *narcissus*) was famous for its flowers and for pasture; and Christ is supposed to say, in the Song of Solomon, ii. 1, "*I* am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys." Hence the figure, "Sharon's *deathless* rose."

Unsuccessful in business, Mr. Pierpont, at the age of thirty-one, entered the Harvard Theological School, and was duly ordained to the Unitarian ministry. His pastoral charges were in Boston, Troy, N. Y., and Medford, Mass., at which latter place he died at the advanced age of eighty-one. When he was seventy-six years old he marched to the war as chaplain of the 22d Massachusetts Regiment, but he was transferred to a clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington, where he digested fifty-four folio volumes of Decisions and Instructions into one hand-book, —which the Hon. Secretary Salmon P. Chase designated as "a monument of talent and industry."

With the exception of the *Airs of Palestine*, Mr. Pier-

pont's poems are chiefly lyrical, and were inspired by special occasions and incidents. Many of them are on patriotic or political themes, and are marked by force of feeling, and an elevated, serious spirit. He was an energetic reformer, agitating questions of personal liberty, temperance, and prison discipline, in which his outspoken resoluteness brought him some stormy controversies, from which he emerged with credit. He visited Europe and Asia in middle life, and was conspicuous as an old man for his erect, tall figure, his snowy hair with youthful freshness of complexion, and his resolute carriage.

His verses which are most familiar are entitled *The Pilgrim Fathers*, *My Child*, a *Centennial Ode* written for the two-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Boston, *The Sparkling Bowl*, *Not on the Battle-Field*, *The Exile at Rest*, and *Passing Away*,—the latter a charming piece of melodious versification, with which we close our notice.

III.—*Passing Away.*

1. Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words! as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

2. But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear,

Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring,
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing);
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

3. Oh, how bright were the wheels that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed; in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that; as she, dancing, swung,
In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

4. While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought or care stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud on a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed, as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face: yet one couldn't but love her,

For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

5. While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan.
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on:
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands that over the dial swept
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone,
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone,—
Let me never forget to my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay,—
"Passing away! passing away!"

CHAPTER XLVI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The Archery of William Tell.

[In the story of William Tell, the legendary hero of Switzerland, Tell was condemned to death by Gesler, the Austrian bailiff, because he had refused to bow before Gesler's cap placed on a pole in the market-place. But, as Tell was noted as a skilful archer, Gesler promised him his liberty on condition of his shooting an apple from his child's head. The rest of the story is told in the following lines:—]

1. "Place there the boy," the tyrant said;
"Fix me the apple on his head:
Ha! rebel! now
There is a fair mark for thy shaft,—
There, try thy boasted archer craft!"
With quivering brow

The Switzer gazed—his cheek grew pale—
His bold lips throbbed, as if would fail
Their laboring breath.
"Ha! so ye blench?" fierce Gesler cried:
"I've conquered, slave, thy soul of pride!"
No word to that stern taunt replied,—
All still as death.

2. "And what the meed?" at length Tell asked.
"Bold fool! when slaves like thee are tasked,
It is MY WILL;
But that thine eye may keener be,
And nerved to such nice archery,
If thou succeed'st, thou goest free.
What! pause ye still?
Give him a bow and arrow there—
One shaft—but one." Madness, despair,
And tortured love
One moment swept the Switzer's face;
Then passed away each stormy trace,
And high resolve reigned like a grace
Caught from above.

3. "I take thy terms," he murmured low;
Grasped eagerly the proffered bow;
The quiver searched;
Chose out an arrow keen and long,
Fit for a sinewy arm and strong,—
Placed it upon the sounding thong,—
The tough yew arched.

4. Deep stillness fell on all around;
Through that dense crowd was heard no sound
Of step or word:
All watched with fixed and shuddering eye
To see that fearful arrow fly;—
The light wind died into a sigh,
And scarcely stirred.

5. The gallant boy stood firm and mute,—
He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,
Yet never moved!
He knew that pale fear ne'er unmanned
The daring coolness of that hand;—
He knew it was the father scanned
The boy he loved.

6. Slow rose the shaft;—it trembled—hung.
"My only boy!" gasped on his tongue:
He could not aim!
"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail?
He shakes! His haughty brow is pale!"—
"Shoot!" cried a low voice; "canst thou fail?
Shoot, in Heaven's name!"

7. Again the drooping shaft he took—
Cast to the heaven one burning look,—
Of all doubts reft:
"Be firm, my boy!" was all he said:
He drew the bow—the arrow sped—
The apple left the stripling's head—
"'Tis cleft! 'tis cleft!"
And cleft it was,—and Tell was free.

8. Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
With flushing cheek;
But ere the sire his child embraced,
The baffled Austrian cried in haste,
"An arrow in thy belt is placed,—
What means it? speak!"
"To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart,
Had Heaven so willed it that my dart
Touched this my boy!"

William Baine.

CHAPTER XLVII.—GEORGE GORDON BYRON.—1788-1824.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. As Scott retired from the field of poesy, England's muse began to inspire young Lord Byron. He was descended from a family whose name appears in the Doomsday Book of William the Conqueror, a family noted for its pride and loyalty. His father, who was a captain in the Guards, wasted his estate in dissipation, and died leaving a daughter and the subject of this notice. The poet's mother was Catherine Gordon, an only child and an heiress, although she sold what her husband left of her estate for about seventy-five pounds. Young Byron was only five years of age when his father died, and at ten he inherited the title and estates of his great-uncle, William, Lord Byron. He was placed under the care of a noble relative, who sent him to Harrow and to Trinity College, Cambridge. At nineteen he went to the family estate, known as Newstead Abbey, an old monastery granted to his ancestors by Henry the Eighth, and here he published his first poems, under the title of *Hours of Idleness.* The *Edinburgh Review* mercilessly criticised the young Lord, for which he took severe revenge in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, a poetical satire as acrimonious as Pope's *Dunciad*, after which it was patterned.

2. Byron now left England, to travel in the countries of the Mediterranean. His travels are celebrated in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which at once made him famous. He returned to London, where he poured forth rapidly those Eastern tales *The Giaour,*[a] *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, and *Lara*, poems as gorgeous and impassioned as the Oriental productions of Moore and Southey. In his twenty-seventh year the poet married the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke. The ten thousand pounds which

[a] *Giaour* (jow′er), an infidel: a term applied by the Turks to disbelievers in the religion of Mahomet.

she brought him were quickly squandered, and, not long after the birth of a daughter, the lady returned home, never to rejoin her husband. Byron left England soon after the separation from his wife, to take up his abode in Italy. On his way there he stopped in Brussels, where he penned the famous description, found in Canto III. of *Childe Harold*, of the breaking up of a ball in that city, by the opening of

II.—*The Battle of Waterloo.*

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

2. Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

3. Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,

And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

4. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

5. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

6. And wild and high the "Camerons' gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard,—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's[a] fame rings in each clansman's ears!

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[a] *Evan's, Donald's:* Scottish chiefs. Sir Evan Cameron, Lord of Lochiel. His son Donald, called "The Gentle Lochiel," is the one referred to in Campbell's *Lochiel's Warning.*

7. And Ardennes[a] waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

8. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

9. At Geneva Byron wrote *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and at Venice there came from his pen such light or riotous poems as *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, and *Don Juan*, in wild contrast with the passionate and reckless tragedies *Manfred*, *Cain*, *The Two Foscari*, and *Sardanapalus*. *Manfred* was suggested by the *Faust* of Goethe; and that great German said of Byron, "That singular intellectual poet has taken my *Faust* to himself, and extracted from it the strongest nourishment to his hypochondriac humor." The following is one of the best portions of this short dramatic poem:—

III.—*Midnight Scene in Rome.*

1. The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!

[a] *Ardennes.* The battle was fought mostly in the wood of Soignies, a part of the ancient forest of Ardennes, celebrated in Tacitus, and immortalized in Shakspeare's drama *As You Like It.*

I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learned the language of another world.

2. I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome:
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.

3. Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bow-shot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.

4. And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;

Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns!

5. In 1823, Byron sailed from Genoa to take part in the struggle that the Greeks were making for independence. On arriving in Greece, he found everything in discord and confusion, but "in three months he had done much, by his influence and money, to compose differences, repress cruelty, and introduce order." His health gave way, however, and he sank under an attack of epilepsy. To all arguments for removal to a more tranquil and healthful place, he replied, "I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of being even of supposed utility. There is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all I must stand by the cause." In April, 1824, he was seized with a rheumatic fever caused by exposure, and on the 19th of that month he fell asleep, never to awake.

6. No other English poet has exhibited a more tumultuous spirit than Byron. His poems are full of flaming energy, though they are too often the utterances of unbounded passion or of despair. Macaulay says of him, "Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That Marah was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness.—Never was there such variety in monotony as in that of Byron. From maniac laughter, to piercing lamentation, there is not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year, month after month, he continued to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent." Taine says of Byron, "If Goethe was the poet of the universe, Byron was the poet

of the individual." The same writer thinks that the poetry of emotion has found its greatest extravagance in Byron, whose spirit cannot be reproduced, because the age of science is displacing the period of sentiment.

7. When Byron was in Rome, he saw a statue of "a wounded man dying, who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him." It was the copy of a famous classical masterpiece that Michael Angelo had restored. Byron thus describes this

IV.—*Dying Gladiator.*

1. I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

2. He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

3. With all its powers of description, and its exquisite beauty, the general tendency of Lord Byron's poetry is injurious. On this subject our own poet, Whittier, observes as follows:—"I admire the sublimity of Byron's genius, but

I have feared, and do still fear, the consequences of his writings. I fear that, in our enthusiastic admiration of genius, our idolatry of poetry, the awful impiety and staggering unbelief contained in those writings are lightly passed over, and acquiesced in, as the allowable aberrations of a master intellect, which had lifted itself above the ordinary world, which had broken down the barriers of ordinary mind, and which revelled in a creation of its own: a world over which the sunshine of imagination lightened at times with an almost ineffable glory, to be succeeded by the thick blackness of doubt, and terror, and misanthropy, relieved only by the lightning flashes of terrible and unholy passion."

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE BOOK OF JOB.

From "Mosaics of Bible History."

1. The book of Job, which was probably written in Arabic, even before the time of Moses, is a grand epic and dramatic poem, which has been characterized, by able critics, in the following terms:—

"This poem is, in various respects, the most extraordinary composition of any age or country; and it has an equal claim to the attention of the theologian, the scholar, the antiquary, and the zoologist,—to the man of taste, of genius, and of religion. Amidst the books of the Bible it stands alone, and though its sacred character is sufficiently attested both by the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, it is isolated in its language, in its manner, and in its matter.

2. "Nothing can be purer than its morality, nothing sublimer than its philosophy, nothing simpler than its ritual, nothing more majestic than its creed. Its style is the most figurative imaginable; yet its plan is as regular, its argument as consecutive, as the most finished compositions of Greece and Rome; and its opening and its close are alto-

gether unrivalled in magnificence. It is full of elevation and grandeur, daring in its conceptions, splendid and forcible in its images, abrupt in its transitions, and, at the same time, occasionally interspersed with touches of the most exquisite and overwhelming tenderness."—*Lowth and Henry, adapted.*

3. Another writer thus speaks of the character of the book:—

"Its general scope and moral,—viz., that the troubles and afflictions of the good man are, for the most part, designed as tests of his virtue and integrity—are common to Eastern poets, and not uncommon to those of Greece. The *Od'yssey* of Homer is such. But in various respects the poem of Job stands alone and unrivalled. In addition to every corporal suffering and privation possible for men to endure, it carries forward the trial, in a manner and to an extent never elsewhere attempted, into the keenest faculties and sensations of the mind, and mixes the bitterest taunts and accusations with the agonies of family bereavement and despair.

4. "The body of other poems consists chiefly of incidents; that of the present poem, of colloquy or argument, in which the general train of reasoning is so well sustained, its matter so important, its language so ornamental, the doctrines it develops so sublime, its transitions from passion to passion so varied and abrupt, that the want of incidents is not felt, and the attention is still riveted, as if by enchantment."

5. From the 18th and 20th chapters of the book, Dr. Hugh Blair selects the following passages, to show in what lively colors and striking figures the condition of the wicked is painted. Observe how rapidly the figures rise before us, and how deep the impression they leave on the imagination.

6. "Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment? Though

his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he shall perish forever. He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night. The eye also which saw him shall see him no more; they which have seen him shall say, Where is he?

7. "He shall suck the poison of asps; the viper's tongue shall slay him. In the fulness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits; every hand shall come upon him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him through. All darkness shall be hid in his secret places. A fire not blown shall consume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him. The increase of his house shall depart. His goods shall flow away in the day of wrath.

8. "The light of the wicked shall be put out: the light shall be dark in his dwelling. The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down. For he is cast into a net by his own feet. He walketh upon a snare. Terrors shall make him afraid on every side, and the robber shall prevail against him. Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation. His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street. He shall be driven from light into darkness. They that come after him shall be astonished at his day. He shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty."

9. The late Dr. Gardiner Spring, in one of his discourses, remarks, "Where, in the compass of human language, is there a paragraph which, for boldness and variety of metaphor, delicacy and majesty of thought, strength and invention, elegance and refinement, equals the passage in which 'God answers Job out of the whirlwind'? What merely human imagination, in the natural progress of a single discourse, and, apparently, without effort, ever thus went down to the 'foundations of the earth'; stood at the 'doors of the ocean'; visited 'the place where the dayspring from on

high takes hold of the uttermost parts of the earth'; entered into 'the treasures of the snow and the hail'; traced 'the path of the thunderbolt'; and, penetrating the retired chambers of nature, demanded, 'Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of the dew?' And how bold its flights, how inexpressibly striking and beautiful its antitheses, when, from the warm and sweet Ple'iades, it thunders to the sterner Ori'on; and, in its rapid course, hears the 'young lions crying unto God for lack of meat'; sees the war-horse pawing in the valley; descries the eagle on the crag of the rock; and, in all that is vast and minute, dreadful and beautiful, discovers and proclaims the glory of Him who is 'excellent in counsel, and wonderful in working'!"

10. Again: the gifted Thomas Carlyle, referring to the book of Job, once said, "It is one of the grandest things ever written by man. A noble book! All men's book! Such living likenesses have never since been drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody, as of the heart of manhood; as soft and great as the summer midnight; as the world with its seas and stars. There is nothing else written, I think, of equal literary merit."

CHAPTER XLIX.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.—1792-1822.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Percy Bysshe (bish) Shelley lived at a time when society was shaken by the conflict of intolerant opinions. Taine says this heir of a rich baronet was "beautiful as an angel, of extraordinary precocity, sweet, generous, tender, overflowing with all the gifts of heart, mind, birth, and fortune, who marred his life, as it were, wantonly, by introducing into his conduct the enthusiastic imagination which he should have kept for his verses."

2. At Eton, the delicate but spirited Percy refused to fag[a] for the big boys, who, with the masters, so oppressed him as to excite him to constant mutiny. At the age of seventeen he publicly challenged the authorities of Oxford to dispute with him the doctrines of atheism, in which he had become an avowed believer, and the result was his expulsion from the University. His father refused for a time to receive him, and scarcely had he welcomed him home ere the youth eloped with and married the daughter of a retired tavern-keeper. This marriage was an unhappy one, and ere long ended in a separation, soon after which his wife drowned herself, and Shelley then married Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, who, like himself, he said, could "feel poetry and understand philosophy." She became an authoress of some celebrity.

3. In March, 1818, Shelley left England, never to return, but he lived in Italy, on a generous allowance made by his father, until his death at thirty years of age. As he was returning to Lerici from Leghorn,—where he had gone to welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy,—his little open boat foundered in a storm, in the Bay of Spezia, near Genoa, and he and his two companions perished. Shelley's body was washed ashore a week later, and, according to the Tuscan quarantine laws, it was burned. The ashes were deposited in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, of which Shelley himself had written, "The cemetery is an open place among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

4. At the age of eighteen Shelley produced *Queen Mab*, a poem in which he seems to retaliate the wrongs suffered from human society, by discrediting human beliefs. Fragile

[a] "To fag," *to drudge*. At the English universities long-established custom required the under school-boys to do drudgery for those in the classes above them.

in constitution, keenly alive to his emotions, of powerful imagination, and inflamed by the writings of the French philosophers, Shelley early found all his susceptibilities arrayed against the customs and order of mankind. Yet he was noted for his kindness to individuals, and once contracted a disease of the eyes by visiting among the poor. These features of his character are summed up by Taine, as follows:—"He judged society by the oppressions which he underwent, and man by the generosity which he felt in himself; he thought that man was good, and society bad, and that it was only necessary to suppress established institutions to make earth a paradise."

5. Those who detested his opinions were often charmed with the elevation of his sentiments and the kindness of his conduct. He escaped from the spectacle of human passions and "the galling sense of his own mistakes and errors," by giving himself up to poetry and the contemplation of nature. His painting of meadows, flowers, mountain-crags, clouds, the moon and stars, glows with the warmth of his ardor. So intellectual and vivid was his imagination, that things so abstract as the hours, the months, beauty, goodness, became persons to him. "Out of the most indefinite terms of a hard, cold, dark metaphysical system," writes Lord Macaulay, "he made a gorgeous Pantheon full of beautiful, majestic, and life-like forms."

6. As there can be no stronger sign of a mind destitute of the poetical faculty than that tendency which was so common among the writers of the French school to turn images into abstractions,—Venus, for example, into Love, Minerva into Wisdom, Mars into War, and Bacchus into festivity,—so there can be no stronger sign of a mind truly poetical than a disposition to reverse this abstracting process. To a remarkable degree Shelley had this talent for forming realities out of ideal things. Says Macaulay, "The Spirit of Beauty, the Principle of Good,

the Principle of Evil, when he treated of them, ceased to be abstractions. They took shape and color." This tendency is exhibited even in a subject so commonplace as the description of a garden.

II.—*A Garden. From "The Sensitive Plant."*

1. Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;—
And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;—

2. And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;—
And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

3. And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt, under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,
Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

4. And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,

Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,
Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels:
And flowerets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

5. The plumèd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;—
The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;—

6. The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move as reeds in a single stream;—
Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

7. Shelley's fancy often overleaps the mark, and leads him into allegories so obscure as to cause Charles Lamb to say that his theories were "ringing with their own emptiness." Examples are found in *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*, and in *The Revolt of Islam;* both of which, however, were written before the poet had seen twenty-five summers. The best and most ambitious of his works is the tragedy of *The Cenci*, founded on a revolting Italian tale, but full of intensity and strength. In one respect Shelley is among the foremost of poets; and that is, in the rhythm and melody of his words. Leigh Hunt

thinks "passages of more splendid and sonorous writing are not to be selected from any writer since the days of Milton." As an illustration of subtile imagination sustained by graceful and spirited similes, read the following, from *Prometheus Unbound*:—

III.—*The Flight of the Hours.*

1. Behold!
The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingèd steeds,
Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
Sweep onward.
These are the immortal Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

2. Lord Macaulay writes of Shelley, "Had he lived to the full age of man, he might not improbably have given to the world some great work of the very highest rank in execution and design;" and another critic believes that "nearly all the poetical writers of any eminence since his time bear visible traces of how much they imbued themselves with Shelley's poetry." Among the best of his productions for brilliancy and musical modulation is *The Cloud*, with an extract from which we close this sketch.

IV.—*The Cloud.*

1. I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

3. I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,

When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

4. I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
From the depth of their gloom, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

CHAPTER L.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Sentiment and Music.

1. There is a sort of instinctive feeling within us that an organ should be reserved for only sacred uses. The bray of the martial trumpet seems akin to the din and clangor of a military movement. The piano is the appropriate instrument of the household room, of comfort and domestic delight. Lesser instruments, with their gay tones, and their lighter lessons for the heart, adapt themselves to the unstable emotions of the hour—in revelry, excitement, or gratification. To each of them there is a season, and from youth to old age these varied instruments may minister to us, according to their uses and our sensibilities.

2. The harp which the monarch of Israel swept as the accompaniment to his divine lyrics; the timbrel which Miriam, the sister of Aaron, took in her hand when she raised the glad pæan, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously"; the silver trumpets which the priests blew to proclaim the great Jewish festival; the horn and the psaltery, the sackbut and the dulcimer, which lifted up the anthems of the tabernacle or the Temple worship, were not without a sacred influence, helping with their strings or pipes the effect of holy song.

3. But the religious sentiment is the largest that fills the heart of man; its sweep and compass are the widest, and in the course of our own short lives that sentiment will range like "a song of degrees" over all the varying emotions of the soul, engaging every one to give it utterance.

4. "Praise the Lord with gladness," is the key-note of one Psalm. "Out of the depths have I cried to thee, O Lord," is the plaintive moan of another. "Sing unto the Lord, all the earth," is the quickening call to a general anthem. "Keep silence before me, O Islands!" stills the trembling spirit into a low whisper of its fear. "The Lord is my Shepherd," is the beautiful pastoral lyric for the serene life of still waters. "He bowed the heavens and came down, he did fly upon the wings of the wind; the Lord also thundered in the heavens, and he shot out lightnings from the sky"—this is the Psalm for the stormy elements or a troubled heart.

5. "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger!" is now our imploring cry; "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," is now the boast of the resigned spirit. "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places," is the bright lyric of the heart that finds its joy on earth. "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!" is the burden of the heart when it sighs and moans over the wreck of mortal delights. "Thou hast made man but a little lower than the angels!" is the tone which befits the

feeling of our human dignity. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations; thou carriest us away as with a flood," is the mingled note of melancholy and faith with which we contemplate our failing years, and yield up one after another, from our earthly fellowship, to the summons of the ever-living God—the everlasting Refuge.

6. Thus, through the whole range of emotions and sensibilities of the heart, in its thrills and wails, in its elation and its gloom, in penitence, remorse, submission, and hope, in gratitude, aspiration, or high desire, the heart varies its note; but sincerity will make music of all its utterances, in psalm or dirge.—*Rev. George E. Ellis.*

CHAPTER LI.—FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—1793-1835.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. "Christopher North" said of little Felicia Browne, the subject of this sketch, "I remember patting her fair head when she was a child of nine years. Even then she versified, with a touching sweetness, about sylphs and fairies." Her father was a Liverpool merchant, but she passed most of her girlhood amidst the wild scenery of North Wales. Already an authoress, at eighteen she married Captain Hemans, a soldier in the Peninsular War, who forsook her after six years of wedded life. After a visit to Scotland, and to Wordsworth at Rydal Lake, her latter years were spent in the home of a brother, at Dublin.

2. She was an accomplished student of German poetry, the influence of which emancipated her, especially in *The Forest Sanctuary*, her best poem, from the stiff, classical models. One of her volumes, called *Songs of the Affections*, may be taken as typical of the vein in which she wrote. Her sorrows did not make her censorious, and her enthusiasms did not exceed her perfect control. A fine compli-

ment has been paid her by a writer who wished to compare her to one of Shakspeare's heroines, and to say that had Imogene, or Isabella, or Cornelia become an author, she would have written as Mrs. Hemans wrote.

3. Mrs. Hemans was an especial favorite with Americans of her generation, and she has been highly praised by Mrs. Sigourney, who paid her the following beautiful tribute:—

"Every unknown age
Shall mix thee with its household charities;
The hoary sire shall bow his deafened ear,
And greet thy sweet words with his benison;
The mother shrine thee as a vestal flame
In the lone temple of her sanctity;
And the young child who takes thee by the hand
Shall travel with a surer step to heaven."

4. Mrs. Hemans wrote a tragedy called *The Vespers of Palermo;* but even the fine talents of Kemble and Young could not make it popular upon the stage. Her style is simpler and more natural than Campbell's, and if she is not sublime she is not commonplace. The evenness and sad sweetness of her writings tend to monotony; but she is one of the best of lyric writers, carrying into her song delicate perceptions, a glow of tenderness, and warm and elevated feeling. The woman excelled in a woman's province,—uttering the sentiments of the heart with feminine insight, dignity, and pathos. "Her forte," says a discriminating critic, "lay in depicting whatever tends to beautify and embellish domestic life, by purifying the passions and by sanctifying the affections; making man an undying and unquenchable spirit, and earth, his abode, a holy place."

5. We can scarcely imagine anything more full of touching beauty than her poem entitled *The Hour of Death:*

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

And stars to set; but all,—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

"Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!"

If we transfer to these pages some pieces that are familiar to all, it will show that they are so beloved by all that none ever weary of them. Of this character are the two following selections:—

II.—*The Adopted Child.*

1.

"Why wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child!
Thy home on the mountains is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture forever streams."

2.

"Oh, green is the turf where my brothers play
Through the long bright hours of the summer's day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go."

3.

"Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell:
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well,—
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

4.

"My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far sweeter than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go."

5.

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
—Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

6.

"Is my mother gone from her home away?
—But I know that my brothers are there at play.
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well,
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go."

7.

"Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tied.
—Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

8.

"Are they gone, all gone, from the sunny hill?
—But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still,

And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the turf is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go."

III.—*Landing of the Pilgrims.*

1.

The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

2.

Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings of fame:
Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

3.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang to the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:—this was their welcome home!

4.

There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had *they* come to wither there, away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high, and the fiery heart of youth.

5.

What sought they thus afar? bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—they sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—freedom to worship God!

CHAPTER LII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Thomas Jefferson's First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1801.

[At the close of the very exciting and acrimonious Presidential contest of the year 1800, between the Federalists on the one hand and the Republicans on the other, the Federal candidates were left in the minority; but as Jefferson and Burr, the Republican candidates, had an equal number of votes, it became the duty of the House of Representatives, voting by States, to decide between the two. Here occurred another exciting contest, and it was not until thirty-five ballotings had been held, that the choice of President fell upon Mr. Jefferson. The following is an extract from his first Inaugural address.]

1. During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but, the contest being now decided by the voice of the nation, and announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that, though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be right, must be

reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression.

2. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind; let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety: but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle.

3. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans: we are all federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand, undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which *error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.* I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong, —that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has, so far, kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, to be the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of

the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels, in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

4. Still one thing more, fellow-citizens: a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, but which shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned,—this is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

CHAPTER LIII.—EDWARD EVERETT.—1794-1865.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Of four illustrious contemporary orators of Massachusetts,—Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, and Edward Everett,—the last was called by his associates "the golden-mouthed." The outline of his history is as follows. He was born at Dorchester, Mass., graduated at Harvard University in his seventeenth year, was tutor there until his twentieth year, and preached the following year in Brattle-Street Church, Boston. He passed four years in Europe to prepare himself for the Greek professorship at Harvard, filled that position and edited the *North American Review* five years, was a representative in Congress ten years, was Governor of Massachusetts four years, was Minister to England under Tyler, was president of Harvard College three years, was President Fillmore's Secretary of State after the death of Daniel Webster, was elected to the United States Senate in 1853, but resigned in two years

in consequence of ill health, was candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Union ticket with Mr. Bell in 1860, and died suddenly on the 15th of January, 1865.

2. Mr. Everett passed three years, from 1856, in charitable and patriotic service, lecturing in all parts of the Union on the Life and Character of Washington, to aid the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association in the purchase and dedication to the nation of the Mount Vernon estate, and assisting, by eloquent addresses, to fill the treasuries of charitable and literary societies. It is estimated that the sum thus gained and bestowed during these years was not less than ninety thousand dollars.

3. Mr. Everett's chosen field was oratory. To this pursuit he brought a mind naturally brilliant, and disciplined by a severe and wide range of studies. No detail of fact, of expression, of intonation, or of gesture, was too minute to escape his care. Hence he became a writer of great elegance, and a speaker of the highest polish and grace. The occasions of his addresses were varied and numerous. They were delivered in the Lyceum, before academic, literary, historical, and agricultural societies, on commemorative anniversaries of towns, of the State, and of the nation, and in eulogy of distinguished merchants, scholars, and statesmen.

4. Wherever Mr. Everett was placed, he was equal to all the positions that he held, acquitting himself in the pulpit, in the class-room, on the platform, in Senate-halls, in executive office, and in diplomacy, with great judgment and ability. He enjoyed the acquaintance of men conspicuous for their influence in all departments of public life in Europe and at home. He has left no great connected work behind him, but the volumes of his orations and addresses will long remain as standards of chaste elocution, as monuments of philosophical sagacity blended with a pure poetic taste, and as examples of historical research embodied in picturesque narrative. An accomplished Boston critic of art

and literature, Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, distinguishes the greatest two American orators of this century with this fitting characterization :—" If Webster is the Michael Angelo of American oratory, Everett is the Raphael."

5. The following selections, differing much in character, are good examples of the exceeding grace and beauty of Mr. Everett's style. The first is an extract from an address delivered at Cambridge, Mass., on the 4th of July, 1826; and it derives additional interest from the circumstance that the two venerable ex-Presidents, Adams and Jefferson, whose virtues it commemorates, died on that very day, almost while the orator was pronouncing their eulogy, and within a few hours of each other.

II.—*The Men and Deeds of the Revolution.*

1. Go back, fellow-citizens, to that day when Adams and Jefferson composed the sub-committee who reported the Declaration of Independence. Think of the mingled sensations of that proud and anxious day, compared to the joy of this. What reward, what crown, what treasure, could the world and all its kingdoms afford, compared with the honor and happiness of having been united in that commission, and living to see its most wavering hopes turned into glorious reality!

2. Venerable men, you have outlived the dark days which followed your more than heroic deed; you have outlived your own strenuous contention, who should stand first among the people whose liberty you had vindicated. You have lived to bear each other the respect which the nation bears to you both; and each has been so happy as to exchange the honorable name of the leader of a party,[a] for that more honorable one, the Father of his country. While this our tribute of respect, on the jubilee of our indepen-

[a] John Adams was the leader of the old Federal party, and Thomas Jefferson of the Democratic party.

dence, is paid to the gray hairs of the venerable survivor in our neighborhood,[a] let it not less heartily be sped to him[b] whose hand traced the lines of that sacred charter, which, to the end of time, has made this day illustrious.

3. And is an empty profession of respect all that we owe to the man who can show the original draught of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America, in his own handwriting? Ought not a title-deed like this to become the acquisition of the nation? Ought it not to be laid up in the public archives? Ought not the price at which it is bought to be a provision for the ease and comfort of the old age of him who drew it? Ought not he who, at the age of thirty, declared the independence of his country, at the age of eighty to be secured by his country in the enjoyment of his own?

4. Nor would we, on the return of this eventful day, forget the men who, when the conflict of council was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to, the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to draw this picture in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph. But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears; and the leaders in war, as well as the cabinet, are seen, in fancy's eye, to take their stations on the mount of remembrance.

5. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham;

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[a] Adams was then living in what is the present town of Quincy, ten miles from Cambridge.

[b] Jefferson was then living at Monticello, Virginia.

they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Yorktown and Saratoga, —from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war! With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us for their brethren who survive; and command us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity, to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves!

III.—*Early Dawn and Sunrise. From an "Address on the Uses of Astronomy."*

1. Much as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present, even to the unaided sight, scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud, the winds were hushed.

2. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye, in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up, from the depths of the north, to their sovereign.

3. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train.

As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

4. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flush of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

5. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that, in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

II.—*Verse* 2. What fine apostrophe is contained in this verse?—*V.* 4. How is the word "voice" here used?—The word "mount" in the last line?—What figure is used in the fifth verse?

III.—*Verse* 2. *Jupiter*, about 1400 times larger than the earth, is the largest planet in our solar system, and, next to Venus, the brightest.

The *Pleiades* (Plē′ya-dēz) are a cluster of seven stars (though but six are visible to the naked eye) in the constellation Taurus. *Al-cy′o-ne*, the central star of the group, shines with the light of twelve thousand of our suns, and is so distant that its light is five hundred years in reaching us. But there is a great telescope at Washington through which we may catch a ray of light that left its distant home three and a half million years ago!—Such are some of the wonders which Astronomy opens to us.

Lyra (the Lyre) and *Androm′eda*, bright constellations in the northern heavens.

Pointers, two stars in the bowl of the "Dipper," that range nearly with the north star. The "Dipper" belongs to the constellation *Great Bear*, and consists of seven stars,—called also "The Wagoner," and "Charles's Wain."

V. 5. *Magians*, ancient Persian priests, who adored the sun as a representative of the Supreme Being.

CHAPTER LIV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Charlie Machree.*

1. Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie machree!
Here's Mary M'Pherson and Susy O'Linn,
Who say ye're faint-hearted, and darena plunge in;
But the dark-rolling water, though deep as the sea,
I know willna scare ye, nor keep ye frae me;
For stout are ye, Charlie, and strong is your arm,
And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.
Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie machree.

2. I see him! I see him! He's plunged in the tide;
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.
O! the dark-rolling water shoots swift as the sea,
But blithe is the glance of his bonny blue e'e;
His cheeks are like roses, twa buds on a bough;
Who says ye're faint-hearted, my brave laddie, now?

Ho, ho, foaming river, ye may roar as ye go,
But ye canna bear Charlie to the dark loch below!
Come over, come over the river to me,
My true-hearted laddie, my Charlie machree!

3. He's sinking! he's sinking!—O, what shall I do!
Strike out, Charlie, boldly,—ten strokes, and ye're thro'.
He's sinking, O heaven!—Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear;
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, as soon as ye're here!
He rises! I see him!—five strokes, Charlie, mair,—
He's shaking the wet from his bonny brown hair;
He conquers the current, he gains on the sea,—
Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie machree!
Come over the river, but once come to me,
And I'll love ye forever, dear Charlie machree.

4. He's sinking! he's gone!—O heaven, it is I,
It is I who have killed him!—help, help!—he must die.
Help, help!—ah, he rises,—strike out, and ye're free:
Ho, bravely done, Charlie! once more now, for me!
Now cling to the rock, now gie me your hand—
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, ye're safe on the land!
Come rest ye, my laddie; now rest ye and sleep;
I canna speak to ye; I only can weep:
Ye've crossed the wild river, ye've risked all for me,
And I'll part frae ye never, dear Charlie machree!

William J. Hoppin.

II.—*The Flight of the Birds.*

1. Whither away, Robin,
Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple-leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest.
Whither away?

2. Whither away, Bluebird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? Ah, why,
Thou, too, whose song first told us of the Spring?
Whither away?

3. Whither away, Swallow,
Whither away?
Canst thou no longer tarry in the North,—
Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest?
Not one short day?
Wilt thou—as if thou human wert—go forth
And wanton far from them who love thee best?
Whither away?

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

CHAPTER LV.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—1794-1878.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Mr. Bryant, the son of a physician, was born at Cummington, Hampshire County, Mass. The father, a man of literary culture, was very attentive to the education of his children, and fostered William's poetic taste, impressing upon him "the value of correctness and compression" in his style. In the *Hymn to Death*, the poet pays this tribute to the memory of his father:—

"For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The Art of Verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,

And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise but the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life."

2. Bryant began writing verse at ten years of age, and at fourteen, his friends published two considerable pieces from his pen, on current events, which came to a second edition in a few months. He passed two years at Williams College, then studied law and established himself in practice, first at Plainfield, and then at Great Barrington. In 1825 he removed to New York, and became a journalist in association with Richard H. Dana, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Gulian C. Verplanck, and others. He early became connected with the New York *Evening Post*, a journal conspicuous for its literary and art notices, and of which he was one of the proprietors at the time of his death.

3. Mr. Bryant's productions are of three classes,—poems, travels, and editorials. He wrote tales for annuals, essays for Reviews, and leaders for the newspaper. He was a great traveller, and several times made long visits to Europe, where he perfected his knowledge of the languages and literature of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. He also visited nearly every part of the United States, and was fond of excursions on foot, that he might wander and observe at will. The impressions thus made upon him are embodied in a volume of *Letters of a Traveller in Europe and America*. These first appeared in the *Evening Post*.

4. Bryant's poems consist chiefly of pastoral verse, though there are some of patriotic and heroic strain. His greatest undertaking was the translation into blank verse of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Notwithstanding that Chapman, Pope, Newman, Lord Derby, and others had preceded him, Mr. Bryant thought there was room to render these Greek epics with greater fidelity. "I have sought," he says, "to obtain what belongs to the original,

—a fluent narrative style which shall carry the reader forward without the impediment of unexpected inversions and capricious phrases."

5. "Bryant's writings," says Irving, "transport us into the depths of the primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from a wild ocean of foliage, while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes but splendid in all its vicissitudes." The poem most familiarly associated with the poet's name is *Thanatopsis*,[a] published in his nineteenth year. It is a didactic elegy in blank verse, reverent and solemn in spirit, and breathing the closest sympathy with nature.

II.—*Thanatopsis.*

1. To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

2. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—

[a] *Thanatopsis:* from the two Greek words *thanatos*, death, and *opsis*, view, signifying a view of, or meditation on, death.

3. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

4. Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

5. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

6. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes

That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the *dead* reign there alone.

7. So shalt *thou* rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in *their* turn, shall follow them.

8. So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.[a]

[a] Those who are familiar with the early readings of this poem will notice here some changes. These were made by Mr. Bryant in his last revised edition.

9. Mr. Bryant's well-known *Forest Hymn*, beginning with "The groves were God's first temples," written while the author was practising law at Great Barrington, is thus noticed in *Blackwood's Magazine*:—"Here are some lines breathing a woodland and a Wordsworthian feeling. While we read them, as Burns says, 'our hearts rejoice in nature's joy,' and in our serene sympathy we love the poet." Indeed, when Bryant met with Wordsworth's ballads, he said, on opening them, that a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in his heart, and the face of nature of a sudden to change into a strange freshness and life.

10. It is well known that the writings of Mr. Bryant are the very transcript of his life and character; and he probably never penned a sentiment that was not a part of his living creed and practice. The following, written by the poet in his advanced years, is an allegorical picture beautifully expressive of that serene Christian spirit with which he waited, in the autumn sunshine of a well-spent life, for the hinges of the gate that lead to the world beyond, to turn for him. It is a worthy exemplification of the lesson embraced in *Thanatopsis*.

III.—*Waiting by the Gate.*

1. Beside a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
   Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
   While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
   I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

2. The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
   A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
   I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
   And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

3. Behold, the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

4. In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,
And, as I look and listen, the sadness wears away.

5. Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amid the young and fair.

6. O glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
O crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze
O breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know not where!

7. I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me: the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

8. Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.

O frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

9. So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

10. And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

11. I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

Wordsworth and Tennyson have both asserted the mystery of the poet's mind. Here is Bryant's description, which also contains sage advice to the poetical aspirant, quite equal in value to "Hamlet's Instruction to the Players." [a]

IV.—*The Poet.*

1. Thou, who wouldst wear the name
Of poet 'mid thy brethren of mankind,
And clothe in words of flame
Thoughts that shall live within the general mind!
Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
The pastime of a drowsy summer day:

[a] For which, see Fifth Reader, page 433.

2. But gather all thy powers,
And wreak them on the verse that thou dost weave,
And in thy lonely hours,
At silent morning or at wakeful eve,
While the warm current tingles through thy veins,
Set forth the burning words in fluent strains.

3. No smooth array of phrase,
Artfully sought and ordered though it be,
Which the cold rhymer lays
Upon his page with languid industry,
Can wake the listless pulse to livelier speed,
Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that read.

4. The secret wouldst thou know
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will?
Let thine own eyes o'erflow;
Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;
Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,
And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast.

5. Then, should thy verse appear
Halting and harsh, and all unaptly wrought,
Touch the crude line with fear,
Save in the moment of impassioned thought;
Then summon back the original glow, and mend
The strain with rapture that with fire was penned.

6. Yet let no empty gust
Of passion find an utterance in thy lay,
A blast that whirls the dust
Along the howling street and dies away;
But feelings of calm power and mighty sweep,
Like currents journeying through the windless deep.

7. Seek'st thou, in living lays,
To limn the beauty of the earth and sky?

Before thine inner gaze
Let all that beauty in clear vision lie;
Look on it with exceeding love, and write
The words inspired by wonder and delight.

8. Of tempests wouldst thou sing,
Or tell of battles—make thyself a part
Of the great tumult; cling
To the tossed wreck with terror in thy heart;
Scale, with the assaulting host, the rampart's height,
And strike and struggle in the thickest fight.

9. So shalt thou frame a lay
That haply may endure from age to age,
And they who read shall say,
"What witchery hangs upon this poet's page!
What art is his the written spells to find
That sway from mood to mood the willing mind!"

CHAPTER LVI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The Atmosphere. From the French of Camille Flammarion.

1. Of all the various subjects which invite a studious examination, it is impossible to select one possessing a more direct, a more permanent, or a more real interest than the Atmosphere, which gives life to earth, ocean, lakes, rivers, streams, forests, plants, animals, and men, and in and by which all things have their being. The Atmosphere is an ethereal sea reaching over the whole world; its waves wash the mountains and the valleys, and we live beneath it and are penetrated by it.

2. It is the Atmosphere which makes its way as a life-giving fluid into our lungs, which gives an impulse to the frail existence of the new-born babe, and receives the last

gasp of the dying man upon his bed of pain. It is the Atmosphere which imparts verdure to the fertile fields, nourishing at once the tiny flower and the mighty tree; which stores up the solar rays in order to give us the benefit of them in the future.

3. It is the Atmosphere which adorns with an azure vault the planet in which we move, and makes us an abode in the midst of which we act as if we were the sole tenants of the infinite—the masters of the universe. It is the Atmosphere which illuminates this vault with the soft glitter of twilight, with the waving splendors of the aurora borealis, with the quivering of the lightning and the multiform phenomena of the heavens. At one moment it inundates us with light and warmth, at another it causes the rain to pour down in torrents upon the thirsty land.

4. It is the channel by which the sweet perfumes descend from the hills, and the vehicle of the sound which permits human beings to communicate with each other, of the song of the birds, of the sighing of the wind among the trees, and of the moaning of the waves. Without it our planet would be inert and arid, silent and lifeless. By it the globe is peopled with inhabitants of every kind.

5. Its indestructible atoms incorporate themselves in the various living organisms; the particle which escapes with our breath takes refuge in a plant, and, after a long journey, returns to other human bodies; that which we breathe, eat, and drink, has already been inhaled, eaten, and drunk millions of times: dead and living, we are all formed of the same substances.—What study can possess a vaster or more direct interest than that of the vital fluid to which we owe the manner of our being and the maintenance of our life?

In the foregoing article are numerous *statements* connected with the subject of Natural Philosophy. Let the teacher see how many of them the pupil can explain the truth of.—It "stores up the solar rays,"—"gives us the benefit of them in the future,"—its "atoms incorporate themselves in the various living organisms," etc.

CHAPTER LVII.—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—1795-1867.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Mr. Halleck was born in Guilford, Connecticut, and was descended, on his mother's side, from John Eliot, "the Apostle of the Indians." He was employed, first, in a New York banking-house, and afterwards as private secretary to John Jacob Astor. In his literary career he was associated with William Cullen Bryant and Joseph Rodman Drake, the latter of whom he joined in composing satirical and society verses under the sobriquet "Croker and Company." His earlier years were passed among the wits of New York, with whom he was a great favorite, while the latter part of his life was spent at his native place in a retirement broken by no effort of his muse except a poem entitled *Young America*, published in 1864.

2. "I have my own way," remarked Halleck's life-long friend, Mr. Bryant, "of accounting for his literary silence in the latter half of his life. One of the resemblances which he bore to Horace consisted in the length of time for which he kept his poems by him, that he might give them the last and happiest touches. Having composed his poems without committing them to paper, and retaining them in his faithful memory, he revised them in the same manner, murmuring them to himself in his solitary moments, recovering the enthusiasm with which they were first conceived, and in this state of mind heightening the beauty of the thought or of the expression."

3. Mr. Halleck belongs to the school of Pope in musical rhythm, and in clearness and condensation of style, but he allowed himself the metrical irregularities of the modern romantic poets. He wrote a social satire called *Fanny*, conceived in the manner and measure of Byron's *Don Juan*.

During the Greek struggle for independence, Halleck visited Europe, of which we have a reminiscence in an ode to Burns, and in *Alnwick Castle*, published in 1827. The same volume contained one of the most martial lyrics in the language, celebrating the surprise of a Turkish camp by two brothers, one of whom pressed the Pasha to complete rout, while the other, Marco Bozzaris, in the hour of victory, died of his wounds, exclaiming, "Could a Suliote leader die a nobler death?" This celebrated lyric, the principal portion of which we give here, has been translated into modern Greek.

II.—*Marco Bozzaris.*

1. At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

2. At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

3. An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud,
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike!—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike!—for your altars and your fires;
Strike!—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!"

4. They fought like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered;—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won,
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose—
Like flowers at set of sun.

5. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song and dance, and wine;

And thou art terrible:—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

6. But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought;
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come, in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

7. Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

The *Suliotes*, divided into about thirty tribes or clans, were warlike Greeks who, in the seventeenth century, fled from the tyranny of the Turks and took possession of the Suli mountains and the adjoining valleys. The night-attack here referred to was made August 19, 1823.

CHAPTER LVIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The Book of Proverbs. From "Mosaics of Bible History."

1. The object of the Book of Proverbs, as expressed by the author himself in the opening chapter, is, "to know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity; to give subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion."

2. An able critic says, "The Book of Proverbs has, in all ages, been regarded as a great storehouse of practical wisdom. The early fathers were accustomed to call it 'all-sufficing' wisdom; and modern writers have been equally filled with admiration at the profound knowledge of human nature displayed in it, its accurate delineations of character, and the wonderful richness and appropriateness of its instructions. Truly, in all points of wisdom, public and private, we may accommodate to the Royal Preacher his own words in another of his works:—'What can the man say that cometh after the king? Even that which hath been said already.'

3. "A proverb once heard remains fixed in the memory. Its brevity, its appositeness, often aided by antithesis, not only insure its remembrance, but, very probably, its recurrence to the mind at the very time when its warning voice may be most needed. It utters in a tone of friendly admonition, of gentle remonstrance, of stern reproof, or of vehement denunciation, its wholesome lesson in the ear of the tried, the tempted, and the guilty."—*Dr. Kitto.*

4. As to the style of the Book of Proverbs, we find it especially marked by those characteristics which distinguish the poetry of the Hebrews from their prose compositions. Thus, parallel passages are constantly occurring,

in which the thought expressed in one verse or line is repeated in another, but in different language. Of this kind of *parallelism* the following, in the second chapter, from the first to the fifth verse inclusive, may be given as examples:—

My son, if thou wilt receive my words,
And hide my commandments with thee;
So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom,
And apply thine heart to understanding;
Yea, if thou criest after knowledge,
And liftest up thy voice for understanding;
If thou seekest her as silver,
And searchest for her as for hid treasures;
Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord,
And find the knowledge of God.

5. In the same chapter we have an extension of this kind of parallelism, in which the sentiment contained in the couplet is repeated, with additional force, in the triplet that follows:—

I also will laugh at your calamity:
I will mock when your fear cometh;
When your fear cometh as desolation,
And your destruction cometh as a whirlwind;
When distress and anguish come upon you.

Prov. i. 26, 27.

6. Still another kind of parallelism,—the *antithetic*,—in which the sentiment expressed in one line or verse is in opposition, or contrast, to that expressed in its parallel passage, is also common in the Proverbs. Thus:—

The fear of the Lord prolongeth days;
But the years of the wicked shall be shortened.

The hope of the righteous shall be gladness;
But the expectation of the wicked shall perish.
The way of the Lord is strength to the upright;
But destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity.
The righteous shall never be removed;
But the wicked shall not inhabit the earth.
The mouth of the just bringeth forth wisdom;
But the froward tongue shall be cut out.
The lips of the righteous know what is acceptable;
But the mouth of the wicked speaketh frowardness.

Prov. x. 27–32.

7. Says the writer already quoted, "The first nine chapters of the book are remarkably distinguished from the remainder, and constitute a kind of proem or exordium to the work. It is a continuous discourse, written in the highest style of poetry, adorned with apt and beautiful illustrations, and with various and striking figures. The personification of wisdom in these chapters is universally regarded as one of the most beautiful examples of the kind to be found in the Bible. In the ninth chapter Wisdom and Folly are personified as females. The contrast between their respective pretensions and invitations may be made more evident by arranging the passages in opposition to each other, as follows:—

Wisdom hath builded her house;
She hath hewn out her seven pillars;
She hath killed her beasts;
She hath mingled her wine;
She hath also furnished her table;
She hath sent forth her maidens;
She crieth upon the highest places of the city,
'Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither.'

8. To him who wanteth understanding, she saith,—

'Come, eat of my bread,
And drink of the wine I have mingled.
Forsake the foolish, and live,
And go in the way of understanding;
For by me thy days shall be multiplied,
And the years of thy life shall be increased.'
FOLLY is clamorous;
She is simple, and knoweth nothing.
She sitteth at the door of her house,
On a seat in the high places of the city,
To call passengers who go right on their ways,
'Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither.'

To him who wanteth understanding, FOLLY saith,—

'Stolen waters are sweet,
And bread eaten in secret is pleasant,'
But he knoweth not that the dead are there,
And that her guests are in the depths of the grave."

9. A late writer says of the Proverbs of Solomon, "They are far superior to any other collection of the kind,—such as the sayings of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, the Aurea Carmina attributed to Pythagoras, or the collections of Arabic Proverbs. They bear the stamp of divine inspiration. They abound in polished and sparkling gems. They contain the practical wisdom of Israel, and have furnished the richest contributions to the dictionary of proverbs among Christian nations. They trace wisdom to its true source, the fear of Jehovah. Nothing can be finer than the description of Wisdom, in the eighth chapter, where she is personified as the eternal companion and delight of God, and commended beyond all earthly treasures." —*Dr. Philip Schaff.*

10. Another writer gives the following view of the prac-

tical teachings of this famous book:—"The Book of Proverbs approaches human things and things divine in a way quite different from the Prophets or the Psalms. It has even something of a worldly, prudential look, unlike the rest of the Bible. But this is the very reason why its recognition as a sacred book is so useful. It is the philosophy of practical life. It is the sign to us that the Bible does not despise common sense and discretion. It impresses upon us, in the most forcible manner, the value of intelligence and prudence, and of a good education. It deals, too, in that refined, discriminating, careful view of the finer shades of human character so necessary to any true estimate of human life. 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and the stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy.' How much is there, in that single sentence, of consolation, of love, of forethought! And, above all, it insists, over and over again, upon the doctrine that goodness is '*wisdom*,' and that wickedness and vice are '*folly*.'"—*Dean Stanley.*

CHAPTER LIX.—WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.—1796-1859.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Bunker Hill gave renown to Colonel William Prescott, who defended it against the British in 1775; eminence at the bar and on the bench made his son William distinguished; and noble historical composition made his grandson, William H., illustrious. The historian was no less heroic than his grandfather, though he exhibited his strength of mind in a different way. Prescott was born in Salem, Massachusetts, but removed to Boston in his youth, and entered Harvard College, where he was distinguished for his classical proficiency. At a college dinner, some missive, sportively thrown, struck one of his eyes and

ruined it forever. The other eye suffered sympathetically, was always weak, and at times had no vision. This accident forced the youth to abandon the contemplated study of the law, and he resolved, since a man must have occupation, to take up literature, because its pursuit was more pliant to the varying demands of his infirmity.

2. Having a natural taste for history, Mr. Prescott determined to qualify himself by ten years of methodical study in modern European languages and literature, and then by ten years of research among historical authorities relating to his chosen topic. This scheme he almost accurately fulfilled. It was pursued through difficulties that would have appalled a less brave soul, despite intervals of ill health and occasional failure of the little sight which remained to his injured eyes; despite dependence on a secretary for the examination of papers and manuscripts in a foreign tongue; despite the labor and expense of gathering authorities from Europe, Mexico, and Peru; and despite the cumbrous method of writing between lines of brass wire upon manifold paper with an ivory stylus.

3. Mr. Prescott was judicious in the choice of his historical subject. Mr. Gibbon had described the decline of Roman civilization to the time of the fall of Constantinople; Robertson began with the first great modern empire, under Charles the Fifth, when Spain, the Netherlands, Germany, rich principalities in Italy, Bohemia, and Hungary were united under one sceptre, and when modern European politics emerged into definite form. But no historian had treated of those prior reigns when feudal governments were displaced by consolidated nations and states. Mr. Prescott therefore chose the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, under whom Aragon and Castile were united, the Moorish power in Southern Spain was destroyed, the independence of Portugal was broken, and the rich Spanish empire in America arose upon the discoveries of Columbus.

4. His other histories grew out of the researches for this one, and comprise the *Conquest of Mexico*, the *Conquest of Peru*, the *Life of Charles the Fifth after his Abdication*, and *Philip the Second*. The latter work he did not live to finish. No persuasion could induce Mr. Prescott to go over the ground occupied by Mr. Robertson; and while he was engaged in the composition of *Philip the Second*, Mr. Motley began his narrative of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, in which he had occasion to use the same authorities and treat of the same events as Mr. Prescott, who kindly encouraged his younger co-laborer, offering to him the aid of any books or papers in his possession.

5. Mr. Prescott was a man of great modesty, combined with a brave, determined spirit. He says, "I remembered that Johnson had said, in reference to Milton, that the great poet had abandoned his projected History of England, finding it scarcely possible for a man without eyes to pursue an historical work requiring reference to various authorities. The remark piqued me to make the attempt." And yet, when *Ferdinand and Isabella* was finished, he hesitated to publish it, until his father stirred his Prescott blood with the observation, "The man who writes a book which he is afraid to publish is a coward." Mr. Prescott was so indefatigable in his research, so fortunate in his authorities, so simple, elegant, and pictorial in his style, so temperate and impartial in his temper, that the great Humboldt characterized his work as one which would never be superseded.

6. Our author's books were published in England, translated into Spanish, French, Italian, and German, and at once took their place among the standard works of history, placing him in the high and permanent rank of Gibbon, Robertson, Thierry, Lamartine, Martin, and others. As an historian, Mr. Prescott does not go beyond the province of sifting authorities and narrating events with all the fulness and accuracy at his command. Philosophical analysis he left to others; and dramatic representations were outside

of his art. His place is carefully marked by the eminent French historian and statesman Guizot, who observes as follows:—

7. "The pictures Mr. Prescott has given us are never wanting in truth, but they are sometimes wanting in life. History only becomes dramatic on two conditions: it must either have the passion of the politician or the imagination of the poet. Mr. Prescott has neither the one nor the other: he is a calm and enlightened philosopher, an accomplished man of letters; he is well read in the history of Philip II., and he relates it with fidelity; but he has studied it, after the lapse of three centuries, in all the serenity of his own reflections, and the tranquillity of a New England study. Faithfully, therefore, as these events and these personages are described by him, he leaves them where he finds them,—in their tombs."

8. Mr. Prescott excelled in graceful pictorial power; and yet canvas is not the stage. William Stirling, an English writer, who had himself made a study of Charles V., brings out the historian's vivid painting in these words:—

"Mexico spreads her matchless valley, her lake, and her imperial city, before our eyes; we wander through the royal gardens beneath the giant cedars of Tezcuco; the golden halls of the Inca, and the blazing temples of the sun, unfold themselves before us; we follow the silver-shod cavalry of Pizarro through the flowery dales of the Cordilleras; or we ascend through the pastures of the llama, or the stern regions where the condor hovers in the tropical sun around the peaks of the Andes. The account of the *rueful night*, in which, after the death of Montezuma, Cortez and his band retreated across the lake and across the broken causeway, cutting their way through a nation in arms, is one of the finest pictures of modern historical painting."

9. Mr. Prescott's American spirit doubtless found especial pleasure in recording the discovery of this New

World. The glory of that achievement colors the description which he gives of the return of Columbus, with the amazing news, to the shores of Spain.

II.—*Reception of Columbus.*

1. Great was the commotion in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves, with their own eyes, of the truth of their return.

2. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the happy event.

3. The admiral, having been summoned to meet the court at Barcelona, was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold rudely fashioned; he exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quad-

rupeds unknown in Europe, and birds, whose variety of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

4. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and house-top which could afford a glimpse of him is described to have been crowded with spectators.

5. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension, to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile.

6. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, scepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

7. After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested of Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was

sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural productiveness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred less from the specimens actually obtained than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior.

8. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal in the illumination of a race of men whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared, by their extreme simplicity, for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine. The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the Te Deum were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

In the roll of authors few characters are more worthy of admiration than William H. Prescott. Whatever he attempted he did with conscientiousness, diligence, and elegance. His style is pure, graceful, and wellnigh unblemished. It is the reflection of his personal character. He was always cheerful, and uncomplaining; giving comfort rather than asking it. His disposition was serenely amiable; his manner unassuming and cordial; his spirit brave and constant; his heart true and gentle. These qualities he retained under a calamity which darkened

all his outward life, though it had power over his inner life only to strengthen its radiance. His work and his character have heightened the self-respect of his countrymen and of mankind.

CHAPTER LX.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Victoria's Tears.

[On the death of William IV., June 20, 1837, his niece Victoria Alexandrina, who had then just completed her eighteenth year, became Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. When informed of the demise of her uncle, she wept in view of the great responsibility that was thus thrown upon her. Mrs. Browning has commemorated the circumstance in the following beautiful lines.]

1. "O MAIDEN! heir of Kings!
A King has left his place!
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face!
And thou upon thy mother's breast
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best!"
She heard and wept—
She wept, to wear a crown!

2. They decked her courtly halls;
They reined her hundred steeds;
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds!"
Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,
Her praise has filled the town!
And mourners God had stricken deep
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept,
Who wept, to wear a crown!

3. She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries!
And while her heralds played the part,
For million shouts to drown,—
"God save the Queen!" from hill to mart,—
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept—
She wept, to wear a crown!

4. God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own,—
The love that guardeth liberties!
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea, wept, to wear its crown!

5. God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine!
And fill with happier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine!
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A piercèd hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see!
Thou wilt not weep,
To wear that heavenly crown!

Why are the first eight lines in verse 1 embraced within quotation-marks?—Line 4, "all other" what?—Explain the meaning of lines 5, 6, and 7 in verse 3.

CHAPTER LXI.—THOMAS HOOD.—1798-1845.

I.—*Biographical.*

This ingenious and gifted man was the son of a book-publisher in London, and was early placed upon "lofty stool at lofty desk" in his father's counting-room. His health failing under confinement, he was apprenticed to an engraver after a short tour into Scotland. At twenty-three he adopted literature as a profession, and was engaged upon several periodicals, the most notable of which was *Punch.* He also edited several literary annuals and *The Comic Almanac.* Many of his poems appeared in the periodicals with which he was connected, and are noted for their *puns*, a species of play upon words, that was managed by Hood with remarkable adroitness. A characteristic piece of this nature is

II.—*Faithless Nelly Gray.*

1. Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
   And used to war's alarms;
   But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
   So he laid down his arms.

2. Now, as they bore him off the field,
   Said he, "Let others shoot;
   For here I leave my second leg,
   And the Forty-Second Foot!"[a]

3. The army surgeons made him limbs:
   Said he, "They're only pegs;
   But there's as wooden members quite
   As represent my legs!"

[a] "Forty-Second Foot," the name of the regiment of infantry (foot-soldiers) to which Ben belonged.

4. Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his *devoirs*,[a]
When he'd devoured his pay.

5. But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

6. "O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

7. Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

8. "Before you had these timber toes,
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

9. "O false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

10. "I wish I had ne'er seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my NELL!"

[a] *De-voirs* (dev-wor'), respects; compliments.

11. So, round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line![a]

12. One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

13. And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

Like all great humorists, Hood had a touch of melancholy, by which the sympathies are moved under the play of the lightest fancies, and the more, perhaps, from their unexpected contrasts. Hood's last poem of importance, the most popular of all, depicting the miseries of London seamstresses, awakened a most benevolent interest in their sufferings. It appeared in *Punch*, under the title of *The Song of the Shirt*. We copy from it all but two or three verses.

III.—*The Song of the Shirt.*

1. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread:
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

[a] "The *Line*," another name for the regular infantry.

2. "Work! work! work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work! work! work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

3. "O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

4. "But why do I talk of Death,—
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own:
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

5. "Oh but for one short hour,—
A respite, however brief!
No blessèd leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

6. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread:
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "*Song of the Shirt.*"

1. "In most of Hood's works," says a recent critic, "even in his puns and levities, there is a spirit of good, directed to some kindly or philanthropic object." "The pen of Hood," said Douglas Jerrold, "touches alike the springs of laughter and the sources of tears." All must certainly have a tender pity awakened in them for the outcasts of society, on reading the well-known poem, *The Bridge of Sighs.*

2. Hood's prose works, the *National Tales*, and the novels *Tylney Hall* and *Our Family*, added nothing to his reputation. In his poetic works he was capable of a grave and lofty style, as in the *Ode to the Moon;* and in one instance he enters on mysterious ground. "His *Dream of Eugene Aram*," says Allan Cunningham, "places him high among the bards who deal in dark and fearful themes, and intimate, rather than express, deeds which men shudder to hear named." The poet's life was one of trial arising from ill health and the uneasiness incident to the uncertainty of literary pursuits. Tennyson's lament at Hood's death was, "Would he could have stayed with us!" To him have been applied the words of Hamlet characterizing Yorick, "He was a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

CHAPTER LXII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The Printing-Press.

1. I doubt whether we can select another illustration of the mechanical progress of the last four hundred years that is so obvious and tangible as the printing-press. For, in

the first place, within that period there has been no other mechanical agent of such direct and momentous importance. We divide time into epochs and crises, perhaps too much forgetting that there is no period or event which is sudden and complete in itself, but that historical changes work in sublime unity and silence, like the elements which filter among the ribs of the earth. But if ever, out of inspired history, there was palpable sign and embodied symbol of crisis and change for the world, it appeared in that creaking, clumsy machine of Faust and Gutenberg, the first printing-press.

2. Yes, that was a queer, portentous creature, that rickety thing of wood and iron, that came stalking into the world among kings and priests, thrones and castles, and other feudal respectabilities. There was a revolutionist; there was a troublesome democrat; there was a voice for the groaning people; there was a prophet of free and beautiful thought; there was a working preacher that should tear the chained word of God from the pillars of monasteries, and scatter it all over the world, and kindle the light to read it by.

3. And if the printing-press was thus important, both as an agent and a symbol of improvement, it is equally true that the greatest inventions and discoveries since that time have been allied with it, and in some way brought to serve its vast ends. Surely the applications of steam power are not more splendidly illustrated even in the rail-car and the steamship—great instruments of civilization as they are—than in the working of a hundred marvellous pieces of machinery to publish and multiply those vehicles of intelligence, out of which all genuine civilization flows.

4. Surely the electric telegraph demonstrates its capacity in no way so wonderfully as in being a reporter for the daily paper, bringing the last word from fusion conventions and confusion caucuses, revealing the midnight in-

terior of senates, and daguerrotyping the passing life and interest of a world upon a breakfast table.

5. And now, in order that you may realize the marvel of the wonderful progress of the printing-press, I only ask you to go back in imagination to the workshop of Gutenberg, striking off his first Bible in the presence of Caxton, holding up a damp sheet of the *Histories of Troy*, or the *Golden Legend;* and then just take a walk through the vast manufactories of some of our great publishing houses. Begin down cellar with the best hand they have in the shop, the old fire-cater that tugs away there with forty or fifty horse-power, and keeps everything moving and all hands busy; and then go on and go up through Chinese walls of printing paper, and catacombs of type, and armies of well-employed men and healthy, happy girls, each with an appointed task; and look at the iron arms, lifting and folding; the whizzing wheels, the enormous slabs of pressure, the delicate stamps, the countless agents, that, with inconceivable quickness, work between the manuscript and the printer's book, turning brains into type, and type into print, and print into folded sheets, and sheets into volumes, and volumes into influences of diffused and illimitable power.

6. Almost the first thought—the comprehensive and most glorious thought—which the printing-press awakens in our minds, is that of great and beneficent uses. All its appurtenances are quickly translated into this meaning. Human measures are defeated, methods fail, but God's own purposes never; and the processes of his eternal righteousness and truth run in the iron grooves of the printing-press.

7. I look upon these great printing-offices, and factories of books, as so many moral encampments, and upon these hosts of working men and working women, as indeed a vast army arrayed against huge Redans and Malakoffs of ignorance. I thank you, American publishers, for these munitions of war, these embattled hosts. Women, bending over your work, toil on, for it leads to a result well

worthy the spirit and the true mission of woman. And you, my brethren with rolled-up sleeves, remember it is a world-wide, a final conflict in which you are engaged. The rumble of the power-press is better than the roar of artillery. The clink of composing-sticks is more inspiring than the clank of armor; and every type, more sure than a bullet, and shooting noiseless as the summer air, shall hit the mark, though it be a thousand years ahead. Advance, battalions! for with every forward step the old wrong and falsehood of the world grows weaker, and is made ready to pass away.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

"Oh, the click of the type as it falls into line,
And the clank of the press, make a music divine!
'Tis the audible footfall of thought on the page,—
The articulate beat of the heart of the age!
As the ebbing of ocean leaves granite walls bare,
And reveals to the world its great autograph there!"

Bayard Taylor.

CHAPTER LXIII.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.—1799-1844.

I.—*Biographical.*

Walter Scott told Washington Irving that "the brightness of Campbell's early success was a detriment to all his after-efforts. He was afraid of the shadow that his own fame cast before him."—Campbell was born in Glasgow when his father was at an advanced age; but he was carefully educated, and he graduated at the University of that city, where he was remarkable for his classical attainments. At the early age of twenty-two he published the *Pleasures of Hope*, which passed through four editions in a year, and at once established his fame. Its measure is that of Spenser (England's first heroic poet), and its scheme is like that of the

Task of Cowper or the *Excursion* of Wordsworth. Byron pronounced it "one of the most beautiful didactic poems in our language." It is a series of pure and elevated pictures of nature and domestic life, mingled with descriptive episodes, one of which contains these stirring lines on the

II.—*Downfall of Poland.*

1. O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn·
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

2. Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid;
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die!"

3. He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low-murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or death—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

4. In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew!
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!

Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

1. The year following the publication of the *Pleasures of Hope*, Campbell visited the Continent, and from a neighboring monastery he witnessed the battle that gave Ratisbon to the French. "It has been very generally supposed," says a recent edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, "that he was present at the battle of Hohenlinden; but that battle was not fought until some weeks after Campbell had left Bavaria." Still, he made this conflict the subject of his *Hohenlinden*, "one of the grandest battle-pieces in miniature that was ever drawn. In a few verses, flowing like a choral melody, the poet brings before us the silent midnight scene of engagement wrapt in the snows of winter, the sudden arming for the battle, the press and shout of charging squadrons, the flashing of artillery, and the scene of death."

2. In 1809 Campbell published his second great poem, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, a love-romance, the scene of which is laid on the banks of the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania, at the time of the memorable massacre by the Indians at Kingston, near Wilkesbarre. Prior and subsequent to this effort he wrote a number of minor poems, such as *Lochiel's Warning*, *The Exile of Erin*, *Ye Mariners of England*, and others. He also contributed extensively to periodicals, and was a writer of travels and a compiler of annals.

3. Campbell's style is polished and elaborate. He lacks the simplicity of living poets, but unites the concentration of meaning found in Pope with the discursiveness found in Cowper, and he weaves the favorite alliteration of Saxon poetry with metres of classical correctness.

CHAPTER LXIV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The Significance of Work.

1. It has been written, "an endless significance lies in work." A man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and, withal, the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labor,—is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame?

2. Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a chaos, but a round compacted world. What would become of the earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the potter's wheel—one of the venerablest objects; old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes.

3. And fancy the most assiduous potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Of an idle unrevolving man, the kindest destiny, like the most assiduous potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other

than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

4. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows!—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow, with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small!

5. Labor is life: from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart it awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly, thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

CHAPTER LXV.—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.—1800-1859.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Whatever Macaulay did was done with brilliancy and energy. He excelled as poet, essayist, orator, and historian.

Throughout his life he was distinguished for the ease with which he gained knowledge, and for his unfailing command of what he knew. His memory was wonderfully retentive, and his industry incessant. At Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1822, he won two prize medals by his poems, and a classical scholarship by his attainments. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, entered the civil service at twenty-eight, was four times elected to Parliament,—twice by the voters of Edinburgh,—and at thirty-four was sent to India as a member of the Supreme Council, where he made a complete code of penal laws for that Empire. He entered Lord John Russell's Cabinet in 1846, but retired from political life in 1856; and in 1857 he was made a peer, with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rotheby.

2. The early home of the Macaulays was in Lewis, one of the Hebrides Islands, off the west coast of Scotland. The Baron's grandfather was a Presbyterian minister in the Highlands, and his father was a merchant and a philanthropist. These antecedents appear in the sympathies which the son expressed in the House of Commons, and in his essays and English History. He began his literary career as a poet, publishing some French and English ballads, among which was the well-known *Battle of Ivry*, that celebrated the victory of Henry of Navarre over the Catholic party of France, a victory by which Henry obtained the crown.

3. As a poet, Macaulay won some renown by *The Lays of Ancient Rome.* The theory on which these poems are constructed is, that the early history of nations usually exists in metrical legends as its first form. To reproduce the incidents of ancient Roman history in the shape in which they existed before Livy wrote, Macaulay chose the old ballad measure as most likely to produce the same effects on modern ears as the conjectured popular verse did upon the old Romans. A critic, speaking of these *Lays*, says of their author, "He is entirely of the Homer, the Chaucer, and the Scott school, his poetry being thoroughly

that of action, as sentiment is seldom more than interjectionally introduced." With great skill the poet embodies the spirit of Ancient Minstrelsy in regular and animated verse. There are four of these *Lays*, of which the one the most heroic in action is *The Battle of Lake Regillus*, from which we extract sufficient to show the style in which they are written, and their general character.

II.—*The Battle of Lake Regillus.*

1. Hard by the Lake Regil'lus
   Our camp was pitched at night:
   Eastward a mile the Latines lay,
   Under the Porcian height.
   Far over hill and valley
   Their mighty host was spread;
   And with their thousand watch-fires
   The midnight sky was red.

2. Not without secret trouble
   Our bravest saw the foes,
   For girt by threescore thousand spears
   The thirty standards rose.
   From every warlike city
   That boasts the Latian name,
   Foredoomed to dogs and vultures,
   That gallant army came:
   Their leader was Mamil'ius,
   Prince of the Latian name;
   Upon his head a helmet
   Of red gold shone like flame:
   High on a gallant charger
   Of dark-gray hue he rode;
   Over his gilded armor
   A vest of purple flowed,

Woven in the land of sunrise
By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
And by the sails of Carthage brought
Far o'er the southern waters.

3. Now on each side the leaders
Gave signal for the charge;
And on each side the footmen
Strode on with lance and targe;
And on each side the horsemen
Struck their spurs deep in gore,
And front to front the armies
Met with a mighty roar:
And under that great battle
The earth with blood was red;
And, like the Pontine[a] fog at morn,
The dust hung overhead;
And louder still and louder
Rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horns,
The clang of sword and shield,
The rush of squadrons sweeping
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
And screeching of the slain.

4. The progress of the battle is mostly a detail of personal encounters between the leaders on both sides; but while the result still seemed doubtful, "a princely pair," so near alike that none could tell one from the other, with "snow-white armor," and "steeds as white as snow," were seen riding at the right hand of Aulus, the Roman Dictator. Leading on the wavering Romans, who took renewed courage on seeing the gods fighting on their side, the

[a] *Pon'tine*, referring to the Pontine Marshes, near Rome.

strange horsemen, rushing upon the foe, and strewing their rapid pathway with the slain, soon spread panic among the Latian ranks.

5. "Rome to the charge!" cried Aulus;
"The foe begins to yield!
Charge, for the hearth of Vesta![a]
Charge, for the Golden Shield![b]
Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay:
The gods who live forever
Are on our side to-day."

6. Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-time
Upon the Celtic plain:
So comes the squall, blacker than night,
Upon the Adrian main.
Now by our Sire, Quiri'nus,[c]
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.

7. So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow;
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po:

[a] *Vesta*, a goddess among the Romans, who presided over the domestic hearth.

[b] *Golden Shield*, the shield of Mars, the god of war, that was fabled to have fallen from heaven, and was guarded in Rome by twelve priests.

[c] *Qui-ri'nus*, a surname of Mars, and also a name that was given to Romulus the founder of Rome, after his supposed translation to the skies.

Then under foot was trampled,
Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum,
That never stooped before.

In the legendary account of the battle, it was the "Twin Brethren," Castor and Pollux, that came to the aid of the Romans, and hence the origin of the splendid pageant that was performed in their honor, during many centuries, on the Ides of Quin-ti'lis,[a] the anniversary of the battle.

8. As an orator in the House of Commons, Macaulay was exceedingly popular. The *Edinburgh Review* said of him, "Burke often managed to empty the house; Mr. Macaulay, if it was known that he was likely to speak, never failed to fill it." His manner of speech corresponded to the style of his pen. It was vehement, rapid, condensed, without gesture or affectation of ornament, replete with information, and with unvarying impetuosity from beginning to end.

9. Macaulay's most elaborate monument is his *History of England*. He intended to cover the period from the accession of James I. to a time within the memory of living men; but the work te minates with the peace of Ryswick, in 1697. It was eight years from the announcement of his plan to the publication of the first two volumes, and seven years more to the issue of the last two. The success of the book was immediate and immense. The first edition of the last two volumes consisted of twenty-five thousand copies, which were all sold on the day of publication, while eleven thousand applicants for copies were disappointed. It is estimated that, in England and America, a hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold in the first month.

10. Lord Macaulay is among the most eminent of essay-

[a] *Ides of Quin-ti'lis*, the fifteenth of July.

ists. His topics are chiefly critical biographies of literary and public men, and reviews of political theories, and of books. His own decided views frequently detract from his impartiality, and too often turn him into an advocate; but his vast learning, and concise, rapid, and clear thought, give his writings a value unattained by those of any contemporary essayist. Macaulay's residence in India, and his acquaintance with the history of the British Empire in that country, lend especial interest to his account of the impeachment and trial of Warren Hastings, who, for many years, had been Governor-General of India. Hastings was accused of high crimes and misdemeanors in his government of India, and in February, 1788, the great trial began before the House of Lords, who held their sittings in Westminster Hall.

III.—*The Impeachment of Warren Hastings.*

1. The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage that has half redeemed his fame.

2. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the upper house, as the upper house then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—George Eliott, Lord Heathfield,

recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

3. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.

4. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate that still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

5. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid.

6. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

7. The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

8. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene,—such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

9. The charges, and the answers of Hastings, were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it otherwise would have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet.

10. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuber-

ance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company and of the English presidencies.

11. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical cries and sobs were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit.

12. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

CHAPTER LXVI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Spinning.—An Allegory.*

1. Like a blind spinner in the sun,
   I tread my days;
   I know that all the threads will run
   Appointed ways;
   I know each day will bring its task,
   And, being blind, no more I ask.

2. I do not know the use or name
   Of that I spin;
   I only know that some one came
   And laid within
   My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
   Are blind, but one thing you can do."

3. Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
   And tangled fly,
   I know wild storms are sweeping past,
   And fear that I
   Shall fall, but dare not try to find
   A safer place, since I am blind.

4. I know not why, but I am sure
   That tint and place,
   In some great fabric to endure
   Past time and race,
   My threads will have: so, from the first,
   Though blind, I never felt accursed.

5. I think perhaps this trust has sprung
   From one short word
   Said over me when I was young,—
   So young, I heard
   It, knowing not that God's name signed
   My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.

6. But whether this be seal or sign,
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond Divine
I never doubt.
I know he set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait his will,—

7. But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner,—work is done!"

Mrs. Helen Jackson. ["*H. H.*"]

It has been said of the foregoing lines that "no finer symbolic picture of human life has ever been penned." See, also, the poem under the same title, p. 110.

II.—*Weaving.—An Allegory.*

1. The weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro:
Up and down the web is plying,
And, across, the woof is flying,
Foot and treadle,
Hand and pedal,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,—
As the weaver wills, they go!

2. See the mystic weaver, sitting
High in heaven—his loom below;
Up and down the treadles go;
Takes for web the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages;

Thrones are bobbins in his shuttle,
Armies make them scud and scuttle;
Web into the woof must flow,
Up and down the nations go,—
As the weaver wills they go!

3. Calmly see the mystic weaver
Throw his shuttle to and fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know
What each motion
And commotion,
What each fusion
And confusion,
In the grand result will show!

4. Glorious wonder! what a weaving!
To the dull beyond believing!
Such no fabled ages know;
Only Faith can see the mystery,
How, along the aisle of History,
Where the feet of sages go,
Loveliest to the purest eyes,
Grand the mystic tapet lies!
Soft and smooth and even spreading,
As if made for angels' treading;
Tufted circles touching ever,
Inwrought figures fading never;
Every figure has its plaidings,
Brighter form and softer shadings,
Each illumined—what a riddle!—
From a cross that gems the middle!

5. 'Tis a saying—some reject it—
That its light is all reflected;
That the tapet's hues are given
By a sun that shines in heaven.

'Tis believed by all believing
That great God Himself is weaving—
Bringing out the world's dark mystery
In the light of Faith and History;
And, as web and woof diminish,
Comes the grand and glorious finish,
When begin the golden ages,
Long foretold by seers and sages!

CHAPTER LXVII.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—1803-1882.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. This distinguished essayist and philosopher, the son of a Unitarian minister, was born in Boston. After graduating at Harvard College, he preached for a few years, travelled in Europe nearly a year, lectured on his return, and then, with feelings expressed in the following verses, he bade "good-bye" to the "weary crowds" that jostle on life's highway, and retired to Concord, where, with the exception of occasional lecturing tours, he passed most of his time in philosophic retirement until his death.

Good-Bye.

2. Good bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine:
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine;
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

3. Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;

To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

4. I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

5. O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learnèd clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet!

6. Yet Mr. Emerson, in his retirement, was an acute observer and interested spectator of the world around him. He wrote fugitive poems, metrical apothegms, and essays in fluent and terse English, which have a didactic oratorical style, from the fact that they were chiefly written as platform lectures. He was a singularly acute, metaphysical, and refined critic of the manifold elements, political, religious, and social, of human life. His high serenity is never disturbed by resentment, indignation, or enthusiasm. While Carlyle, of whom he has been said by English critics to be "a sort of echo," is censorious, Emerson, though more oracular than Carlyle, is genial and constructive. Like Wordsworth, no detail is too humble for his notice.

His analysis of motive, customs, and events is original and subtile, and, when his thought is not obscure, his speech is simple, clear, and felicitous. The principle on which his style is founded may be seen in the following verse written by him:—

"To clothe the fiery thought
In simple words succeeds;
For still the craft of genius is
To mask a king in weeds."

7. He has been called a "transcendentalist," because so many of his writings are of a speculative character, dealing with abstract metaphysics. This is shown even by the subjects of his essays, among which are the following:—*Man Thinking; Relation of Intellect to Science; Poetry and Eloquence; The Conduct of Life; The Superlative in Manners and Literature.* It has been further said of him, that his writings "tamper with the difference between *right* and *wrong*,"[a] and that they exhibit "a species of philosophical indifferentism tending to license in practice, which, in the conduct of life, he would be the last to avail himself of."[b]

8. Emerson rose through stages of very limited esteem to an appreciation bounded only by the cultivation of thoughtful minds in England and America. Yet forty years ago, Matthew Arnold, in a sonnet on Emerson's essays, said,—

"A voice oracular has pealed to-day;
To-day a hero's banner is unfurled."

To the cultivated, Mr. Emerson is as suggestive as Coleridge was to the men of his generation, while his views are based upon a more original philosophy, and he is less restricted by history and tradition, less imaginative, and more judicial. He was a prolific writer upon a boundless

[a] *British Quarterly Review.*
[b] *Duyckink's Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

variety of topics, all associated with human life. From his poems and essays we make the following selections, as examples both of his style, and of the general character of his writings; remarking that it has been said of him, "He philosophized like a poet, and wrote poetry like a philosopher."[a] In the first selection he inculcates the philosophy which he has expressed in the lines—

> "All are needed by each one:
> Nothing is fair or good *alone*."

II.—*Each and All.*

1. The delicate shells lay on the shore:
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam;
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

2. The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."

[a] English *Spectator*.

3. As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of Deity:
Again I saw, again I heard
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole—
I yielded myself to the *perfect whole.*

III.—*Character.*

1. I have read that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said. It has been complained of our brilliant English historian of the French Revolution,[a] that when he has told all his facts about Mirabeau, they do not justify his estimate of his genius. The Gracchi, Agis, Cleomenes, and others of Plutarch's heroes, do not in the record of facts equal their own fame. Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure, and of few deeds. We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington, in the narrative of his exploits. The authority of the name of Schiller is too great for his books.

2. This inequality of the reputation to the works or the anecdotes is not accounted for by saying that the reverberation is longer than the thunder-clap; but something resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance. The largest part of their power was latent. This is that which we call Character,—a reserved force which acts directly by presence, and without means.

[a] Thomas Carlyle.

It is conceived of as a certain undemonstrable force, a Familiar or Genius, by whose impulses the man is guided, but whose counsels he cannot impart; which is company for him, so that such men are often solitary, or, if they chance to be social, do not need society, but can entertain themselves very well alone.

3. The purest literary talent appears at one time great, at another time small; but character is of a stellar and undiminishable greatness. What others affect by talent or by eloquence, the man of character accomplishes by some magnetism. "Half his strength he puts not forth." His victories are by demonstration of superiority, and not by crossing of bayonets. He conquers, because his arrival alters the face of affairs. "O Iole! how didst thou know that Hercules was a god?" "Because," answered Iole, "I was content the moment my eyes fell on him. When I beheld Theseus, I desired that I might see him offer battle, or at least guide his horses in the chariot-race; but Hercules did not wait for a contest; he conquered whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did."[a] Man, ordinarily a pendant to events, only half attached, and that awkwardly, to the world he lives in, in these examples appears to share the life of things, and to be an expression of the same law which controls the tides and the sun, numbers and quantities.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Cicero against Catiline.*

[While Cicero, the greatest of ancient orators next to the Grecian Demosthenes, was consul of Rome, Lucius Sergius Catiline became

[a] *Iole*, daughter of Eurytus, king of Œchalia, had been promised in marriage, by her father, to him who should overcome the king and his son in shooting with the bow. When Hercules presented himself, Iole knew him to be a god, by that "demonstration of authority" which his very presence gave.

the leader of a conspiracy to assassinate the magistrates, set fire to the city, and seize upon the government. Thereupon Cicero, who had been informed of every movement of the conspirators, called a meeting of the Senate, at which Catiline, being a senator, was bold enough to be present. This so shocked the whole assembly that the members quitted that part of the house in which Catiline sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Cicero was so provoked by the impudence of the arch-conspirator, that, instead of entering upon any business, as he had designed, he broke forth into a most severe invective against him, and then, with all the fire and force of incensed eloquence, laid open the whole course of his villanies, and the notoriety of his treasons. This speech was the means of saving Rome, by driving Catiline from the city. The following is the opening of Cicero's speech, addressed directly to the traitor himself.]

1. How far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge here in the Senate?—that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before;—the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted? Alas for our degeneracy! Alas for the depravity of the times! The Senate understands all this. The consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives! did I say? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council—takes part in our deliberations—and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the state, if we but shun this madman's sword and fury!

2. Long since, O Catiline, ought the consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thine own head

the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless because forbearing. We have a decree—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard—a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I do not doubt that all good men would think it done rather too late than too cruelly.

Croly, in his tragedy of *Catiline*, represents Cicero as alluding to Catiline's banishment from Rome, when Catiline repeats the words "Banished from Rome!" in beginning his audacious reply.

II.—*Catiline's Reply.*

1. "Banished from Rome"! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor"! Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your consul's merciful. For this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

2. "Traitor"! I go; but I return. This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes.
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn:
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till anarchy comes down on you like night,
And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

3. I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but, when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well;
You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame!

On the night after Cicero's first oration, Catiline left Rome to join his associate conspirators, who were gathering an army in his favor. Cicero delivered three more orations on the subject of the conspiracy, and an army was sent against Catiline, who defended himself bravely, and, when the battle was lost, threw himself into the midst of his enemies, and fell fighting.

CHAPTER LXIX.—SIR EDWARD GEORGE LYTTON-BULWER.—1805-1873.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. The subject of this notice wrote verses at six years of age, and published a book at sixteen. He graduated from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, with a high reputation for scholarship. Although he affected the habits of a young man of fashion, Bulwer entered Parliament as a Reformer in 1832, and was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron

Lytton, in 1866. He succeeded to his mother's estates in 1844, adding her maiden name (Lytton) to his own. His son Robert, who succeeded to his titles, is a poet and author widely known under the assumed name of "Owen Meredith."

2. Lord Lytton was a most prolific writer, employing his pen upon translations from Schiller, upon political essays, upon the drama, and upon historical and imaginative romances. He also wrote a poetical satire on London life, called *The New Timon*, to which he added piquancy by introducing descriptions of eminent living men, as he had given zest to his novel *Devereux* by delineations of the wits of Queen Anne's time. Among his dramatic works *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons* still linger on the stage, by reason of their incidents and power. His first novel was *Falkland*. It was soon followed by *Pelham*, which gave its author great celebrity; and these were rapidly succeeded by other works of fiction most diverse in subject and treatment.

3. Lytton's historical romances, among which are *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *Harold*, and *The Last of the Barons*, are full of historical learning, but with a tendency to minute and prolonged description. His most famous romances are *Eugene Aram*, *Paul Clifford*, *Leila, or the Siege of Granada*, and *The Caxtons*. The last, which the author designates as "a simple FAMILY PICTURE," is full of extraordinary erudition, and, at the same time, has been pronounced by a competent critic to be "the most complete picture of English life, in all its varieties, that has ever been comprehended within the compass of a single work." Lord Lytton's style is polished and clear, and his plots range through all phases of life, including the dissolute, the depressed, the criminal, the philosophical, the genteel, and the aristocratic.

4. Bulwer has been sharply criticised for the immoral tendencies of some of his novels. On this point, Sir Archi-

bald Alison observes as follows: "It is true that he never makes licentiousness in the end successful, and the last impression in his works, as well as innumerable exquisite reflections, are all on the side of virtue; but in intermediate stages it appears often so attractive that no final catastrophe can counteract the previous impression. Every one knows that this is no more than what occurs in real life; but that is just the reason why additional force should not be given to it by the charms of imagination."

II.—*The Surrender of Granada.*

[On the 2d of January, 1492, the city of Granada, the capital of the Moorish kingdom of that name, was surrendered by Boabdil to Ferdinand and Isabella; and with its fall terminated the once powerful empire of the Moors in Spain. The following account of the surrender is taken from Bulwer's *Leila, or the Siege of Granada.*—See the Frontispiece.]

1. The sun had fairly risen above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and, at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of the *Te Deum*, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and acclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, floating over his own watch-tower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while beside that badge of the holy war waved the gay and flaunting flag of St. Jago,[a] the canonized Mars of the chivalry of Spain. At that sight, the king's voice died within him; he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and slacked

[a] *St. Jago*, corrupted from Sant-Iago. "*Santiago leads the armies of Spain.*" This saint was James, the son of Zebedee, brother of John.

not his speed till almost within bowshot of the first rank of the army.

2. Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlighted spears and blazoned banners; while beside murmured and glowed and danced the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small mosque halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the arch-priests of that mighty hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that rivalled the Roland of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high-born dames of Spain, relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail. Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

3. At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabella slowly advanced to meet their late rival,—their new subject; and as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Brother and prince," said he, "forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king; resisting man, but resigned at length to God."

4. Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head and remained a moment silent; then, motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and, kneeling beside Ferdi-

nand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city. "Oh, king!" then said Boabdil, "accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Granada; yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy." "They do well," said the king; "our promises shall not be broken. But, since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us but to gentler hands shall the keys of Granada be surrendered."

5. Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabella, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil; but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

6. "Fair queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues; this is my last, but not least glorious conquest. But I detain ye; let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell." "Farewell, my brother," replied Ferdinand, "and may fair fortune go with you! Forget the past!" Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound respect and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new principality beyond the Alpuxarras.[a] As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its

[a] *Alpuxarras*, the "Pasture Mountains," and also the name of the region beyond, in which the Moors who remained in Spain were compelled to take up their residence: but Boabdil soon passed over into Africa.

march, and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslem.

7. Boabdil spurred on, at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his slaves, and his faithful wife, Armine (sent on before), awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height the vale, the rivers, the spires, and the towers of Granada broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted mechanically and abruptly; every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart and gushed from every eye.

8. Suddenly, the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sunlighted valley and crystal river. A universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in Eastern pride, or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place, where the king wept at the last view of his lost empire, is still called THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

Although Bulwer strove, in repeated attempts, to achieve poetical distinction, he was not a great poet; yet he wrote some admirable lines, among which may be classed the following antithetic definition of

III.—*Talent and Genius.*

1. Talent convinces,—genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, *that* the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;

Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind.

2. Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees of toil;
Genius, the sudden Iris[a] of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes,
And, to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Clasps in its airy arch the pomp of heaven!
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—
From its plain horn-book[b] learn the dull to read;
Genius, the Pythian[c] of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull—
From eyes profane a veil the Isis[d] screens,
And fools on fools still ask "what Hamlet means."[e]

As in most of Bulwer's writings, his erudition is shown even in this short extract, by his numerous classical allusions.

CHAPTER LXX.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Viva Italia! Viva il Re!

Written on the departure of the Austrians from Italy, and the entry of the Italian King, Victor Emmanuel, into Venice, November 7, 1866.

1. Haste! open the lattice, Giulia,[f]
And wheel me my chair where the sun

[a] *Iris*, the goddess of the rainbow. In Grecian mythology it was the personification of the rainbow.

[b] *Horn-book*, the first book of children;—so called because formerly covered with horn to protect it.

[c] *Pyth'i-an*, pertaining to the priestess of Apollo, who delivered the oracles at Delphi.

[d] The goddess *Isis*, one of the chief deities of the Egyptians. One of her statues bore this inscription: "I am all that has been or that shall be: no mortal has hitherto taken off my veil."

[e] "What Hamlet means,"—in allusion to the long-mooted question as to Shakspeare's intent in the tragedy and character of Hamlet.

[f] *Giulia* (jĕ-u'lĭ-ah), for Julia.

May fall on my face while I welcome
The sound of the life-giving gun!
The Austrian leaves with the morning,
And Venice hath freedom to-day—
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"[a]

2. Would God that I only were younger,
To stand with the rest on the street,
To fling up my cap on the mola,
And the tricolor banner to greet!
The gondolas, girl—they are passing!
And what do the gondoliers say?—
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

3. Oh, cursed be these years and this weakness
That shackle me here in my chair,
When the people's loud clamor is rending
The chains that once made their despair!
So young when the Corsican[b] sold us!
So old when the Furies repay!
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

4. Not these were the cries when our fathers
The gonfalon gave to the breeze,
When doges sate solemn in council,
And Dandolo[c] harried the seas!

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[a] *Viva Italia! e Viva il Re!* (vē′vah ĭ-tal′ĭ-ah! ā vē′vah ēēl rā!) "Hurrah! Hurrah for Italy! Long live the King!"

[b] *The Corsican*, Napoleon Bonaparte, who surrendered Venice to Austria in 1797. In the Congress of Vienna, 1814–15, Lombardy and Venetia were confirmed to Austria.

[c] *Andrea Dan′dolo*, a doge (chief magistrate) of Venice, who destroyed the Genoese fleet in 1353.

But the years of the future are ours,
To humble the pride of the gray—
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

5. Bring, girl, from the dust of yon closet
The sword that your ancestor bore
When Genoa's prowess was humbled,
Her galleys beat back from our shore!
O great Contarino![a] your ashes
To Freedom are given to-day!
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

6. What! tears in your eyes, my Giulia?
You weep when your country is free?
You mourn for your Austrian lover,
Whose face nevermore you shall see?
Kneel, girl, kneel beside me, and whisper,
While to Heaven for vengeance you pray,
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

7. Shame, shame on the weakness that held you,
And shame on the heart that was won!
No blood of the gonfaloniere[b]
Shall mingle with blood of the Hun!
Swear hate to the name of the spoiler,
Swear lealty to Venice, and say,
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

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[a] *Andrea Contarino*, a doge of Venice who, at the age of eighty years, took command of the Venetian fleet, and freed the republic from its enemies, in 1380.

[b] *Gon-fa-lon-ier'*, a chief standard-bearer.—*Gon'fa-lon*, a war-flag.

8. Hark! heard you the gun from the mola?
And hear you the welcoming cheer?
Our army is coming, Giulia,
The friends of our Venice are near!
Ring out from your old Campanile,
Freed bells from San Marco,[a] to-day,
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"—*Charles Dimitry.*

CHAPTER LXXI.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.—1807-1864.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Nathaniel Hawthorne, born at Salem, Massachusetts, was a classmate of the poet Longfellow at Bowdoin College, Maine, where he graduated in 1825. His first ventures in literature were stories published in a popular annual called *The Token.* They were afterwards gathered into a volume called *Twice-Told Tales.* He early joined the Brook Farm community at Roxbury, a band of literary people who undertook to maintain themselves by their own labors; but the experiment was too ideal in plan and too onerous in detail to succeed.

2. Hawthorne's experiences at Brook Farm lie at the foundation of his *Blithedale Romance.* He next removed to Concord, Massachusetts, and the house which he occupied suggested the title to a further collection of his magazine papers,—*Mosses from an Old Manse.* Through personal friendship he obtained two political positions. First, by the influence of the historian Bancroft, who was Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, he was made Surveyor

[a] *Campanile* (kam-pa-nē'la), a bell-tower.

[b] *San Marco,* the celebrated church of St. Mark's, in Venice.

of Customs at Salem; and President Pierce gave him the consulship at Liverpool for four years.

3. Mr. Hawthorne was a timid, sensitive man, fond of seclusion, and he grew slowly into popularity. His diction is felicitously limpid and pure, but most of his works of fiction are on the border-line of the supernatural, and the plots turn upon an acute analysis of human character under such influences. In the use of such themes Ann Radcliffe relied much on weird scenery and unnatural situations, and Mrs. Shelley on fantastic incidents; but Hawthorne's personages move in natural or familiar circumstances, and the development of his plots is more metaphysical. He insisted much on the distinction between the novel and the romance, claiming for the latter a broader and higher range of imagination.

4. Mr. Hawthorne's principal romances are *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Marble Faun*, and *Septimius Felton*. He also published Note-books from his English and Italian journals, *The Snow Image*, *Twice-Told Tales*, and a *Wonder Book* for boys and girls. The London *Athenæum* says of one of his romances, what is equally true of all the others, "If sin and sorrow in their most fearful forms are to be presented in any work of art, they have rarely been treated with a loftier severity, purity, and sympathy, than in Mr. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. The supernatural here never becomes grossly palpable, the thrill is all the deeper for its action being indefinite and its source vague and distant."

5. Longfellow called Hawthorne a poet, and thus writes of his *Twice-Told Tales*:—"There flow deep waters, silent, calm, and cool; and the green leaves look into them and 'God's blue heaven.' The book, though in prose, is nevertheless written by a poet, who looks upon all things in the spirit of love and with lively sympathies,—for to him eternal form is but the representation of internal being, all things having a life, and end, and aim."

6. As a specimen of Hawthorne's crystal clearness of style, and the interest which he throws around his writings, we take his account of an event which he supposes to have occurred in Boston on an afternoon of April, 1689, when the hated Sir Edmund Andros, who had succeeded the good Governor Bradstreet, was the royal governor of New England. Just at the time referred to there were whispers that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise for deposing the obnoxious King James; and all through New England there was a subdued and silent agitation that boded no good to Andros and his adherents if the news should prove true, and the enterprise successful. Andros, aware of the agitation, assembled the red-coats of his guard, and his favorite councillors, and at the sound of fife and drum made his appearance, in martial array, in the streets of Boston, to overawe the turbulent spirit of the people. The striking incident of the occasion is the appearance, upon the scene, of "The Gray Champion."

II.—*The Gray Champion.*

1. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire; and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal gloom. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts!" cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

2. The ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty,—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of

at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

3. When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

4. But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop and all the old councillors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth as their own were now. And the young!—how could he have passed so utterly from their memories,—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads in childhood.

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

5. Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the

aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

6. The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

7. The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but, glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

8. "What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen,—to stand aside, or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty

years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

9. "I have stayed the march of a king himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and, beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a by-word in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended,—to-morrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

10. The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself.

11. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and

guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners; and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

12. But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that when the troops had gone, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged ex-Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till where he stood there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

As a sequel to the foregoing, it may be mentioned that the "Gray Champion" is believed to have been one of the regicide judges who condemned Charles the First and brought him to the scaffold, and who had been concealed in Boston ever since the restoration of monarchy in England. In the popular legend, it is supposed that the "Gray Champion" appeared again in the streets of Boston, eighty years later, at the time of the popular rising against the soldiers who, under Captain Preston, had fired upon the people, and that, "five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution."

CHAPTER LXXII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Sunrise.

1. There's a rustle through leagues of forest; the ocean stirs,
   Quivering with joy and light.
   The last star swoons and dies; only the firs,
   And the sombre cedars, and cypresses tall,
   Solemn, dark, and funereal,
   Remember the vanished night.

Day and life return, and the earth rejoices;
The air is alive with a murmur of busy voices:
There's the low of a myriad herds
Feeding on endless meadows;
There's the joy of a myriad birds
Darting through leafy shadows;
There's the quiver of endless leaves
That gleam at the day's returning,
And the breath of a world of flowers goes up
Like incense unto the morning,
As, spreading their petals, they shake from each cup
The dews that its light imprison,
And the life of a myriad insect-wings
In the wet grass buzz and dizzen.

2. The wild geese drop from the thin clear height,
Where all night long they have held their flight,
And settle on lake and mere;
Up springs the lark, and, lost in the light,
Carols his rapture,—out of sight,
Thrilling the atmosphere.
A thousand sails on the heaving sea
By a sudden hue of rose are struck;
In a thousand cities shaft and spire
Are quivering, pointed with golden fire;
From a thousand homes, into the sky
The thin gray column of rising smoke
Is stealing silently.

3. Night, with its shadows of death, is done:
The great new wondrous day has begun:
Where the light before was so pale and tender,
And earth and air were still and aware
With a silent expectation,
Sails the sudden Sun!

With its banners of clouds above it streaming,
Golden and purple, and rose and gray and dun,
Flooding the world with its splendor,
And gladdening all creation:
And mountains and valleys, and seas and strands,
Forests and rivers and torrents free,
Startled, arouse and clap their hands,
The glad new miracle to see,
And shout, "The Sun! The Sun!"

4. Let trumpet and pipe and voice and song
Echo unto the skies!
Let chorus and hymn thy praise prolong,
O glorious Sun! that comest again
With thy ever-new surprise.
O fountain of light and color that flings
O'er the darkest and dullest of earthly things
Thy glad transfiguring hues,—
O glory of earth and sea and sky,
Life of a myriad worlds on high,
Soul of the universe, light of its eye,
Who shall his voice refuse
To swell the chorus that evermore
Is shouted from flashing peaks that dare
The cold thin depths of the breathless air
Thy earliest glance to see,—
To the crawling foam that fringes the shore
Murmuring impatiently?

5. All, all are joining with one glad tone—
All, all are chanting their song as one—
From the bass of the thunderous avalanche
And the cataract's dizzy booming,
To the whisper fine of the quivering breeze
That hurries through myriad leagues of trees,
And the insects' infinite humming.

The Sun! The Sun! The Sun—The King!
The King of the World is coming!
Fling forth your banners—shout and sing,
Until the whole wide universe ring
With a vast and joyous welcoming;
For the King, the King is coming!

Blackwood's Magazine.

CHAPTER LXXIII.—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. —1807-1882.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Among the American authors destined to take permanent rank in English literature, is the poet Longfellow. A taste for romantic legends, whether American or European, which indicates a sympathy with human experiences, in contrast with the classical spirit which delights in *form* as the product of human activity, places this poet in the school of native English art. His refined taste was nurtured by excellent and varied educational advantages, and by a studious habit of life.

2. Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, and at the age of eighteen he graduated at Bowdoin College. After brief attention to the law, he went abroad at nineteen years of age, to qualify himself for the chair of modern languages in his *alma mater*. Having taught for six years at Bowdoin, he became Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard University. Again visiting Europe to increase his literary attainments, he was accompanied by his wife, who perished at Rotterdam from her clothing taking fire. After twenty years at Harvard, he retired from his position, and subsequently devoted himself to elegant studies and composition.

3. Mr. Longfellow showed himself susceptible to his-

torical associations, and it has been his favorite method of work to seize upon some incident or legend that captivated his poetic fancy, and bring it within the range of modern conceptions. It is a species of translation by which old poets, ancient art, and fading events, are revived and put in accord with the living generation. Were it not for *Evangeline*, the story of the deportation of the French from Acadia by the British, in the French and Indian war, might have perished, with the memory of a thousand other pathetic incidents of those times.

4. The manners and the faith of the Indians were passing into forgetfulness, and neither poet nor historian had been able to awaken popular regard for them, when Longfellow wrote *Hiawatha*. It was a courageous attempt to revive legends thoroughly poetical, but strange and uncongenial to another race. The poet's song encountered much criticism and ridicule at first, as well for its subject-matter as for the unusual measure, which, when once heard, seemed by its fluency and easy cadence to invite imitation and burlesque. It is now seen that the poet's unusual methods, if not the very best for the purpose, were yet well devised to rescue aboriginal manners and customs from oblivion. "The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways, on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable."

II.—*The Famine. From "Hiawatha."*

In a time of great scarcity of food, the Indian chief, Hiawatha, had gone off into the "empty forest," hunting, leaving in his wigwam his Dacō'tah bride, Minnehaha (*Laughing Water*, so called from the Falls of the same name), with the old Nokomis, waiting the hunter's return. During his protracted absence "those gloomy guests," Fever and Famine, entered his cabin, and made the lovely Minnehaha their victim.

1. In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,

She was lying, the Belovèd,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"

2. "Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness!
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

3. Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

4. Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered;
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

5. Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments;
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine:
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessèd.

From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

6. "Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessèd,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

One of Longfellow's beautiful minor poems is entitled *Sandalphon*, which is the name of one of the three angels who, according to the Rabbinical system of angelic beings, receive the prayers of the Israelites, and weave crowns from them.

III.—*Sandalphon.*

1. Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air,—
Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the angel of Prayer?

2. How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial, he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

3. The angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

4. But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

5. From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore,
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

6. And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

7. It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,

Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

8. When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

9. And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

The best-known, and probably the most endeared, of Longfellow's poems, are his *Psalm of Life*, and *Excelsior*. Referring to these, an English writer, the Rev. George Gilfillan, has well said, that "No poet has more beautifully expressed the depth of his conviction that life is an earnest reality,—a something with eternal issues and dependencies; that this earth is no scene of revelry or market of sale, but an arena of contest. This is the inspiration of his *Psalm of Life;* than which we have few things finer, in their moral tone, since those odes by which the millions of Israel tuned their march across the wilderness."

Mr. Longfellow wrote in prose *Outre-Mer* (ootr-mār, "beyond the sea"), a volume of observations on his first trip to Europe; *Hyperion*, which belongs to his second foreign tour; *Kavanagh*, a picture of New England life, on a slender thread of story; a volume of Essays; and *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*. He translated from Spanish and Portu-

guese, French and Italian, German and Dutch, and Danish and Swedish. One of his greatest undertakings was the translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. Late in life he combined, in one narrative, three detached dramatic poems, under the title of *Christus, a Mystery*,—a work designed to present afresh the New Testament story of Jesus, and the influence of his life, and of its misconceptions, on subsequent history. In his own words, its aim was to direct the mind

> "Unto the simple thought
> By the great Master taught,
> And that remaineth still,—
> Not he that repeateth the name,
> But he that doeth the will."

An English summary, in the London *Metropolitan*, of Longfellow's poetic qualities is as follows:—"His poems are of an order to which we have none akin. Germany, more than England, has been the source of his inspiration. Our own writers of short poems—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley—have nothing in common with him. He is still farther removed from our lyric writers, from Burns to Moore; he writes, like Cowper, with a purpose; and his verses have a liquid flow to which the former can lay no claim."

The American author, Mr. E. P. Whipple, thus writes:—"Longfellow colors his style with the skill of a painter, and in compelling words to picture thought he not only has the warm flush and bright tints of language at his command, but he arrests its evanescent hues.—He idealizes real life, he elicits new meanings from many of its rough shows, he clothes subtile and delicate thoughts in familiar imagery, he embodies high moral sentiments in beautiful and ennobling forms, he enweaves the golden threads of spiritual being into the texture of common existence, and he discerns and addresses some of the finest sympathies of the heart; but he rarely soars into those

regions of abstract imagination, where the bodily eye cannot follow, but where that of the seer is gifted with a 'pervading vision.'"

CHAPTER LXXIV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Under the Palms.

1. I knew a palm-tree upon Capri.[a] It stood in select society of shining fig-leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung the balcony, and so looked, far overleaning, down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream-mists of southern Italian noons it looked up the broad bay of Naples and saw vague Vesuvius melting away; or at sunset the isles of the Sirens, whereon they singing sat, and wooed Ulysses as he sailed by. From the Sorrento, where Tasso was born, it looked across to pleasant Posilippo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the bay of Naples.

2. The palm was a poet,—as all palms are poets. When I asked a bard whom I knew what the palm-tree sang in its melancholy measures of waving, he told me that not Vesuvius, nor the Sirens, nor Sorrento, nor Tasso, nor Virgil, nor stately Ischia, nor all the broad blue beauty of Naples bay, was the theme of that singing. But partly it sang of a river forever flowing, and of cloudless skies, and green fields that never faded, and the mournful music of water-wheels, and the wild monotony of a tropical life,—and partly of the yellow silence of the Desert, and of drear solitudes inaccessible, and of wandering caravans, and lonely men.

3. Then it sang of gardens overhanging rivers that roll gorgeous-shored through Western fancies—of gardens in Bagdad watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris, whereof

[a] See "Naples and Vicinity," Fifth Reader, p. 132.

it was the fringe and darling ornament—of oases in those sere sad deserts, where it over-fountained fountains, and every leaf was blessed;—more than all, it sang of the great Orient universally, where no other tree was so abundant, so loved, and so beautiful.

4. Palm branches were strewn before Jesus as he rode into Jerusalem, and forever, since, the palm symbolizes peace. Wherever a grove of palms waves in the low moonlight or starlight wind, it is the celestial choir chanting "peace on earth, good will to men." Therefore it is the foliage of the old religious pictures. Mary sits under a palm, and the saints converse under palms, and the prophets prophesy in their shade, and cherubs float with palms over the martyr's agony. Nor among pictures is there any more beautiful than Correggio's "Flight into Egypt," wherein the golden-haired angels put aside the palm branches, and smile sunnily through upon the lovely mother and the lovely child.

5. The palm is the chief tree in religious remembrance and religious art. It is the chief tree in romance and poetry. But its sentiment is always Eastern, and it always yearns for the East. In the West it is an exile, and pines in the most sheltered gardens. Yet of all Western shores it is happiest in Sicily; for Sicily is only a bit of Africa drifted westward. There is a soft Southern strain in the Sicilian skies, and the palms drink its sunshine like dew. Upon the tropical plain behind Palermo, among the sun-sucking aloes, and the thick, shapeless cactuses, like elephants and rhinoceroses enchanted into foliage, it grows ever gladly. For the aloe is of the East, and the prickly pear; and upon the Sicilian plain the Saracens have been, and the palm sees the Arabian arch, and the Oriental sign-manual stamped upon the land.

6. But the palms are not only poets, they are prophets as well. They are like heralds sent forth upon the farthest points to celebrate to the traveller the glories they fore-

show. Like spring birds, they sing a summer unfading, and climes where Time wears the year as a queen a rosary of diamonds. The mariner, eastward sailing, hears tidings from the chance palms that hang along the southern Italian shore. They call out to him across the gleaming calm of a Mediterranean noon, "Thou happy mariner, our souls sail with thee."

7. In the land of Egypt, palms are perpetual. They are the only foliage of the Nile, for we will not harm the modesty of a few mimosas and sycamores by foolish claims. They are the shade of the mud villages, marking their site in the landscape, so that the groups of palms are the number of the villages. They fringe the shore and the horizon. The sun sets golden behind them, and birds sit swinging upon their boughs and float glorious among their trunks; the sugar-cane is not harmed by the ghostly shade; and the yellow flowers of the cotton-plant star its dusk at evening. The children play under them, and the old men crone and smoke, the donkeys graze, and there the surly bison and the conceited camels repose.

8. The eye never wearies of palms, more than the ear of singing birds. Solitary they stand upon the sand, or upon the level fertile land in groups, with a grace and dignity that no tree surpasses. Very soon the eye beholds, in their forms, the original type of the columns which it will afterwards admire in the temples. Almost the first palm is architecturally suggestive, even in Western gardens—but to artists living among them and seeing only them! Men's hands are not delicate in the early ages, and the fountain fairness of the palms is not very flowingly fashioned in the capitals; but in the flowery perfection of the Parthenon the palm triumphs. The forms of those columns came from Egypt, and that which was the suspicion of the earlier workers, was the success of more delicate designing. So is the palm inwound with our art, and poetry, and religion.—*George William Curtis.*

CHAPTER LXXV.—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—1808.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. The hostility of the Puritans to the Quakers did not prevent the latter from settling, in considerable numbers, on the banks of the Merrimac River in Massachusetts, where, at Haverhill, was born the subject of this notice, whose father was a Quaker. He spent his boyhood and youth on his father's farm, and, in accordance with the thrifty traditions of the time, he learned, in the winter, to make shoes. On coming of age, he went to Boston to edit a newspaper, spent the succeeding year at Hartford in a similar position, and then returned to the Haverhill farm. He represented his native town in the Massachusetts legislature, and in 1836 became the secretary of an anti-slavery society, and removed to Philadelphia to edit an abolition paper. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, in his native State.

2. Whittier is one of the most popular and familiarly-known of American poets. This is not owing to the artistic finish or the magnitude of his works, for he allows himself great license in versification, and has seldom gone beyond lyrical and short epic and pastoral idyls. His merits consist in the use of idiomatic Saxon, a fervor and energy of expression which give a lyrical character to nearly all his poems, and a passionate sympathy with both civil and religious freedom, with toil, and with fidelity to personal experiences and convictions. Seldom has his pen been moved except by some moral enthusiasm which his homely fervor makes contagious. As the distinguished and beloved Dr. Channing, of Boston, once said, "His poetry bursts from the soul with the fire and energy of an ancient prophet; and his noble simplicity of character is the delight of all who know him."

3. The poet has commemorated many local legends,

notably those of New England. In Mr. Tuckerman's opinion, "there is a prophetic anathema and a bard-like invocation in some of his poems. He is a true son of New England, and beneath the calm, fraternal bearing of the Quaker he nurses the imaginative ardor of a devotee, both of nature and humanity." Whittier tells something of his own history, and expresses his sympathy with lowly child-life, in that home-like poem entitled

II.—*The Barefoot Boy.*

1. Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

2. O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,

Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

3. O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;

Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

4. O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

5. Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,

Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

We have a graceful pastoral idyl combining Crabbe's sympathy with rustic life, and Wordsworth's taste for simple naturalness, in

III.—*Maud Muller.*

1. Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health;
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

2. But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—
A wish that she hardly dared to own
For something better than she had known.

3. The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,
And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

4. She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

5. He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees,
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather;
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

6. At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed, "Ah me,
That I the Judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine!
My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat;
I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day;
And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

7. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet,
And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

8. But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold;
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone;
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

9. He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power;
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

10. Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms;
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah! that I were free again!
Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

11. She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door;
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

12. Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

13. Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

CHAPTER LXXVI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Government, and Liberty.*

1. Society can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. It is the political, then (which includes the social), that is his natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed

him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and in which only his race can exist, and all his faculties be fully developed.

2. Such being the case, it follows that any, even the worst form of government, is better than anarchy, and that individual liberty or freedom must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within or destruction from without; for the safety and well-being of society are as paramount to individual liberty as the safety and well-being of the race are to that of individuals; and in the same proportion, the power necessary for the safety of society is paramount to individual liberty. On the other hand, government has no right to control individual liberty beyond what is necessary to the safety and well-being of society.

3. It follows from all this that the quantum of power on the part of the government, and of liberty on that of individuals, instead of being equal in all cases, must necessarily be very unequal among different people, according to their different conditions. For, just in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government, and individual liberty becomes extinct.

4. So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, and the less the tendency to violence and disorder within and danger from abroad, the power necessary for government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater.—*John C. Calhoun.*

II.—*Eulogy upon John C. Calhoun.*

1. Sir, the eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner of his exhibition of his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. These are the qualities, as I think, which have enabled him through such a long course of years to speak often, and yet always command attention. His demeanor as a senator is known to us all —is appreciated, venerated by us all. No man was more respectful to others; no man carried himself with greater decorum; no man with superior dignity.

2. Mr. President, he had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was, unspotted integrity, unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high, honorable, and noble. There was nothing grovelling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I am sure he was, in the principles that he espoused, and in the measures that he defended, aside from that large regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic I do not believe he had a selfish motive, or selfish feeling.

3. However, sir, he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions, or his political principles, those principles and those opinions will now descend to posterity under the sanction of a great name. He is now an historical character. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we

have seen him, and heard him, and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And, when the time shall come when we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism.—*Daniel Webster.*

CHAPTER LXXVII.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.—1809.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Of this kindest, most genial and brilliant of wits, James Russell Lowell wrote, in his *Fable for Critics*,—

"You went crazy, last year, over Bulwer's *New Timon:*
Why, if B., to the day of his dying, should rhyme on,
Heaping verses on verses, and tomes upon tomes,
He could ne'er reach the best point and vigor of Holmes.
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satiric,
In so kindly a measure, that nobody knows
What to do but e'en join in the laugh, friends and foes."

2. Mr. Holmes, the son of a clergyman eminent in letters, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was educated at Phillips Academy and Harvard University. He studied law, but exchanged that pursuit for medicine; he became Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth College in 1838, and was transferred in 1847 to the same chair at Harvard.

3. He began to attract attention as a poet by the metrical addresses which he delivered before a college literary society known as the Phi Beta Kappa, from the initial letters of its Greek motto. The first of these addresses was an essay on the art of poetry, its species, and their laws

of composition. But, though best known as a writer of verse, Dr. Holmes has edited medical text-books and written professional essays of a high order. He published, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, which was followed by *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, and *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*,—books of essays containing reflections on the affairs of cultivated life, in which thoughtful and philosophical observations are made with sparkling wit and airy grace.

4. While Dr. Holmes excels in his verses that are composed to wear an unpremeditated aspect on particular occasions, and which abound in droll mirth or sparkling irony, he has also written many sober pastoral and martial verses, and some spirited war lyrics. An example of the former is *A Meeting of the Dryads*, a poem on the thinning of the trees in the college campus.

5. When the old frigate Constitution, which had captured the British ships Guerriere and Java in the war of 1812, was lying at the Charlestown Navy-Yard, under orders from the Secretary of War to be broken up, Dr. Holmes saved her from this fate by writing the following verses, which circulated through the country with an electric thrill:—

II.—*Old Ironsides.*

1. Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
   Long has it waved on high,
   And many an eye has danced to see
   That banner in the sky;
   Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
   And burst the cannon's roar;—
   The meteor of the ocean air
   Shall sweep the clouds no more!

2. Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
   Where knelt the vanquished foe,
   When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
   And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

3. O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale.

As a specimen of Dr. Holmes's quaint humor employed in kindliest satire, we give the following poem, addressed to his college classmates of 1829 on the occasion of their reunion some thirty years after their graduation:—

III.—*The Boys.*

1. Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

2. We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

3. Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are *white* roses in place of the red.

4. We've a trick,—we young fellows,—you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy, we call "*Doctor*," and this, we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

5. That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make me laugh.

6. That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was, too!

7. There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

8. And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

9. You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done:
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

10. Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

11. Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, THE BOYS!

An exquisitely expressed little lyric illustrates the delicacy and elevation of Dr. Holmes's soberer moods. It is said to be one of his favorite compositions, and is entitled

IV.—*The Chambered Nautilus.*

1. This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

2. Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

3. Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

4. Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

5. Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Dr. Holmes has written the romances *Elsie Venner* and *The Guardian Angel*, the plot of each turning upon inherited physical conditions. He must be placed in art with the disciples of Pope, as Bryant must be with those of Wordsworth. Miss Mitford's judgment of him is as follows:—"Of all this flight of genuine poets, I hardly know any one so original as Dr. Holmes. For him we can find no living prototype. To track his footsteps we must travel back as far as Pope or Dryden." The *Irish Quarterly Review* notices an edition of the Doctor's poems in these words:—"He possesses Swift's quaintness and motley merriment, Pope's polish and graceful point, and the solemn pathos and allied excruciating merriment of Hood." The London *Athenæum*, a critical periodical noted for its severity, thus sums up our author's chief qualities:—"There

are strains of didactic thought, humorous fancy, pathetic feeling,—there is an Augustan sonority and neatness of versification,—in the poems of Dr. Holmes which by turns remind us of the prize poems of our colleges,—of Crabbe, who minutely brought out the homeliest themes in heroic metre,—and of William Spencer's drawing-room lyrics, light as gossamer, sentimental as music on a lake."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*Letter Correspondence.*

1. Blessed be letters! They are the monitors; they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers. Your speech, and the speeches of others, are conventional; they are moulded by circumstances. Your truest thought is modified half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile, or a sneer. It is not individual; it is not integral; it is serial and mixed,—half of you, and half of others. It bends, it sways, it multiplies, it retires, and it advances, as the talk of others presses, relaxes, or quickens.

2. But it is not so with letters:—there you are with only the soulless pen, and the snow-white, virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings: there are no sneers to modify its utterance,—no scowl to scare,—nothing is present but you and your thought. Utter it, then, freely—write it down—stamp it—burn it in the ink!—There it is, a true soul-print!

3. Oh, the glory, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk of the world. Do you say it is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic? Let me see it, then; let me run it over; tell me age, sex, circumstances, and I will tell you if it be studied or real; if it be the merest lip-slang put into words, or heart-talk blazing on the paper.

4. I have a little packet, not very large, tied up with

narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which far into some winter's night I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over, with such sorrow and such joy, such tears and such smiles, as I am sure make me, for weeks after, a kinder and holier man.

5. There are, in this little packet, letters in the familiar hand of a mother,—what gentle admonition—what tender affection!—God have mercy on him who outlives the tears that such admonitions and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lost sister,—written when she and you were full of glee and the best mirth of youthfulness. Does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness? or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i's* so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *t's* so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?

6. Let me gather up these letters carefully,—to be read when the heart is faint, and sick of all there is unreal and selfish in the world. Let me tie them together with a new and longer bit of ribbon—not by a love-knot, that is too hard, but by an easy slipping knot, that so I may get at them the better. And now they are all together, a snug packet, and we will label them—not sentimentally (I pity the one who thinks it), but earnestly, and in the best meaning of the term—SOUVENIRS OF THE HEART.—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

II.—*Spring.*

1. Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,—
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again!

2. Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns

Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons:
In the deep heart of every forest-tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

3. Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala-day,
The forehead of a fay.[a]
In gardens you may note, amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth,
And, near the snow-drop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

4. But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth:
Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn:
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

5. At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate
Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If, from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad,[b] stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"—*Henry Timrod.*

[a] *Fay*, a fairy, an elf.

[b] The *Dryads*, in Grecian mythology, were female deities who were supposed to inhabit groves, and to preside over trees.

CHAPTER LXXIX.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.—1809-1861.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Elizabeth Barrett, born in London of wealthy parents, was educated with great strictness of discipline and in a wide range of studies. She early signalized her gifts by metaphysical essays and a metrical translation of *Prometheus Bound*, and by two theological dramas,—*The Fall of Man*, and *The Emotion of Angels while Beholding the Crucifixion.* Some minor poems had also given evidence of her ability. Owing to the rupture of a blood-vessel, her life was long despaired of; but even then she diverted herself in studying Greek and Hebrew, from which she made translations. Robert Browning sought the invalid's acquaintance, became her accepted lover, and married her ere her health was completely restored. Their married life was spent at Florence, in Italy, where Mrs. Browning became a witness of the Italian struggle for nationality, of which she sang with the passion and aspiration of a native.

2. Mrs. Browning's poems have been much criticised for their irregular rhymes, but they have done much to free subsequent writers from the tyranny of exact correspondences of sound. She has faults kindred to those of her husband, being at times subtile and obscure. Her learning was extraordinary: her writings are constantly a woman's reflections on a woman's experiences. They are colored with sympathy for suffering, and with indignation at injustice. Mrs. Browning's most ambitious piece is *Aurora Leigh*, a narrative poetical romance, splendid in parts, but, on the whole, incongruous and unsatisfactory. Perhaps the most finished of this lady's smaller poems—said to "contain not one jarring line or expression"—is the one called forth by a view of Cowper's grave, from which we extract a few verses.

II.—*Cowper's Grave.*

1. It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying:
   It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
   Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish:
   Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

2. O poets! from the maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
   O Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
   O men! this man, in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
   Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

3. And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
   How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
   And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
   He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted,—

4. He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
   And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
   Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,—
   Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

5. With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
   With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him,

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him,

6. And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences:
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

7. And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy-desolated,—
Nature nor man can satisfy whom only God created.

Another of Mrs. Browning's poems is a pathetic and impassioned pleading for the poor children who toil in mines and factories. "In individuality and intensity of feeling," says a modern critic, "this piece resembles Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, but it infinitely surpasses it in poetry and imagination." It is entitled

III.—*The Cry of the Children.*

1. Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blooming toward the west—

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free. . . .

2. "For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep:
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow:
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

3. "For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places;
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all the day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels'—breaking out in a mad moaning—
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

4. Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals;
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

CHAPTER LXXX.—MISCELLANEOUS.

From an Oration at Valley Forge, June 19, 1878.

1. My countrymen, the century that has gone by has changed the face of Nature, and wrought a revolution in the habits of mankind. We to-day behold the dawn of an extraordinary age. . . . Man has advanced with such astounding speed that, breathless, we have reached a moment when it seems as if distance had been annihilated, time made as naught, the invisible seen, the intangible felt, and the impossible accomplished.

2. Already we knock at the door of a new century which promises to be infinitely brighter, and more enlightened, and happier than this. But, in all this blaze of light that illuminates the Present, and casts its reflection into the distant recesses of the Past, there is not a single ray that shoots into the Future. Not one step have we taken toward the solution of the mystery of Life. That remains to-day as dark and unfathomable as it was ten thousand years ago.

3. We know that we are more fortunate than our fathers. We believe that our children shall be happier than we. We know that this century is more enlightened than the last. We believe that the time to come will be better and more

glorious than this. We think, we believe, we hope, but we do not know. Across that threshold we may not pass; behind that veil we may not penetrate. Into that country it may not be for us to go.

4. It may be vouchsafed to us to behold it, wonderingly, from afar, but never to enter in. It matters not. The age in which we live is but a link in the endless and eternal chain. Our lives are like sands upon the shore; our voices, like the breath of this summer breeze that stirs the leaf for a moment, and is forgotten. Whence we have come, and whither we shall go, not one of us can tell. And the last survivor of this mighty multitude shall stay but a little while.

5. But in the impenetrable To Be, the endless generations are advancing to take our places as we fall. For them, as for us, shall the earth roll on and the seasons come and go, the snow-flakes fall, the flowers bloom, and the harvests be gathered in. For them, as for us, shall the sun, like the life of man, rise out of darkness in the morning, and sink into darkness in the night. For them, as for us, shall the years march by in the sublime procession of the ages.

6. And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the shadow of death, out of which the life of America rose regenerate and free, let us believe, with an abiding faith, that to them union will seem as dear, and liberty as sweet, and progress as glorious, as they were to our fathers, and are to you and me, and that the institutions which have made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the remotest generations of the time to come. And unto Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations, and yet marks the sparrow's fall, let us lift up our hearts this day, and into His eternal care commend ourselves, our children, and our country.—*Henry Armitt Brown.*

CHAPTER LXXXI.—ALFRED TENNYSON.—1810.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Tennyson, the poet-laureate of England, who succeeded Wordsworth in 1850, is the son of a parish clergyman and doctor of divinity who lived at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, at the time of the poet's birth. Tennyson was one of three brothers, who were all educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. There Alfred won the Chancellor's medal for the prize poem of *Timbuctoo*. His literary career commenced with an anonymous volume, entitled *Poems, by Two Brothers;* Charles Tennyson contributing a part. Alfred was at this time seventeen years of age. His life has been prosperous and uneventful, and his later years have been passed in elegant seclusion in the Isle of Wight.

2. Tennyson is to the romantic school what Pope was to the classical; that is, he has carried its features to the highest elaboration and most exquisite polish. The London *Athenæum* says of him, "Shakespeare did not tyrannize over the Elizabethans half as much as Tennyson does over the young mind of the present; the art of imitating Tennyson, then, is the fatal facility of our times." Tennyson is a disciple of Wordsworth, who thought him "decidedly the first of our living poets;" but, unlike Wordsworth, he does not choose his themes from humble incidents and the simple aspects of nature. Like Pope, his themes are of society and of man. Like Scott, his characters are refined and proper modern people, appearing in the romantic garb of other times, or in fanciful and unreal situations; and he has something of Shelley's art of making abstractions real.

3. In versification, Tennyson inherits the freedom introduced by Coleridge and practised by Mrs. Browning. Dr. Griswold says, "It is wild as the song of the Elfin King; it is broken and irregular, but often inexpressibly charm-

ing." In Ralph Waldo Emerson's opinion, "Tennyson is endowed in points where Wordsworth was wanting. There is no finer ear, nor more command of the keys of language; but he wants a subject, and climbs no mount of vision to bring its secrets to light."

4. There is a vast store of poems called lyrical, in the English language, which can never be sung; they are not wanting in lyrical form or spirit, but they are not phonetically fitted to musical utterance. But Tennyson has the rare art of catching those melodious articulations which combine most perfectly with song, and, aware of this power, he introduces little songs as episodes into his tales. The English language contains nothing more exquisitely musical than some of these, as the *Cradle Songs*, the *Song of the Brook*, and *Too Late*.

5. That judicious Scotch critic, the Rev. Peter Bayne, describes Tennyson's chief claim to eminence as follows:— "His words gleam like pearls and opals, like rubies and emeralds. Such a poet cannot soon be popular with the million; but, as the last and most exquisite culture of educated minds, as the ultimate sublimation of thought and beauty, as the most refined civilization that ever dawned upon the world, his works must continue to exercise a mighty influence upon the leading intellects of those nations which lead the world."

6. In 1847 Tennyson published *The Princess, a Medley*. It is a fantastic poem concerning women's rights; brilliant, incongruous, melodious, and charming. It abounds in delightful little songs prompted by the movement of the story, and full of the lyrical melody already mentioned. Among these is *The Bugle Song*,[a] than which Tennyson has written nothing finer. The two great works, however, on which Tennyson's reputation rests, are *In Memoriam*, and *The Idyls of the King*. The former is the most

[a] See page 75.

beautiful elegiac poem in the language, far surpassing the *Lycidas* of Milton, though written under like circumstances. It commemorates Arthur Henry Hallam, a son of the celebrated historian, the friend of the poet's youth, the betrothed of his sister, and who died in Germany in 1833, on his way home to England. The *Idyls* are short epic poems, in which the legends of King Arthur and his Round Table are worked over with great beauty in chivalric dress, but in modern spirit.

7. At the siege of Sebastopol, during the Crimean war, Lord Cardigan was ordered to lead his brigade against the Russian batteries of Balaklava. The guns were a mile and a half away, and commanded all the approaches. In the face of almost certain death the order was obeyed, although every one knew it to be a mistake. Of six hundred men who composed the brigade, less than one-fourth returned. Tennyson celebrated this heroic action in spirited lines, which are familiar to most readers. He has since written *The Charge of the Heavy Brigade.*

8. Perhaps the nearest approach that Tennyson has made to dramatic writing is in *Enoch Arden*, the story of a fisherman, kept from home for years by a shipwreck, who returns to find his wife, who thought him dead, married to another man. Rather than destroy her happiness, Arden refrains from disclosing his existence, and dies in the sacrifice. The incident is powerfully narrated, with harrowing details. The most finished of Tennyson's works may be said to be *Locksley Hall*, a love-poem "full of passionate grandeur and intensity of feeling and imagination. It partly combines the energy and impetuosity of Byron with the pictorial beauty and melody of Coleridge." The following are extracts from it:—

II.—*Locksley Hall.*

1. Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
   Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

2. Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

3. Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

4. Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

The fair one proves faithless, and, after a tumult of conflicting passions,—indignation, grief, self-reproach, and despair,—the suffering lover finds relief in glowing visions of future enterprise and the world's progress.

5. For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

6. Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

7. Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world;
There the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

We conclude the extracts from Tennyson with the poem

III.—*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

1. Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown;
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired.

2. Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name;
Your pride is yet no mate for mine, ———
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break, for your sweet sake,
A heart that dotes on truer charms:
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

3. Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find;
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply:
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

4. Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head:
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies—
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

5. Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,—
She had the passions of her kind,—
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed, I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear:
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

6. Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall!
The guilt of blood is at your door!
You changed a wholesome heart to gall!
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

7. Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

8. I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,—
You pine among the halls and towers;
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with Time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

9. Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

CHAPTER LXXXII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—*A Love of Reading.*

1. Happy is he who has laid up in youth, and has held fast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love of reading. True balm of hurt minds; of surer and more healthful charm than "poppy or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world"—by that single taste, by that single capacity, he may bound in a moment into the still region of delightful studies, and be at rest; he shall there surely find rest from labor; succor under its burdens; forgetfulness of its cares; composure in its annoyances.

2. It is not always that the busy day is followed by the peaceful night. It is not always that fatigue wins sleep. Often some vexation outside of the toil that has exhausted the frame; some loss in a bargain; some loss by an insol-

vency; some unforeseen rise or fall of prices; some triumph of a mean or fraudulent competitor; "the law's delay, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, or some one of the spurns that patient merit from the unworthy takes"[a]—some self-reproach, perhaps—follows you within the door; chills the fireside; sows the pillow with thorns, —and the dark care, lost in the waking thought, haunts the vivid dream.

3. Let the case of a busy lawyer testify to the priceless value of a love of reading. He comes home, his temples throbbing, his nerves shattered, from a trial of a week; surprised and alarmed by the charge of the judge, and pale with anxiety about the verdict of the next morning; not at all satisfied with what he himself had done, though he does not see how he could have improved it; recalling with dread and self-disparagement, if not with envy, the brilliant effort of his antagonist, and tormenting himself with the vain wish that he could have replied to it—and altogether a very miserable subject, and in a condition as unfavorable to accept comfort from wife and children as poor Christian in the first three pages of *Pilgrim's Progress.*

4. With an almost superhuman effort he opens his book, and in a twinkling of an eye he is looking into the full "orb of Homeric or Miltonic song;" or he stands in the crowd breathless, or swayed as forests or the sea by winds —hearing, and to judge, the Pleadings for the Crown;[b]— or the philosophy which soothed Cicero or Bo-e'thi-us in their afflictions, in exile, in prison, and the contemplation of death, breathes over his petty cares like the sweet south;—or Pope or Horace laugh him into good humor, or he walks with Æneas and the Sibyl in the mild light of the world of the laurelled dead—and the court-house is as completely forgotten as the dream of a preadamite life.

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[a] From what is this quotation taken?

[b] Whose pleadings?

Well may he prize that endeared charm, so effectual and safe, without which the brain had long ago been chilled by paralysis, or set on fire by insanity.—*Rufus Choate.*

II.—*Prejudice.*

1. Prejudice?—What wrongs, what injuries, what mischiefs, what lamentable consequences, have resulted at all times from nothing but this perversity of the intellect! Of all the obstacles to the advancement of truth and human progress, in every department—in science, in art, in government, and in religion—in all ages and climes, not one on the list is more formidable, more difficult to overcome and subdue, than this horrible distortion of the moral as well as intellectual faculties. It is a host of evils within itself.

2. I could enjoin no greater duty upon my countrymen now—North and South—than the exercise of that degree of forbearance which would enable them to conquer their prejudices. One of the highest exhibitions of the moral sublime the world ever witnessed was that of Daniel Webster, when, in an open barouche in the streets of Boston, he proclaimed in substance, to a vast assembly of his constituents—unwilling hearers—that "they had conquered an uncongenial clime; they had conquered a sterile soil; they had conquered the winds and currents of the ocean; they had conquered most of the elements of nature; but they must yet learn to conquer their prejudices!"

3. I know of no more fitting incident or scene in the life of that wonderful man, for perpetuating the memory of the true greatness of his character, on canvas or in marble, than a representation of him as he then and there stood and spoke. It was an exhibition of moral grandeur surpassing that of Aristides when he said, "O Athenians, what Themistocles recommends would be greatly to your interest, but it would be unjust."—*Alexander H. Stephens.*

CHAPTER LXXXIII.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.—1811-1849.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. This short-lived and unfortunate man, born in Baltimore, has exerted an influence on versification far beyond anything indicated by the number or length of his poems. The death of his parents left him an infant in homeless poverty. In his fifth year he was adopted by a Mr. Allan, of Baltimore, and at the age of eleven he was sent to the University of Virginia. Child though he was, he was expelled from this institution for dissipation, and soon after started to take part in the Greek revolution, but was sent home from St. Petersburg, having never reached Athens. He was then placed in the United States Military Academy, at West Point, but was soon expelled, and, on his return to Baltimore, Mr. Allan finally dismissed him from his doors.

2. Poe now took to literature as a means of livelihood, writing wild tales and strange verses for the magazines, and editing different periodicals. In these pursuits he moved back and forth between the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. He died in Baltimore after a brief illness. James Russell Lowell thus speaks of him:—

> "There comes Poe with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
> Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge;
> Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
> But the heart, somehow, seems all squeezed out by the mind."

3. Poe's tales and poems are as graphic and real as though he wrote with the pen of Daniel De Foe, as weird and extravagant as though he were fresh from reading Mrs. Radcliffe, and as preternatural as though he were a pupil of Coleridge. These effects are heightened by a melodious verse, in which the same cadences and refrains are often repeated, and the consonants move as if marshalled by a

master of phonetics, while slow-paced mutes bear onward the solemn apparitions, and the liquids and dentals dance in lighter strains with sonorous jangle. It is as impossible to escape the enchantment of this wonderful succession of sounds, as it is to escape the ghostly mystery of his tales. He belongs to no school, has no models; but his poems have done much, especially in England, to enlarge the scope of versification. As a specimen of his verse, in addition to the extracts already given from *The Bells*, we insert that remarkable poem

II.—*The Raven.*

1. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

2. Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

3. And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

4. Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

5. Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

6. Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

7. Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

8. Then, this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

9. Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

10. But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

11. Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

12. But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

13. This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah! nevermore.

14. Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

15. "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

16. "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if within the distant Aidenn
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

17. "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

18. And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

CHAPTER LXXXIV.—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—1811-1863.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. The most studious and discerning master of English prose fiction that the nineteenth century has thus far produced, is William Makepeace Thackeray. Descended from a Yorkshire family that has given many sons to the ministry, he was the child of a gentleman in the service of the East India Company, and was born at Calcutta. His knowledge of Hindostan, and his acquaintance with the nabobs of Portland Place,[a] have done good service in his novels *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes*. Thackeray was educated at the Charter-House, London, which he has affectionately described in the history of Colonel Newcome, and at Cambridge University.

2. He devoted himself for ten years to art, which he studied in France, Italy, and Germany; but, having impaired, by unfortunate investments, a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, he applied himself to literature as a

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[a] *Portland Place*, London, is notable for the residences of returned East Indian officials, many of whom were enriched in the service.

means of livelihood. The Scotch author and critic, James Hannay, said, "If Thackeray had had his choice, he would rather have been famous as an artist than as a writer; but it was destined that he should paint in colors which will never crack and never need restoration."

3. There are few writers who betray more distinctly than Thackeray the steps of their progress towards mature achievement. He began as a correspondent of the London *Times*, and was then attached to *Punch*. For some years he was content to be a humorist and satirist, writing under such assumed names as "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," "George Fitz-Boodle," "The Fat Contributor," and "Miss Tickletoby."

4. His first connected work, artistic in plan and execution, was *Vanity Fair;* and when he reached this stage of development, pseudonymes were exchanged for his proper name. His other novels are *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, *The Adventures of Philip*, *Lovel the Widower*, *Barry Lyndon*, *Catherine*, and *Denis Duval*. He wrote Lectures on the English Humorists of the last century, and on the Four Georges. He published Christmas tales and a number of minor stories, and founded the *Cornhill Magazine*. He was found dead in his bed, on the day before the Christmas of his fifty-third year.

5. The range of Thackeray's characterizations of men and manners is limited to conventional society, which he understood, from the footman to the man of fashion, from the school-boy to the official, and from the snob to the artist. But this range he extended by historical and local studies. So exact is his knowledge of the time of Queen Anne, as displayed in *Henry Esmond*, that it was thought he contemplated writing a history of her reign; and *The Virginians* shows much research into American Colonial life.

6. Thackeray has no perfect heroes, and in his most despicable personages we may trace the steps of their degradation. President Felton says, "His characters are

compounded of many vices, and few if any virtues; or, if the virtues predominate, the result is a fool. He has never drawn a true and dignified woman, nor a gentleman of the highest type. He has no conception of that simplicity in which nobleness of nature most largely consists." But it is not the function of the satirist to draw ideal or perfect characters. Thackeray shared Carlyle's hatred of shams, and if he uncloaks the weakness of the individual, the reader feels that he has assailed the artifices of conventional life. With finer penetration Charlotte Brontë thus writes of him:—"I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized, because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day,—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things."

7. Everything in Thackeray's vision is drawn with the accuracy of the old Dutch painters. Dr. Mackenzie observes that Thackeray wrote "the best and purest English of any living author. He holds in his hands the many threads of complex actual life, but, with fine artistic taste, he never draws a line too much, nor fails in coloring, nor sinks a manly simplicity in bookishness, nor forgets to be honest in the face of any form of hypocrisy." "He combines," says a fellow-novelist, "Addison's love of virtue with Johnson's hatred of cant; Horace Walpole's lynx-eye for the mean and the ridiculous, with the gentleness and wide charity for mankind as a whole, of Goldsmith."

8. Thackeray's *Lectures on the English Humorists* exhibit his sparkling humor, grace of description, and geniality of spirit, without the less agreeable qualities of irony and censure. His amiable powers appear in his delineations of the two congenial men, Addison and Goldsmith; but we have room, here, for his brief sketch of the latter only, which should be read in connection with the biographical notice already given —[See p. 198.]

II.—*Goldsmith.*

1. Who, of the millions whom he has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and, after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem full of the recollections and feelings of home; he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with the remembrances of Lissoy.

2. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change, as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage—necessity—keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns.

3. Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in

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[a] *Lissoy*, where Goldsmith's youth was spent, and where he found the materials for his *Deserted Village*,—

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain."

the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of *The Vicar of Wakefield* he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

The following striking and affecting passage is from *The Four Georges:*—

III.—*Death of George the Third.*

[George the Third, whose original purpose was to make himself an arbitrary monarch, but whose last years of rule were mild and popular, was on the throne of England during the American Revolution, and it was he who shaped the policy of the government against our country. Even before the war, indications appeared of that mental malady which clouded the king's latter days, and which finally compelled him to give place to a regency, nine years before his death.]

1. All the world knows the story of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, amidst books and Windsor furniture and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast, the star of his famous order still idly shining on it.

2. He was not only sightless; he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which, the queen,

desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but, if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

3. What preacher need moralize on this story? What words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers!" I said to those who heard me first in America, —"O brothers! speaking the same dear mother-tongue; O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest once used to kneel, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely. Our Lear hangs over her breathless lips,[a] and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

> 'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer!' [b]

"Hush, Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

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[a] In allusion to the death of the Princess Amelia, which so affected the king that he lost his reason forever.

[b] See the last scene in Shakspeare's *King Lear*.

CHAPTER LXXXV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Three Days.

I.—*Yesterday.*

What shall I haste to lay upon thy bier,
O Yesterday! thou day forever dead?
With what strange garlands shall I crown thy head,
Thou silent One? For rose and rue are near
That thou thyself didst bring me; heart's-ease clear,
And dark in purple opulence, that shed
Rare odors round; wormwood and herbs that fed
My soul with bitterness,—they all are here.
When to the banquet I was called by thee,
Thou gavest me rags and royal robes to wear:
Honey and aloes mingled in the cup
Of costly wine that thou didst pour for me:
Thy throne, thy footstool, thou didst bid me share,
On crusts and heavenly manna bid me sup.

II.—*To-Day.*

Thou art no dreamer, O thou stern To-Day!
The dead past had its dreams: the real is thine.
An armored knight in panoply divine,
It is not thine to loiter by the way,
Though all the meads with summer flowers be gay,
Though birds sing for thee, and though fair stars shine,
And every god pours for thee life's best wine:
Nor friend nor foe had strength to bid thee stay.
Gleaming beneath thy brows with smouldering fire,
Thine eyes look out upon the eternal hills
As forth thou ridest with thy spear in rest.
From the far heights a voice cries, "Come up higher!"
And in swift answer all thy being thrills,
When, lo! night falls, thy sun is in the west.

III.—*To-Morrow.*

But thou, To-Morrow! Never yet was born
  In earth's dull atmosphere a thing so fair,—
  Never yet tripped, with footsteps light as air,
So glad a vision o'er the hills of morn.
Fresh as the radiant dawning, all unworn
  By lightest touch of sorrow or of care,
  Thou dost the glory of the morning share,
By snowy wings of hope and faith upborne.
O fair To-Morrow! what our souls have missed
  Art thou not keeping for us somewhere still?—
    The buds of promise that have never blown;
The tender lips that we have never kissed;
  The song whose high, sweet strain eludes our skill;
    The one white pearl that life hath never known!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

The foregoing is an allegorical representation of Life, under the personification of the dead *Yesterday*, the living present *To-Day*, and the hoped-for *To-Morrow*.

I. Meaning of the metaphor "my bier"?—What hidden meaning is embraced in the metaphorical allusions to "rose and rue," "heart's-ease," "wormwood," "honey and aloes"? Point out the *promises* of Yesterday, as compared with their scanty fulfilment, and the *antitheses* employed.

II. Explain the antithesis embraced in the first two lines. The metaphor in the third line,—and its continuation. Meaning of the metaphor "life's best wine"? Why riding forth "with thy spear in rest"? Meaning embraced in "a voice cries, 'Come up higher!'" Meaning of the metaphor "night falls," etc.?

III. Meaning hidden under the metaphors "a thing so fair,"—"footsteps light as air,"—"buds of promise," etc.?

CHAPTER LXXXVI.—CHARLES DICKENS.—1812-1870.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. This most popular writer of fiction was born at Portsmouth, England, and was brought up by his father to be a Parliamentary reporter. While thus engaged, in the pay of the *Morning Chronicle*, young Dickens began writing *Sketches of Life and Character* under the name "Boz." The great popularity of these sketches led a London publisher to engage Mr. Dickens to write a humorous book concerning cockney sportsmen. Such was the origin of the *Pickwick Papers*. Mr. Dickens's work disclosed a talent for a mirthful and benevolent humor, which was welcomed with avidity by the public, and these early writings were speedily followed by *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, and *Barnaby Rudge*.

2. Mr. Dickens's earlier works, including such novels as *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, and *Bleak House*, are full of incident, animation, and pathos. His later works, like *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, and *Our Mutual Friend*, evince more of the mechanism and verbal prolixity of the professional author. Mr. Dickens twice visited America,—once in 1842, and again in the year before his death. The rather excessive hospitality lavished upon him during his first visit he requited, immediately on his return to England, by the publication of his *American Notes*, in which our peculiarities were handled with grotesque exaggeration. To the resentment manifested by a hypersensitive people, Dickens replied with the story of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which Mark Tapley, whose scheme of life it is to be jolly under difficulties, finds in America not one circumstance or condition to lower the buoyancy of his heart. On his second visit to America Mr. Dickens came with a mellower and kindlier disposition, to be received by a more self-reliant

people, with the esteem and attention that his talents deserved.

3. In addition to book-making, Mr. Dickens edited a weekly periodical entitled *Household Words*, and was the founder of a newspaper called *The Daily News*. He also published stories under the captions of *Christmas Tales*, *The Chimes*, and *The Christmas Carol*, and *A Child's History of England*. In his novels Mr. Dickens worked a new vein of life in a new spirit. His characters are not people of fashion, nor statesmen, nor men of rank; they are the odd people of humble birth and narrow social circles. In his hands their oddities grow whimsical and ludicrous, but he can scarcely be called a satirist, although he has drawn odious caricatures of wicked persons. The motive of his writings is to teach human sympathy with the obscure and the suffering. He assailed institutions like the Workhouse, the Private Country School, the Chancery Court, and the Prisons, with a view to the reformation of their abuses. He portrayed no professedly religious character in attractive form, and for this his works have been unfavorably criticised; but his heroes and heroines seem to be good by natural endowment, and his knaves are such by environment.

4. Mr. Dickens's sympathy with childhood is overflowing and beautiful. The account of the death of little Nell, found in that division of *Master Humphrey's Clock* entitled "The Old Curiosity Shop," is the most pathetic and touching of the author's serious passages; and it is said that not without tears did he pen the description. Little Nell is represented in the novel as the constant attendant of her grandfather, an affectionate old man, whose passion for gambling grows stronger as he approaches the grave. "She glides like a sunbeam of grace through many a troubled scene; but the burden of life is too heavy for her delicate spirit, and she thus gently lays it down."

II.—*The Death of Little Nell.*

1. She was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

2. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, which the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

3. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes; the old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face which had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care. At the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels, in their majesty, after death.

4. The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

5. She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

6. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent,—"it is not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

7. When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

8. Opening her eyes, at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face,—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget,—and clung, with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—she faded like the light upon the summer's evening. . . .

9. And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by

night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless tone for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

10. They carried her to an old nook where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

11. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold, how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old wall.

12. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called

to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

13. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place,—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them,—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.—ROBERT BROWNING.—1812.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. There is a class of writers in English literature that are ranked as metaphysical poets. They belong to the romantic rather than to the classical school, and their distinguishing characteristic is reflection. Their art does not describe things as they are, but as traced to their causes or seen in their effects. This involves an acquaintance with human motives in their subtile variety and varied combinations, and this, again, leads to plots for the development of poems founded on psychology rather than on incidents. For this reason such writers are called metaphysical. Among them were Wordsworth, who always wrote with a theory; Coleridge, the most subtile of thinkers; and Shelley, with his strange power to personify abstract things.

2. At the head of the psychological school stands Robert Browning, who was born at Camberwell, near London. He was brought up as a dissenter from the Established Church, was educated at London University, and at twenty he went to Italy, where he passed his time studying the mediæval history of that country, and carefully noting the feelings and habits of the peasantry, with whom he mingled. At twenty-four Mr. Browning published *Paracelsus*, whose leading character is a kind of Swiss Faust. Most of his early poems are dramatic, having historical themes,—like *Strafford*, *Sordello*, and *A Blot in the Scutcheon*. He has written some poems, as *Pippa Passes*, and, notably, *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, which yield their meaning only after the closest study.

3. Mr. Browning's lyrical verse is vivid and spirited, and some of the pieces will remain among the most popular ballads in the language. Among them is one which he called his "child's story," the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*. He affects strange titles, having called one volume of his poems *Bells and Pomegranates*, and having written a Norman tale under the title of *The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*. A modern critic says of him, "A fertile and original author, with high and generous aims, he has proved his poetic power alike in thought, description, passion, and conception of character." Surely, no ordinary writer could compose such a ballad as the following:—

II.—*How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.*

1. I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

2. Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

3. 'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be,
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

4. At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

5. And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

6. By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;

We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

7. So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

8. "How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

9. Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

10. And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

The following, with its Latin title, and its somewhat hidden meaning, is more characteristic, than the preceding, of the generality of Mr. Browning's writings:—

III.—*Prospice.*[a]

1. Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin and the blasts denote
I am nèaring the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done, and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight[b] ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.

2. I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past,
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.

[a] *Pros-pĭ'cĕ*, "look forward to,"—that is, look forward to the coming event, *death*,—meet it bravely.

[b] The battle of death.

3. For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,[a]
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light,—then thy breast,
O thou soul[b] of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—1819.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. James Russell Lowell, born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was a descendant of one of the early emigrants to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. His father was a prominent clergyman in Boston, and his mother, descended from the Russells, was remarkable for her facility in acquiring languages. The poet's sister, Mrs. Putnam, could converse in seven modern tongues, could translate from five dead literatures, and was familiar with twenty dialects. Lowell graduated at Harvard University, where being class poet, he read a poem that abounded in satire of the very reformers whom he was soon after to join. He practised law a short time, then devoted himself to literature, and succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Belles-Lettres at Harvard. In 1880 he was made Minister to England by President Hayes.

2. Mr. Lowell's first volume, published in his twenty-

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[a] What is, seemingly, the worst foe, death, is the best friend of the good and the brave.

[b] Referring to his wife, who had gone before him.

third year, was a collection of poems entitled *A Year's Life*. Three years later appeared the *Legend of Brittany* and miscellaneous poems, among which are *Prometheus* and *Rhœcus*. The *Legend of Brittany* is a tragic story of a maiden murdered by her lover, whose guilt is supernaturally disclosed, and who ends his days in remorseful sorrow. Poe said of it that it was "the noblest poem yet written by an American." *Prometheus* and *Rhœcus* have gracefully caught the spirit of the old Greek legends on which they are founded, though both are made subservient to lessons of modern culture.

3. Other poetical writings of Mr. Lowell are *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *A Fable for Critics*, *The Biglow Papers*, *Under the Willows*, and *The Cathedral*. *The Heritage* and *A Rich Man's Son*, which are familiar to most school-boys, show the tendency of Mr. Lowell's mind for independence, human rights, and the dignity of labor. *The Cathedral*, written in blank verse, was suggested by a visit to the celebrated Cathedral of Chartres. It critically distinguishes between Classical and Gothic art, is tinctured by mysticism and allegory, but is one of the poet's maturest and best compositions, and places him in the higher rank of poetic geniuses. *The Biglow Papers* were, mainly, political satires, in Yankee dialect, connected with our Mexican and Civil Wars. They abound in homely, quaint expressions, and piquant humor.

4. *The Vision of Sir Launfal* is founded on a legend of a knight who sets out in quest of the "Holy Grail," the cup with which our Lord celebrated his last Passover, and which was invisible to impure eyes. In the mythical story of King Arthur's court,[a] this was a favorite enterprise of

[a] *King Arthur* is a hero of British mythology, concerning whom and his brilliant court, and his famous circle of Knights of the Round Table, with their valorous exploits and countless adventures, there are numerous legends, on which numberless poems have been written. Whether this King Arthur was a real person or not, is an unsettled question.

his valorous knights. Lowell changes the story of the legend to that of a vision which the knight Sir Launfal had, just before his meditated departure on such a mission. On his awaking from the dream, the mystery of the Holy Grail is revealed to him. In making extracts from this poem, we begin with an account of the knight's adventures on his departure from his castle.[a]

II.—*The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

1. The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

2. As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came.
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

[a] We omit many beautiful descriptive portions that are not essential to the story.

3. The leper raised the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door.
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The hand outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it, and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Sir Launfal's wanderings are briefly told. There is a vivid picture of a winter storm, and of arches and halls, and chambers which the frost had built.

We are then carried forward to the knight's return to his castle at the time of a Christmas merrymaking, to find him driven away as a beggar from his own door.

4. But the wind without was eager and sharp;
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and rings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

5. The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch;
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

6. Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate.
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

While the beggar-like Sir Launfal sits musing of a shelter from the cold and snow in a summer clime, he is startled by the voice of one asking alms, and, looking around, sees

7. A leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowered beside him,—a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas,
In the desolate horror of his disease.
And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

8. Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust:
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink:

'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

9. As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.
His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water his blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

10. Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spiders' banquet-hall;

He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

11. The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall.
The summer's long siege at last is o'er:
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

From Mr. Lowell's homespun *Biglow Papers*,—which we may describe in his own Yankee dialect as

"Suthin' light an' cute,
Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin' o' jinglish,"—

to the finer touches of his pencil, there is a vast range. The latter limit is well defined by the following extract from that dream-like, exquisite fantasy,

III.—*In the Twilight.*[a]

1. Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent,

[a] *Explanatory.* We are here in the twilight of an existence of which we know neither the beginning nor the end; and the poet, with much delicacy, describes a feeling that sometimes comes over him, like "an odor from Dreamland," of a life that he had lived before the present. It is a fancy that was indulged in by certain ancient philosophers, among them Pythag'oras, who asserted that he had a distinct remembrance of several states of existence which his soul had passed through.—What is this doctrine called?

That makes the ghost seem nigh me
  Of a splendor that came and went,—
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
  In what diviner sphere,—
Of memories that stay not and go not,
  Like music once heard by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it,—
A something so shy, it would shame it
  To make it a show,—
A something too vague, could I name it,
  For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
    Long ago!

2. And yet, could I live it over,
  This life that stirs in my brain,—
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
  As I seem to have been, once again,—
Could I but speak and show it,
  This pleasure, more sharp than pain,
    That baffles and lures me so,
The world should not lack a poet,
    Such as it had
    In the ages glad
      Long ago.

1. Mr. Lowell has edited the works of some English poets, and has published volumes of essays, chiefly comprising scholarly reviews of other authors. His style has improved by practice, passing from redundancy and shadowiness to the finished expression of his thoughts. Professor Bowen writes as follows:—"The swift movement of Mr. Lowell's verses, and the daring energy of his conceptions, show that his genius inclines to the lyric form

of poetry.—The poet's eye catches even the most minute tracery of nature's works and the most rapidly fleeting of her aspects, and depicts them in verse with startling distinctness."

2. The critic Tuckerman's judgment of Mr. Lowell is, that "he unites in his most effective power the dreamy suggestive character of the transcendental bards with the philosophic simplicity of Wordsworth.—He reminds us often of Tennyson in the sentiment and construction of his verse. Imagination and philanthropy are the dominant elements in his writings, some of which are marked by a graceful flow and earnest tone, and many unite with these attractions that of high finish."

CHAPTER LXXXIX.—BAYARD TAYLOR.—1825-1878.

I.—*Biographical.*

1. Bayard Taylor was born at Kennet Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania; was brought up a printer; travelled two years in Europe, at an expense of only five hundred dollars; was an editor in Phœnixville, in his native State; in 1849 he became connected with the New York *Tribune* as part proprietor and one of its associate editors, which relationship he retained to the end of his life. In 1862 he was Secretary of the American Legation at St. Petersburg, and died at Berlin, while United States Ambassador at the German Court.

2. Mr. Taylor was a great traveller, and in one adventure of two years he passed over more than fifty thousand miles, through the Eastern Continent. His writings comprise essays; books of travel and romance; the translation of Goethe's *Faust*, which, to an unusual degree, preserves the metrical peculiarities of the original German; and poems, of which Edgar Poe said, "His sonorous and well-

balanced rhythm puts me often in mind of Campbell." Dr. Griswold remarks, "Eminent as he is as a writer of travels, his highest and most enduring distinction will be from his poetry."

3. "The characteristics of Mr. Taylor's writings," says a discriminating critic, "are, in his poems, ease of expression, with a careful selection of poetic capabilities, a full, animated style, with a growing attention to art and condensation. His prose is equable and clear, in the flowing style; the narrative of a genial, healthy observer of the many manners of the world, which he has seen in the most remarkable portions of its four quarters."

4. In Mr. Taylor's poem entitled *Hylas*, we have a careful equivalent of heroic Greek verse, and a faithful reproduction of a Greek legend, both in theme and spirit, in which sound and cadence are beautifully modulated to the thought. The legend is that Hylas, a son of the king of Mysia, accompanied by Hercules, sailed in the ship Argo with Jason, for Colchis, on the Argonautic expedition. On the coast of Mysia the Argonauts stopped to obtain a supply of water, and there Hylas, having gone out alone with an urn for the same purpose, and having taken the opportunity to bathe in the river Scamander, under the shadows of Mount Ida, throws his purple chlamys, or cloak, over the urn, and wades in. Here he is seized by the nymphs of the stream, and in spite of his struggles and entreaties is borne by them, "down from the noonday brightness, to their dark caves in the depths below." We give sufficient extracts from the poem to show the style in which it is written.

II.—*Hylas.*

1. Storm-wearied Argo slept upon the water.
No cloud was seen: on blue and craggy Ida
The hot noon lay, and on the plains enamel;
Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Scamander.

"Why should I haste?" said young and rosy Hylas:
"The seas are rough, and long the way from Colchis.
Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Jason,
Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther;
The shields are piled, the listless oars suspended
On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bondsmen
Doze on the benches. They may wait for water,
Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scamander."

2. He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored
In the still wave, and stretched his foot to press it
On the smooth sole that answered at the surface:
Alas! the shape dissolved in glittering fragments.
Then, timidly at first, he dipped, and catching
Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the waters
Swirled round his limbs, and deeper, slowly deeper,
Till on his breast the river's cheek was pillowed,
And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple
Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom
His white, round shoulder shed the dripping crystal.

3. There, as he floated, with a rapturous motion,
The lucid coolness folding close around him,
The lily-cradling ripples murmured, "Hylas!"
He shook from off his ears the hyacinthine
Curls, that had lain unwet upon the water,
And still the ripples murmured, "Hylas! Hylas!"
He thought,—"The voices are but ear-born music.
Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is calling
From some high cliff that tops a Thracian valley;
So long mine ears, on tumbling Hellespontus,
Have heard the sea-waves hammer Argo's forehead,
That I misdeem the fluting of this current
For some lost nymph"—Again the murmur "Hylas!"

4. The sound, that seemed to come from the lilies, was

that of the sea-nymphs calling to him to go with them where they wander

"Down beneath the green translucent ceiling—
Where on the sandy bed of old Scamander
With cool white buds we braid our purple tresses,
Lulled by the bubbling waves around us stealing."

5. To all their entreaties Hylas exclaims,—

"Leave me, naiads!
Leave me!" he cried; "the *day* to me is dearer
Than all your caves deep-spread in ocean's quiet.
I would not change this flexile, warm existence,
Though swept by storms, and shocked by Jove's dread thunder,
To be a king beneath the dark-green waters.

6. "Let me return: the wind comes down from Ida,
And soon the galley, stirring from her slumber,
Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight shadow
Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt city
I am not yours—I cannot braid the lilies
In your wet hair, nor on your argent bosoms
Close my drowsed eyes to hear your rippling voices.
Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal being,—
Your world of watery quiet. Help, Apollo!"

7. But the remonstrances and struggles of Hylas are unavailing;—

The boy's blue eyes, upturned, looked through the water,
Pleading for help; but heaven's immortal archer
Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid his forehead;
And last, the thick, bright curls a moment floated,
So warm and silky that the stream upbore them,
Closing reluctant, as he sank forever.

8. The sunset died behind the crags of Imbros.
Argo was tugging at her chain; for freshly
Blew the swift breeze, and leaped the restless billows.
The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors,
And up the mast was heaved the snowy canvas.
But mighty Hercules, the Jove-begotten,
Unmindful stood, beside the cool Scamander,
Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys
Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay before him:
And when he called, expectant, "Hylas! Hylas!"
The empty echoes made him answer—"Hylas!"

The single work that will perhaps best perpetuate the literary reputation of Mr. Taylor, is his translation of Goethe's *Faust*, first published in 1871. Although a brief extract from this wonderful and weird production of the great German writer will give no idea of the scope and character of the work itself, yet it will show something of the manner in which the translation has been made. It has been said of Mr. Taylor's translation, that "The tones of Goethe's lyre are here echoed in the same sweet and sublime manner which he drew from its harmonious chords. Not only the mighty thoughts of the inspired artist, but the subtle melodies of his verse are clothed in forms that correspond to the rhythmical proportions in which they took shape in the spontaneous outflowings of his genius."

III.—*From Goethe's Faust.—Second Part.*

Midnight.—Before the Palace. Four Gray Women Enter.

First.

My name, it is Want.

Second.

And mine, it is Guilt.

Third.

And mine, it is Care.

Fourth.

Necessity mine.

Three Together.

The portal is bolted, we cannot get in:
The owner is rich, we've no business within.

Want.

I shrink to a shadow.

Guilt.

I shrink into nought.

Necessity.

The pampered from me turn the face and the thought.

Care.

Ye Sisters, ye neither can enter nor dare;
But the key-hole is free to the entrance of Care.

(*Care disappears.*)

Want.

Ye, grisly old Sisters, be banished from here!

Guilt.

Beside thee, and bound to thee, I shall appear!

Necessity.

At your heels is Necessity, blight in her breath.

The Three.

The clouds are in motion, and cover each star!
Behind these, behind! from afar! from afar,
He cometh, our Brother, he comes, he is—Death!

Faust (*in the Palace*).

Four saw I come, but those that went were three;
The sense of what they said was hid from me,

But something like "*Necessity*" I heard;
Thereafter, "Death," a gloomy, threatening word!
It sounded hollow, spectrally subdued:
Nor yet have I my liberty made good:
If I could banish Magic's fell creations,
And totally unlearn the incantations,—
Stood I, O Nature! Man alone in thee,
Then were it worth one's while a man to be!

Ere in the Obscure I sought, such was I,—
Ere I had cursed the world so wickedly.
Now fills the air so many a haunting shape,
That no one knows how best he may escape.
What though One Day with rational brightness beams,
The Night entangles us in webs of dreams.
From our young fields of life we come, elate:
There croaks a bird: what croaks he? Evil fate!
By superstition constantly ensnared,
It grows to us, and warns, and is declared.
Intimidated thus, we stand alone.—
The portals jar, yet entrance is there none.
Is any one here?

Care.

Yes! must be my reply.

Faust.

And thou, who art thou, then?

Care.

Well—here am I.

Faust.

Avaunt!

Care.

I am where I should be.

Faust.

Take care, and speak no word of sorcery!

Care.

Though no ear should choose to hear me,
Yet the shrinking heart must fear me:
Though transformed to mortal eyes,
Grimmest power I exercise.
On the land, or ocean yonder,
I, a dread companion, wander,
Always found, yet never sought,
Praised or cursed as I have wrought!
Hast thou not Care already known?

Note.—It will help to an understanding of the foregoing, to know that *Faust*, the hero of Goethe's drama of that name, is a student who is toiling after knowledge beyond his reach, and who afterwards deserts his studies and makes a compact with the Evil One (Mephistopheles), in pursuance of which he gives himself up to the full enjoyment of the senses, until the hour of his doom arrives, when Mephistopheles reappears upon the scene, and carries off his victim as a condemned soul.—Yet even Faust, while enjoying all of wealth and pleasure that the world could give, could not be free from the annoyance of the weird Sisters, Want, Guilt, Care, and Necessity,—while "beyond them, from afar," came their grim Brother—Death!

CHAPTER XC.—THE BOOK OF ISAIAH.

From "Mosaics of Bible History."

I.—*The Style and General Character of this Prophet's Writings.*

1. The prophetic writings of Isaiah are among the noblest specimens of Hebrew poetry, and their style has been universally admired as a model of elegance and sublimity. The following tribute to the prophet's richness of imagery and

his spiritual gifts, is from the pen of a distinguished Biblical scholar and critic:—

2. "Isaiah stands pre-eminent above all other prophets, as well in the contents and spirit of his predictions, as in their form and style. Simplicity, clearness, sublimity, and freshness are the never-failing characteristics of his prophecies. Even Eichhorn mentions, among the merits of Isaiah, the harmony of his expressions, the beautiful outline of his images, and the fine execution of his speeches. In reference to richness of imagery, he stands between Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Symbolic actions, which frequently occur in Jeremiah and Ezekiel, are seldom found in Isaiah. The same is the case with visions, strictly so called, of which there is only one, namely, that in chapter vi.;[a] and even it is distinguished by its simplicity and clearness above that of the later prophets.

3. "But one characteristic of Isaiah is, that he likes to give signs—that is, a fact then present, or near at hand—as a pledge for the more distant futurity. The instances in chapters vii. and xxxviii. show how much he was convinced of his vocation, and in what intimacy he lived with the Lord. His spiritual riches are seen in the variety of his style, which always befits the subject. When he rebukes and threatens, it is like a storm; and when he comforts, his language is as tender and mild (to use his own words) as that of a mother comforting her son."—*Kitto.*

4. Another writer, well known as a critic and rhetorician, says "Isaiah is, without exception, the most sublime of all poets. This is abundantly visible even in our translation; and, what is a material circumstance, none of the books of Scripture appear to have been more happily translated than the writings of this prophet. Majesty is his reigning char-

[a] Yet the book of Isaiah is introduced as "The vision of Isaiah the son of Amoz;" so all his prophecies may be called visions, although only *one* of them is specially mentioned as such.

acter; a majesty more commanding, and more uniformly supported, than is to be found among the rest of the Old Testament poets. He possesses, indeed, a dignity of grandeur, both in his conceptions and expressions, which is altogether unparalleled, and peculiar to himself. There is more clearness and order, too, and a more visible distribution of parts, in his book, than in any other of the prophetical writings."—*Dr. Hugh Blair.*

5. The following is a general characterization of the style of this greatest of prophets and poets:—

"Isaiah is at once elegant and sublime, forcible and ornamental; he unites energy with copiousness, and dignity with variety. In his sentiments we find extraordinary elevation and majesty; in his imagery, the utmost propriety, elegance, dignity, and diversity; in his language, uncommon beauty and energy, and, notwithstanding the obscurity of his subjects, a surprising degree of clearness and simplicity. To these we may add, there is such sweetness in the poetical composition of his sentences, whether it proceed from art or genius, that if the Hebrew poetry at present is possessed of any remains of its native grace and harmony, we shall chiefly find them in the writings of Isaiah; so that the saying of Ezekiel may justly be applied to this prophet:—

> 'Thou art the confirmed exemplar of measures,
> Full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty.'"
>
> *Bishop Lowth.*

6. Dr. Blair cites the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah—from the 4th to the 23d verse inclusive—as containing "a greater assemblage of sublime ideas, of bold and daring figures, than is perhaps anywhere else to be met with." The subject of this prophetic song is the fall of the Assyrian empire, and the coming desolation of Babylon, the city which had so long been the terror and the scourge of the people of Israel.

7. "The prophet, after predicting the liberation of the Jews from their captivity in Babylon, and their restoration to their own country, introduces the song, in which the earth itself triumphs, with the inhabitants thereof; the fir-trees and the cedars of Lebanon exult with joy, and reproach the humbled power of a ferocious enemy. Even the ghosts of princes, and the departed spirits of kings, rise up from Hades to insult and deride the fallen monarch of Babylon, and comfort themselves with the view of his calamity."—But one must read this prophetic song, to appreciate its beauties.

II.—*Israel's Song of Triumph over Babylon.—Isaiah.*

1. How hath the oppressor ceased, the golden city ceased! The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers. He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth.

2. The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing. Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth: it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?

3. Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit, also, upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I

will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High.

4. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms? that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcass trodden under feet.

5. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people: the seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned. Prepare slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers; that they do not rise, nor possess the land, nor fill the face of the world with cities. For I will rise up against them, saith the Lord of hosts, and cut off from Babylon the name, and remnant, and son, and nephew, saith the Lord. I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water: and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts.

6. Bishop Lowth has the following remarks upon the style and composition of this wonderful poem:—

"How forcible is its imagery, how diversified, how sublime! How elevated the diction, the figures, the sentiments! The Jewish nation, the cedars of Lebanon, the ghosts of departed kings, the Babylonish monarch, the travellers who find his corpse, and, last of all, JEHOVAH himself, are the characters which support this beautiful lyric drama. One continued action is kept up, or rather a series of interesting actions are connected together in an incomparable whole. This, indeed, is the principal and

distinguished excellence of the sublime ode,—and is displayed in its utmost perfection in this poem of Isaiah, which may be considered as one of the most ancient, and certainly the most finished specimen of that species of composition which has been transmitted to us.

7. "The personifications here are frequent, yet not confused; bold, yet not improbable: a free, elevated, and truly divine spirit pervades the whole; nor is there anything in this ode to defeat its claim to the character of perfect beauty and sublimity. If, indeed, I may be indulged in the free declaration of my own sentiments, I do not know a single instance in the whole compass of Greek and Roman poetry, which, in every excellence of composition, can be said to equal, or even to approach it."

8. We find in the following lines similar sentiments regarding Hebrew poetry in general:—

Let those, who will, hang rapturously o'er
The flowing eloquence of Plato's page,—
Repeat, with flashing eye, the sounds that pour
From Homer's verse as with a torrent's rage;
Let those, who list, ask Tully to assuage
Wild hearts with high-wrought periods, and restore
The reign of rhetoric; or maxims sage
Winnow from Seneca's sententious lore.
Not these, but Judah's hallowed bards, to me
Are dear: Isaiah's noble energy;
The temperate grief of Job; the artless strain
Of Ruth and pastoral Amos; the high songs
Of David; and the tale of Joseph's wrongs,
Simply pathetic, eloquently plain.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

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WITH BRIEF SKETCHES OF AUTHORS FROM WHOM THERE ARE SELECTIONS, OR TO WHOM PROMINENT REFERENCE IS MADE, IN THE FOREGOING PAGES.

ADDISON, *Joseph*, 1672–1717. [pp. 7, 24, 32, 141.]

Aldrich, *Thomas Bailey*,—b. at Portsmouth, N.H., in 1809,—poet, essayist, and novelist; author of that charming ballad "Babie Bell"; a frequent contributor to magazines. [p. 286.]

Alison, *Sir Archibald*, 1792–1867,—a British essayist and historian. His principal work is "History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons." [p. 433.]

Ames, *Fisher*, 1758–1808,—an American orator, statesman, and political writer of the Federalist party. [p. 96.]

Arnold, *Edwin*, an English journalist, author of "The Light of Asia," and other poems. [p. 255.] "He who Died at Azan."

Arnold, *Matthew*, an English critic and poet,—b. in 1822. Professor of Poetry at Oxford. [pp. 157, 425.]

Baine, *William*. [p. 334.] "The Archery of William Tell."

Bancroft, *George, LL.D.*, an American historian and statesman,—b. in Worcester, Mass., in 1800. [p. 89.]

Bayne, *Rev. Peter*, a Scottish writer of critical articles in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. [p. 486.]

Beattie, *Dr. James*, 1735–1803,—a Scottish poet, author of "The Minstrel," and of an essay on "The Nature of Truth." [p. 189.]

Beers, *Mrs. E. L.*, author of the well-known lyric, "All Quiet along the Potomac." [p. 219.]

Bethune, *Rev. Geo. W.*, 1805–1862,—a popular American divine, poet, and wit. [p. 87.]

Blair, *Hugh*, 1718–1800,—a Scottish divine and author. Blair's "Rhetoric" is a standard college text-book. [p. 345.]

Bowen, *Francis*,—b. at Charlestown, Mass., in 1811,—Professor of Moral Philosophy in Harvard College, former editor of the *North American Review*. [p. 526.]

Brontë, *Charlotte*, 1824–1855,—daughter of the curate of Haworth, in Yorkshire, England. By her novel of "Jane Eyre" she suddenly attained remarkable popularity. She and her two sisters became widely known under the assumed names of Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell.

Brougham, (*Lord*) *Henry*, 1778–1868,—a celebrated statesman, Lord Chancellor of England, one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, for a quarter of a century one of its ablest contributors, and a zealous advocate of popular education. [p. 88.]

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Burke, *Edmund*, 1730–1797,—a celebrated English statesman, author, and orator;—regarded by Macaulay as above every other orator, ancient or modern. [p. 204.]

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CAMPBELL, *Thomas*, 1799–1844. [pp. 7, 78, 406.]

Carlyle, *Thomas*, 1795–1881,—a Scottish historian, biographer, translator, moralist, and satirist, who has been called "The Censor of the Age." His principal writings are German translations, forty biographical essays, "Life of Schiller," "Sartor Resartus," "Chartism," "Life of Frederic the Great," and "The French Revolution,"—the latter the ablest of his works. [pp. 176, 231, 234, 347, 409.]

Cary, *Alice*, 1820–1871,—an American author, b. near Cincinnati, Ohio. She wrote many graceful poems and charming descriptions of domestic life, and was a frequent contributor to the periodicals of the country. [p. 270.]

Chambers, *William* and *Robert*, brothers, were Scottish authors and publishers of many valuable works, among which was the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," first published in 1843, enlarged in 1858, and again enlarged in 1876. [pp. 167, 178.]

Chapin, *Rev. E. H.*, 1814–1880,—a distinguished American preacher, favorite lecturer, and popular orator. [p. 403.] "The Press."

Chateaubriand (shä-tō-bre-äng'), *François Auguste*, 1768–1848,—a French author and statesman. His "Genius of Christianity" first brought him into notice as an able writer. [p. 260.]

Chaucer, *Geoffrey*,—b. in London, probably about the year 1328, d. 1400,—is the author who first gave consistency and permanence to the prose and poetry of England. [p. 5.]

Choate, *Rufus*, 1799–1860,—a celebrated American lawyer. He was elected United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of Daniel Webster. [p. 491.] "A Love of Reading."

Cicero, *Marcus Tullius*, 106–43 B.C.,—a philosopher and statesman, and the greatest of Roman orators. [pp. 31, 41, 97, 428.] "Oration against Catiline."

COLERIDGE, *Samuel Taylor*, 1772–1834. [pp. 8, 56, 57, 116, 167, 278.]

Collier, *Thomas S.* [p. 109.] "Haroun Al Raschid."

Collins, *William*, 1721–1759,—an English poet, who wrote some of the finest odes in the language, among which are "How Sleep the Brave," and "The Passions," an ode set to music. [pp. 167, 304.]

COWPER, *William*, 1731–1800. [pp. 7, 38, 94, 121, 188, 209.]

Coxe, *Rev. Arthur Cleveland*,—b. in 1818,—Bishop of the Diocese of Western New York, author of "Christian Ballads," and of other collections of poems. [p. 140.] "Historic Old England."

Croly, *Rev. George*, 1780–1860,—an English divine, and a voluminous writer in many departments,—poetry, history, prose, fiction, polemics, politics, etc. [p. 430.] "Catiline's Reply."

Cunningham, *Allan*, 1784–1842,—a Scottish poet and miscellaneous writer,—a happy imitator of the old Scotch ballads. [p. 403.]

Curtis, *George William*,—b. in Providence, R.I., in 1824,—author of "Nile Notes of an Howadji," "Lotus Eating," "The Potiphar Papers," and "The Howadji in Syria,"—a popular lecturer, a constant contributor to *Harper's Monthly*, and editor of *Harper's Weekly*. [p. 457.] "Under the Palms."

Demosthenes, 385–322 B.C.,—a celebrated Athenian statesman and orator. [p. 32.]

De Quincey, *Thomas*, 1786–1859,—known as "the English Opium-Eater." His most distinguished work is the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," in which he recounts his experience with the opium-eating habit. [p. 280.]

Derzhavin, 1743–1816,—a Russian lyric poet and statesman. He holds the highest place among the bards of his country. [p. 53.] "Ode to God." See *Fifth Reader*, p. 70.

DICKENS, *Charles*, 1812–1870. [pp. 96, 509.]

Dimitry, *Charles*,—b. in 1838,—an American journalist, novelist, and poet. [p. 437.] "Viva Italia!"

Dorr, *Mrs. Julia C. R.*,—b. in Charleston, S.C., in 1825,—a novelist, poet, and frequent contributor, in both prose and verse, to periodicals. [p. 507.] "Three Days."

DRYDEN, *John*, 1631–1700. [pp. 6, 25, 92, 114, 130, 132.]

Ellis, *Rev. Geo. E.*,—b. in Boston in 1815,—author of several biographies, and a frequent contributor to periodical literature. [p. 354.] "Sentiment and Music."

EMERSON, *Ralph Waldo*, 1803–1882. [pp. 8, 423, 486.]

EVERETT, *Edward*, 1794–1865. [pp. 7, 95, 96, 271, 305, 363.]

Farrar, *Frederic W., D.D.*, Canon of Westminster, author of "The Life of Christ." [p. 195.]

Felton, *Cornelius Conway*, 1807–1862,—Professor and President of Harvard College. [p. 502.]

Flammarion, *Camille*, a French scientific writer, author of "The Atmosphere." [p. 380.]

Froissart, *Jean*, 1337–1410,—b. in France,—a great traveller, an admirer of heroic deeds, an instinctive courtier, delighted with feasts and pageants, an amusing and vivacious chronicler. His "Chronicles of England, France, and the adjoining Countries," written in French, but early translated into English, embrace the annals of the fourteenth century, from 1326 to 1400. [p. 5.]

Froude, *James Anthony*, an English historian,—b. in 1818,—author of "The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth,"—12 vols. [pp. 122–124.]

Garrick, *David*, 1716–1777,—the greatest of English actors, also author of some dramas. [p. 178.]

Gilfillan, *Rev. George*,—b. in 1813,—an English author, critical and biographical. The best-known of his works is his "Gallery of Literary Portraits." [p. 455.]

Goethe, *Johann Wolfgang von*, 1749–1832. [p. 200, and *note*, pp. 205, 340.]

GOLDSMITH, *Oliver*, 1728–1774. [pp. 7, 77, 179, 198.]

Gough, *John B.*,—b. in England in 1817,—was originally an editor, and afterward became celebrated as a temperance lecturer. [p. 217.]

Grattan, *Henry*, 1746–1820,—an Irish statesman and orator,—b. in Dublin. [pp. 69, 70.]

GRAY, *Thomas*, 1716–1771. [pp. 7, 21, 53, 187.]

Greene, *Albert G.*,—b. in Providence, R.I., in 1802,—author of "The Baron's Last Banquet," and "Old Grimes." [p. 206.]

Griswold, *Rev. Rufus Wilmot*, 1815–1857, —b. in Vermont,—author of several works on American literature, among which are "Poets and Poetry of America," and "Prose Writers of America." [p. 485.]

Guizot (gc-zō'), *François Pierre Guillaume*, 1787–1874,—a French statesman and historian. [p. 393.]

HALLECK, *Fitz-Greene*, 1795–1867. [pp. 8, 382.]

Hannay, *James*, 1827–1873,—an English miscellaneous writer, and critic of the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews*, and the *Athenæum*. [p. 502.]

Harrington, *Mrs. E. D.* (*Miss Locke*), of Boston, Mass. A successful magazine writer, and author of some poems. [p. 119.]

HAWTHORNE, *Nathaniel*, 1807–1864. [p. 440.]

Hazlitt, *William*, 1778–1830,—an English miscellaneous writer, eminent as a literary critic, author of the "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," "Table-Talk," "Life of Napoleon," and other works. [pp. 101, 167, 243.]

HEMANS, *Mrs. Felicia Dorothea*, 1793–1835. [pp. 52, 356.]

Henry, *Matthew*, 1662–1714,—a distinguished Bible commentator. [p. 345.]

HENRY, *Patrick*, 1736–1799. [pp. 26, 221.]

Henshaw, *Sarah E.* [p. 173.] "The Telegram."

HOLMES, *Oliver Wendell*,—b. in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. [pp. 7, 470.]

Home, *John*, 1724–1808,—a Scottish dramatist, author of six tragedies, one of which is the popular tragedy of "Douglas." [p. 51.]

HOOD, *Thomas*, 1798–1845. [p. 399.]

Hoppin, *William J.* [p. 369.] "Charlie Machree."

Horace, *Quintus Horatius Flaccus*, 65–8 B.C.,—a Roman poet. [p. 84, and *Fifth Reader*, p. 393.]

Hugo, *Victor Marie*,—b. in 1802,—a celebrated French poet and novelist. [p. 71, and *Fifth Reader*, p. 376.]

Hunt, *James Henry Leigh*, 1784–1859,—an English poet and essayist. [pp. 313, 351, and *Fifth Reader*, pp. 320, 343, 349.]

Ingelow, *Jean*,—b. in 1830,—an English poetess. Her "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," and "Songs of Seven," have become widely popular. [p. 163.] "The Fisherman's Prayer."

IRVING, *Washington*, 1783–1859. [pp. 86, 199, 316, 373.]

Jackson, *Mrs.* (*Helen Fiske*), formerly *Mrs. Hunt*,—b. at Amherst, Mass., in 1830, —has attained a high rank as a poet and essayist. She has generally written under the signature "H. H." [p. 420.] "Spinning."

Jefferson, *Thomas*, 1743–1826,—third President of the United States. [p. 361.] "Inaugural Address."

Jeffrey, *Francis*, 1773–1850,—a Scottish critic, one of the editors, and for twenty-six years sole manager, of the *Edinburgh Review*. [pp. 101, 157, 243, 318.]

Jerrold, *Douglas*, 1803–1857,—an English author of numerous plays, tales, and sketches of character that abound in humor, fancy, and satire. [p. 403.]

JOHNSON, *Dr. Samuel*, 1709–1784. [pp. 7, 41, 42, 146, 156, 174, 188, 199, 201, 205. *Fifth Reader*, pp. 192, 280.]

Jones, *Ernest*, a barrister-at-law of London, a poet, and a Chartist politician. [p. 258.] "The Magic Moon."

Kinney, *Coates*,—b. near Penn Yan, N.Y., in 1826. [p. 269.] "Rain on the Roof."

Kitto, *Dr. John*, 1804–1854,—an English theologian, who edited the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature." [p. 386.]

Lamb, *Charles*, 1775–1834,—an English poet and essayist, author of the essays signed "Elia." [pp. 285, 351.]

Larcom, *Lucy*,—b. in 1826, at Beverly Farms, Mass.,—a writer of many popular poems. [p. 119.]

Leslie, *Charles R.*, 1794–1859,—an artist and art-critic, born of American parents in London, where most of his life has been passed,—brother of Eliza Leslie, the author of numerous magazine stories. [p. 240.]

Lewis, *Matthew Gregory*, 1775–1818,—an English author of many thrilling romances and poems. In his monodrame of "The Captive" is the poem entitled "The Maniac." Henry Russell's song, of the same title, is only a slight alteration of it. [p. 81.]

Lieber, *Francis*, 1800–1872,—an American publicist,—b. in Berlin,—came to the United States in 1827, Professor in the South Carolina College at Columbia, and afterwards in Columbia College, New York. [p. 313.]

LONGFELLOW, *Henry Wadsworth*, 1807 –1882. [pp. 8, 441, 449. *Fifth Reader*, pp. 147, 409.]

LOWELL, *James Russell*,—b. in 1819. [pp. 8, 519.]

Lowth, *Dr. Robert*, 1710–1787,—an English bishop of extensive learning. [p. 345.]

MACAULAY, *Thomas Babington*, 1800–1859. [pp. 7, 146, 174, 271, 342, 349, 352, 410.]

Mackay, *Charles*, *LL.D.*,—b. in 1812,—a popular British poet, journalist, and miscellaneous writer; author of those stirring lyrics, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The Good Time Coming," etc. [pp. 74, 226. *Fifth Reader*, pp. 445, 479.]

Mackenzie, *Robert Shelton*, *M.D.*, *LL.D.*,— b. in Ireland in 1809, d. in 1881,—was a journalist and author in England; came to America in 1852; was literary editor of the *New York Times*, and afterwards of the *Philadelphia Press*; wrote the Lives of Walter Scott and Dickens. [p. 503.]

Mackintosh, *Sir James*, 1765–1832,—a distinguished British historian, philosopher, critic, and politician. [p. 193.]

MacMaster, *Guy Humphrey*. [p. 302.] "The Continentals."

Macpherson, *James*, 1738–1796,—a Scottish author, poet, and translator, from the

Gaelic, of the supposed poems of the ancient Scottish bard Ossian. [pp. 83, 87.]

Mason, *William,* 1725–1797,—a British poet, the friend and literary executor of the poet Gray. [p. 188.]

Massey, *Gerald,*—b. in 1828,—an English poet, journalist, and lecturer, who went to London in his fifteenth year as an errand-boy; author of the "Ballad of Babe Christabel," "Havelock's March," and some prose works. His poems have been styled "lyrics of love and lays of freedom." [p. 128.]

MILTON, *John,* 1603–1674. [pp. 6, 22, 80, 83, 112. *Fifth Reader,* pp. 150, 394, 479.]

Mitchell, *Donald G.,*—b. in 1822, in Norwich, Conn.,—better known as "Ik Marvel," author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," and "My Farm of Edgewood." [p. 476.] "Letter Correspondence."

Mitford, *Mary Russell,* 1786–1855,—an English novelist, "the painter of English rural life in its happiest and most genial aspects." [p. 475. *Fifth Reader,* pp. 439, 479.]

Montgomery, *James,* 1771–1854,—a British poet. Before the age of fourteen he had written a mock-heroic poem of a thousand lines. His poem "The World Before the Flood" attained great popularity. [p. 304.]

Noel, *Thomas,* an English author, best known by his "A Thames Voyage," and "The Pauper's Drive,"—London, 1842. [p. 152.]

Olin, *Dr. Stephen,* 1797–1851,—b. in Vermont,—Professor in two Southern colleges, and afterwards President of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. [p. 88.]

Palmer, *Ray, D.D.,*—b. in 1808, in Rhode Island,—a Congregational clergyman, and holds a high rank as a hymn-writer. [p. 208.]

Patten, *George W.,*—b. in 1808, in Newport, R.I.,—Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Army, and an author "entitled to high rank among American poets." [p. 68.]

Phillips, *Charles,* 1787–1859,—a celebrated Irish barrister, author of "Curran and his Contemporaries," and of several other works. [pp. 67, 68.]

Phillips, *Wendell,*—b. in Boston, Mass., in 1811,—a noted anti-slavery orator, lecturer, and reformer. [p. 94.]

PIERPONT, *Rev. John,* 1785–1866. [pp. 7, 328. *Fifth Reader,* pp. 234, 236, 479.]

"**Pindar,** *Peter.*" See *Wolcott, Dr. John.*

Pitt, *William,* the first Earl of Chatham, 1708–1778,—"the most powerful orator that ever illustrated and ruled the senate of the British empire."—*London Quarterly Review.* [p. 26. *Fifth Reader,* pp. 430, 479.]

Plutarch. [See *note,* p. 106.]

POE, *Edgar Allan,* 1811–1849. [pp. 8, 54, 55, 79, 494, 520.]

POPE, *Alexander,* 1688–1744. [pp. 7, 19, 20, 32, 34, 41–43, 92, 116, 155. *Fifth Reader,* pp. 129, 175, 223, 272, 293, 479.]

Prentice, *George D.,* 1802–1870,—a native of Connecticut,—a wit and poet, long known as the editor of the *Louisville Journal,* which he made famous. [p. 57.]

PRESCOTT, *William Hickling,* 1796–1859. [pp. 7, 390.]

Preston, *Mrs. Margaret J.,* of Lexington, Va., a frequent contributor to magazines, has published several volumes of poetry. [p. 326.] "The Flemish Bells."

Procter, *Adelaide Anne,* 1825–1864,—an English poetess, daughter of Bryan Waller Procter. [p. 111.]

Procter, *Bryan Waller,* 1790–1874,—better known as "Barry Cornwall," under which name all his works—several volumes of poems—were given to the public. [p. 229.] "Brevity of Life."

Randolph, *John,* "of Roanoke," 1773–1833,—representative in Congress, and senator, from Virginia;—noted for his invective, sarcasm, and sharp and relentless wit. [p. 92.]

Richter, *Jean Paul Friedrich,* 1763–1825. [pp. 245–248.]

ROGERS, *Samuel,* 1763–1855. [pp. 7, 240.]

Ruskin, *John,* an art critic,—b. in London in 1819. His most noted works are "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "The Stones of Venice," and "Sesame and Lilies." [p. 237.]

Schaff, *Dr. Philip,*—b. in Switzerland in 1819, has resided in the United States since 1844. He is a distinguished German scholar, and author of several theological works. [p. 389.]

Schiller, *Johann Christoph Friedrich,* 1759–1805,—a celebrated German dramatist, poet, historian, and essayist. [p. 314.]

SCOTT, *Sir Walter,* 1771–1832. [pp. 7, 8, 22, 73, 81, 86, 136, 173, 205, 259, 406.]

SHAKSPEARE, *William,* 1564–1616. [pp. 6, 22, 24–30, 45, 48, 56–59, 61–63, 72, 73, 99, 102.]

SHELLEY, *Percy Bysshe,* 1792–1822. [pp. 8, 347.]

Sigourney, *Mrs. Lydia H.,* 1791–1865,—a native of Norwich, Conn.,—a voluminous writer of prose and poetry. Her published works are said to number fifty-six volumes. [p. 357.]

Smith, *Alexander,* 1830–1867,—a Scottish poet. His poem that brought him into public notice was "A Life Drama." [p. 327.] "Sunset."

SMITH, *Rev. Sydney,* 1771–1845. [p. 271.]

Southey, *Caroline Anne Bowles,* 1787–1854,—second wife of Robert Southey, was a poetess and popular magazine writer. [pp. 65, 66.]

SOUTHEY, *Robert, LL.D.,* 1774–1843. [pp. 8, 71, 121, 212, 297.]

Spring, *Rev. Gardiner,* 1785–1873,—b. at Newburyport, Mass.,—a popular preacher, and during sixty-three years pastor of the "Old Brick Church" in New York City. [p. 346.]

Stanley, *Arthur Penrhyn,* 1815–1881,—an eminent scholar and liberal divine of the Church of England. He was Dean of Westminster from 1864 until his death.

Among his works are "Lectures on the Eastern Church," "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church," and "Sinai and Palestine in Connection with their History." [p. 390.]

Stedman, *Edmund Clarence*,—b. in Hartford, Conn., in 1833,—a journalist and popular poet. [p. 370.] "The Flight of the Birds."

Stephens, *Alexander Hamilton*, an American statesman,—b. in Georgia in 1812,—in public life, with scarcely an intermission, since his twenty-fifth year. [p. 493.] "Prejudice."

Stirling, *Sir William*, 1818–1878,—a Scottish author, wrote "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth," a work of remarkable interest, to which Prescott owns his indebtedness. [p. 393.]

Swift, *Jonathan, D.D.*, 1667–1745,—a British author, born in Dublin, one of the most remarkable men of the age. "Gulliver's Travels," a satirical romance, and the "Tale of a Tub," are the chief cornerstones of his fame. [p. 157.]

Taine, *Hippolyte Adolphe*, a voluminous French author,—b. in 1828. His "History of English Literature," translated into English, is a standard work. [pp. 179, 259, 342, 347, 349.]

TAYLOR, *Bayard*, 1825–1878. [pp. 406, 527.]

TENNYSON, *Alfred*, 1810. [pp. 8, 52, 75, 77, 485.]

THACKERAY, *William Makepeace*, 1811–1863. [pp. 144, 501.]

THOMSON, *James*, 1700–1748. [pp. 7, 84, 166.]

Thorpe, *Mrs.*, of Litchfield, Mich., whose maiden name was *Rose Hartwick*, wrote the selection that we have given, in her seventeenth year, after reading the incident on which it is founded in a story of the time of Cromwell. [p. 184.] "Curfew must not Ring To-Night."

Thrale, *Mrs.*, afterwards *Mrs. Piozzi*, 1739–1821,—b. in Wales, is best known by her interesting moral poem, "The Three Warnings." [p. 175.]

Timrod, *Henry*, 1829–1867,—a native of Charleston, S.C., a man of lovely character, and a genuine poet. [p. 477.] "Spring."

Tuckerman, *Henry T.*, 1813–1871,—was a native of Boston, Mass. His writings, genial and liberal in spirit, include poems, travels, essays, biography, and criticism. He was a contributor to all the leading magazines. [pp. 365, 527.]

Vedder, *David*, 1790–1854,—a Scottish poet and prose writer. [p. 275.] "Sabbath Hymn on the Mountains."

Vere, *Sir Aubrey de*, 1788–1846,—an Irish poet and dramatist. His son, Aubrey Thomas de Vere, is a voluminous writer. [p. 539.]

Virgil (or *Publius Virgilius Maro*), 70–19 B.C.,—the greatest of the Roman poets. His principal works are the "Eclogues," the "Georgics," and the "Æne'id,"—the latter comprising the wanderings and adventures of the Trojan prince Æne'as after the siege of Troy. [pp. 92, 97.]

WEBSTER, *Daniel*, 1782–1852. [pp. 54, 88, 95, 305, 469.]

Whipple, *Edwin Percy*,—b. in 1819, in Gloucester, Mass.,—an able critic and essayist, author of "Character and Characteristic Men," and "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth." [p. 456.]

WHITTIER, *John Greenleaf*,—b. in 1808. [pp. 72, 230, 343, 460.]

Willis, *Nathaniel Parker*, 1806–1867,—b. in Portland, Maine,—a journalist, poet, and essayist; a very popular poet in his day, but one "who was less concerned with his thoughts than with his language." [p. 65.]

Wilson, *Prof. John*, 1785–1854,—a Scottish poet and prose-writer, popularly known as "Christopher North." For many years he was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. [pp. 167, 176, 253, 356.]

WIRT, *William*, 1772–1834. [pp. 51, 226, 289.]

Wolcott, *Dr. John*, 1738–1810,—an English satirist, who is best known as "Peter Pindar." [p. 175.]

WORDSWORTH, *William*, 1770–1850. [pp. 7, 8, 249.]